



CHRISTIAN SUNSETS

JAMES FLEMING, D.D.



James Macdonald

~~Edinburgh~~

Longwood, near of Rd

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OR,

The Last Hours of Believers.

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BY

JAMES FLEMING, D.D.,

*Author of "Remarkable Conversions,"
&c., &c.*

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end
of that man is peace."

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Go forth ; and, if to live and roam
A little while amidst my race,
Some blessing bear to every home
That gives to thee a place.

But, if a different fate to see,
And kindly welcome meet from none,
This hope at least shall solace me ;
Thou hast well servèd One.

PREFACE.

THERE is no more distressing condition than that of those who through the fear of death are all their lifetime kept in bondage. Yet such is the condition of multitudes, and, in many instances, of those who have passed from death unto life and are the true disciples of Christ.

But thus it was never intended to be, and, as the following pages will show, need be with none who believe on the name of the Son of God. Provision has been made for its being different with them. Christ came into the world to deliver from bondage and fear. The inspired testimony with regard to Him accordingly is, that "forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh

and blood He also Himself likewise took part of the same, that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

But what Christ became incarnate to give, all who trust in Him may possess. The deliverances He wrought for us may be ours. We need be in awe of no enemy whom He has conquered on our behalf. Instead then of being enslaved by dread, we may walk in the liberty of God's children, and go to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon our heads.

And this is what Christ desires with regard to us. He has no pleasure in seeing His people afflicted and oppressed by fear. He wants to see them assured and trustful, keeping in the Divine presence as their proper sphere, and having the Lord for their everlasting light, and God for their glory.

But death has to be endured ; and so long as that is the case, there are many who feel that they cannot get rid of the fear that subjects to bondage. The instances which the following pages record teach another doctrine ; that there is no one who may not contemplate death, whether as remote or near, with a calm and undisturbed mind, and have in its endurance the presence and joy of the Lord.

But how necessary it is that the liberty of Christ here should be possessed ! So long as men are kept in the bondage which the fear of death entails, they are not in a condition to make progress in the things of God ; to fulfil the services to which appointed, and be the representatives of Jesus to others. Only those who are trustful and joyous, and look out upon a future that is ever attractive and bright, are qualified to walk before the Lord unto all pleasing, and be a blessing and an encouragement to those around them.

To accomplish the end I have in view in this volume, I have endeavoured to show that there is an inseparable connection between the life that a man leads and the death that he dies ; that the latter is the outcome of the former, and that only those who fully receive and follow Christ in life have Him with them in dying hours for their comfort and support. So much of the history of the instances adduced is therefore given, as shows the ground and secret of the blessedness experienced by them at the last. And this was indispensable to secure the object of the work. I want to know how men have lived who have died happily ; who and what they were, whose sun went down in glory. Only a good tree can bring forth good fruit ; and they that sow to the Spirit reap life everlasting. Holiness in life is the necessary condition of happiness in death. There is no fear in love, while they that are Christ's by a whole-hearted faith and

consecration find Him all-sufficient for them in the hour of decease.

May He who has so often made the death-beds of His saints scenes of triumph and joy do so on an ever-widening scale, and graciously use this volume as a contribution to that end!

KENTISH TOWN, 1877.

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CHAPTER I.

Sunsets in High Places.

“The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life,—*quite in the verge* of heaven.
For *here* resistless demonstration dwells :
A deathbed’s a detector of the heart.
You see the man, you see his hold on heaven,
If sound his virtue ; as Philander’s sound.”

I.

THE PRINCE CONSORT.

II.

QUEEN ADELAIDE.

III.

THE GERMAN PRINCESS.

I.

THE PRINCE CONSORT.

MUCH as Prince Albert was appreciated and loved during life, and irreparable as was the loss sustained by the Queen and the nation by his death, the full extent of that loss is but now, at the end of sixteen years, being understood, through the appearance of the successive volumes of his biography by Mr. Theodore Martin. Every page of these volumes bears testimony to his superior abilities, personal excellences, and especially to his preeminent qualifications for the position he held as the husband and adviser of the Queen.

He was the second son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and was born at Rosenau, a summer residence of his father, on the 26th of August, 1819. His father being the brother of the Duchess of Kent, he was first cousin to the Queen.

He was remarkable as a child for his beauty, gentleness, and precocity, and also for his thoughtfulness and love of knowledge. "He learned quickly," says Mr. Martin, "and was always learning."

He was, moreover, as generous as he was fair, and found the utmost pleasure in showing kindness to others. "The sweetness of his nature showed itself conspicuously during the attacks of illness to which he was subject, up to the age of ten. His heart seemed then to open to the whole world. He would form the most noble projects for execution after his recovery, and, though apparently not satisfied with himself, he displayed a temper and disposition in thought and deed perfectly angelic.

"Another characteristic of the boy, as it was of the man, is recorded by his cousin, Count Arthur Mensdorff: 'he was marked for a perfect moral purity, both in word and deed,' to which his admirable sweetness of disposition was mainly owing. Like all healthy, pure-minded boys, he was cheerful and joyous

in his turn of thought, and in the way he looked at life and men."

His education was of the character fitted to qualify him for the position in life he was likely, in the providence of God, to fill. And the most was made by him of the advantages he enjoyed, whether under the private tutors he had at home and at Brussels, or as a student at the University of Bonn.

On the 10th of February, 1840, he was united in marriage to Queen Victoria, and entered upon a career which, with all its difficulties, he made one of honour to himself and blessing to others, and especially of help and comfort to the beloved Sovereign of these lands.

Yet his life, as the husband of the Queen, was at first, and for several years afterwards anything but what it should have been, and what he had a right to expect that it would be. He was often misunderstood, and frequently suspected of motives in his actions that were the farthest from his mind. If he was still, he was considered a drag on the

wheels of the state ; if he acted, he was accused of interfering with matters beyond his province. Yet he bore with Christian meekness the disappointment to which he was thus subjected, and, by a noble disinterestedness and great force of character and will, lived down in time all opposition. He was now as popular with all as he had been unpopular with a few. Juster words with regard to him could not have been uttered, than those spoken by the Bishop of London, at a meeting held to initiate a subscription to raise a befitting monument to his memory :—" If he whom we mourn this day had nothing else, he has earned the love and veneration of Englishmen by the simple discharge of his duty in domestic life. We shall point, and our children shall point in time to come, to the monument we purpose to raise, and say it tells the story of a young man who came to this country from a foreign land, who—though Englishmen are peculiarly unwilling to learn from foreigners—soon won his way to the best affections of the country

to which he came ; who knew that nothing was so dear to Englishmen as the due discharge of duty in domestic life ; who first won their hearts in this simple way, and then was able to go forth into a more public sphere and perform great public duties, the advantages arising from which shall be reaped for many generations."

The *religious* character of the Prince expressed itself in many ways ; in his public recognition of God as the supreme Ruler ; the pains he took with the moral education of his children ; the interest he manifested in Christian efforts for the elevation of the degraded and the evangelization of the heathen ; and the respect he paid to the word and worship of God.

"The source of his enlightenment and faith was," as has been said, "the Bible. When a student at Bonn it was his daily companion. When he became the husband of the Queen it was his daily rule in life ; and this reverence for and love of the Bible were peculiar to the family. We have it on the authority

of the bishop who was tutor to the Princess Victoria, that the Duchess of Kent made it a rule in the study that the Bible should be daily read ; and it has been said (and the scene has been illustrated) that when the Queen was requested by an African prince to say what was the secret of England's greatness and England's glory, her Majesty presented a Bible to the ambassador from his court, and said, 'Tell the prince that this is the secret of England's greatness.' We know also that when an ingenious Yorkshire farmer invented a plough, and obtained permission to show the Prince Consort the model, the prince not only allowed the good man to call his invention the 'Albert Plough,' but sent him a handsome Bible. Gratified, as well he might be, with this expression of royal favour, the farmer went to the palace with his Bible under his arm ; and being honoured with an interview, he requested that the Queen might place her name under that of the Prince Consort, which was cheerfully inscribed, the book

being of higher value to him than even the Albert plough."

But not only did Prince Albert love the Bible, and amid his many engagements make time for studying it; he embodied its teaching in his character and life. This was testified to by those who had the best opportunity of forming a correct judgment of him. The language of the late Dr. M'Leod accordingly was:—"Prince Albert, with his wife and family, worshipped with the same humble and unaffected reverence in the church of Crathie as in the Royal Chapel at Windsor. Having had the honour and privilege of frequently coming in contact with the Prince in the frank intercourse of his Highland home, I was ever profoundly impressed by his unaffected simplicity, transparent truthfulness, touching modesty, considerate kindness, and thorough Christian earnestness: the noble prince I had almost forgotten in the noble man. *I have no doubt whatever regarding the Prince as a Christian man.*"

His death, which occurred in December

1861, accorded with the life he lived and the character he exemplified. Although suddenly called into the presence of the last enemy, and summoned to leave a wife to whom he was becoming ever more indispensable in the fulfilment of her onerous responsibilities and duties, a family for whom his life seemed necessary, and many unaccomplished purposes and schemes, yet he expressed neither surprise nor regret. His reply to one of his physicians, who said to him at the beginning of his illness "Your Royal Highness will be better in a few days," accordingly was: "No, I shall not recover; but I am not taken by surprise, I am not afraid; I trust I am prepared."

"I am not taken by surprise." Death was not an unfamiliar theme to him. His circumstances and manifold engagements, earthly honours and happy prospects, were not allowed by him to prevent its engaging his attention. He knew that one day he would have to pass from all his surroundings, and exchange the seen for the unseen;

but instead of shutting his eyes to the fact, as many do, he frequently occupied himself with it. Its appearance was therefore no unexpected arrival. It came upon him, not as a season of which he had never thought, but as an hour to which he had often looked forward. As men anticipate death they prepare for it ; those who will not allow it to occupy their thoughts live in the neglect of the means by which it is made the passage to a blessed immortality, and are filled with surprise when it appears.

“A few days before his death the Princess Alice played at his request several of his favourite hymns and chorales. After she had played some time she looked round and saw him lying back, his hands folded as if in prayer, and his eyes shut. He lay so long without moving that she thought he had fallen asleep. Presently he looked up and smiled. She said, ‘Were you asleep, dear papa?’

“‘Oh no,’ he answered ; ‘only I have such sweet thoughts.’

"His hands were often folded in prayer ; and when he did not speak his serene face shewed that the 'happy thoughts' were with him to the end. He loved to hear hymns and prayers. On one occasion he said to the Queen : 'We don't know in what state we shall meet again ; but that we shall recognise each other and be together in eternity, I am perfectly certain.'" During his illness he frequently repeated (and it may be regarded as his dying testimony to the preciousness of Christ to him) Toplady's beautiful hymn :—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

So the beloved Prince passed from the midst of his earthly honours and pursuits to the higher life of eternity. He died as the lowliest saint does, with his eye upon Jesus and his hope upon the cross. No, there is not one way to the Father's house of many

mansions to men of high birth and eminent position, and another to men of the humblest circumstances; one source of help and comfort in the last moments of life to the former, and another to the latter. There is but one Saviour; therefore says Christ, "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me," "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

II.

QUEEN ADELAIDE.

OF those in high life who have adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour by a holy conversation and walk, was the royal lady who forms the subject of this sketch. Multitudes profited by her instructions and generosity, and her death, twenty-five years ago, was long a matter of wide lamentation.

Queen Adelaide was the daughter of the Duke of Saxo-Meiningen, one of the smallest states at the time in Europe. Losing her father when only eleven years of age, she was left to the guardianship of her mother. Carefully educated, and trained to habits of kindness and usefulness, she soon became noted for the generosity of her spirit and life.

When in her twenty-sixth year, she was married to the Duke of Clarence, the sailor prince of England. After spending some

months on the continent, she settled with her husband in this country, and for several years led a comparatively quiet life.

But she was anything, during those years, but inactive and indifferent to the best interests of others. She daily occupied herself with such services as relieving the necessitous, comforting the sorrowful, and promoting the education of the poor. By these forms of usefulness, which were highly appreciated, she became increasingly popular with those among whom she lived, and with all who were acquainted with the way in which she passed her time and spent her property.

George the Fourth dying in 1830, the Duke of Clarence rose to the vacated throne, under the title of William the Fourth, and his Duchess was henceforth Queen Adelaide.

“Her position was now very different from what it had been; but the rectitude, and gentleness, and boundless compassion of her spirit underwent no alteration. The amount of her duties and the sphere of her influence were vastly extended, and a large income was

henceforth at her disposal ; but her considerate feelings, her kindly disposition, her deep and abiding sense of responsibility to her God, were as influential and practical as ever."

From this period may be dated the commencement of the toil, the care, and the disappointments, she henceforth experienced, and from which royalty never entirely escapes. She soon practically understood, like her predecessors, how "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Yet, "like Joseph," as has been said, "she passed through the temptations of a court with unsullied spotlessness ; and, as was the case with him, sustained with beautiful fidelity the domestic and social relationships of life. Like Joseph, she also lived down opposition, rose above calumny, and used the noble income entrusted to her in acts of almost unexampled munificence. As was the case with him, her life was chequered with sorrow ; but when the clouds of earlier difficulty had cleared away, the rainbow sign of peace, even in the midst of broken health, spanned the calmness of her evening years."

In 1837, she became a widow ; but in the humbler position of Queen Dowager pursued, as far as her strength would allow, the same course of devotedness to the well being of others as had so long marked her. And then her goodness was always and emphatically Christian in character and tone. She lived by the faith of the Son of God, had daily communion with her Lord, and reflected in her life the beauty on which she gazed. "She robed herself in Christ ; and reflecting back as from a burnished mirror the glory of the Lord, she was changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Her sufferings at the last were severe, but her mind was kept in the perfectness of peace. The feelings with which she contemplated her end, and the life beyond, could not be better expressed than in her last will.

"I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the throne of God; and I request therefore that my mortal re-

mains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be removed to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible.

"I particularly desire not to be laid out in state, and the funeral to take place by daylight, no procession, the coffin to be carried by sailors to the chapel.

"All those of my friends and relations, to a limited number, who wish to attend may do so

"I die in peace, and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from the vanities and pomp of this world.

"I request not to be dissected nor embalmed; and desire to give as little trouble as possible."

The following avowal of her faith and hope was added to the will :—

"I shall die in peace with all the world, full of gratitude for all the kindness that was ever shown to me, and in full reliance upon the mercy of our Saviour Jesus

Christ, into whose hands I commit my soul."

So passed from the earth this excellent woman, who had adorned a throne with her virtue and piety, and filled the sphere of many a life around her with brightness and joy. Her death was the bloom of a life-flower of beauty, the necessary outcome and issue of the goodness she had cultivated and the faith she had exercised. Her memory is still held in grateful recollection by not a few who shared her sympathies and benefactions, nor will her name soon pass from the page of English history. Trustfully and hopefully she anticipated the end, which to those who witnessed it was a calm and attractive sunset. Marking and following the steps of the perfect and upright man, she had in her last moment his comfort and support.

And so, dear reader, it may be with you. Act in your sphere as Queen Adelaide did in hers; exercising the same faith in the Lord Jesus, and practising a like obedience to His commands, you will enjoy in the last

hours of life what was known by her, and experience the blessedness of those who die in the Lord. Jesus is with all in the passage of death who walk with Him the way of life. Those whom He loves He loves to the end ; sees them safely across the flood, and keeps in peace the minds that are stayed on Him.

III.

THE GERMAN PRINCESS.

THE grace of God is restricted to no class of society. The gospel is accordingly preached to the rich as well as to the poor. whilst Christ Himself knocks at the hearts of princes as well as at those of peasants. Nor does He thus knock in vain; men of all conditions are therefore found offering to Him their homage, and yielding Him loyal service.

It may be true that the majority refuse what He asks for, and turn a deaf ear to His calls. But many comply with His invitations, and give to Him the heart which He claims.

And among these are found the educated as well as the unlearned, royal personages and common men. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg was one of those in high life who delighted to sit at the feet of Jesus and hear His word.

The daughter of Henry XII. of Reuss, and

of Eleonora, Countess Stolberg-Wermingerode, she was born on the 26th of May, 1822, and gave evidence of piety at an early period of life. The loss of her mother by death, when she was only five years old, seems to have led her to God for comfort, and to finally yield herself to Him. She was not disappointed in her prayers and expectations; although her heart was often sad at the thought of her motherless condition, yet she found in the Divine presence what she sought and looked for in sympathy and help.

And when was it otherwise with any one feeling as she did, and asking as was the case with her? Ah, our precious Lord never turns away from sorrowful hearts. He lightens the grief that is carried to Him, and relieves all sad hearts that turn to Him for help. Has not this, my reader, been your experience? You know that Jesus has never disappointed you. You have never found Him a wilderness when you have repaired to Him, or a broken and empty cistern. He has regarded and honoured your prayers, lightened the burdens

you have carried into His presence, and scattered the gloom which has enveloped you.

It was the custom of the Duchess to keep a journal, and in one place she thus speaks of the blessedness and efficacy of prayer, and of God's goodness to her in the answers vouchsafed to her petitions :—

“I cannot understand why we do not more frequently pour out our hearts before God, the frank, sincere enumeration of all which troubles us does us so much good! How great is the privilege Christians have of knowing God as their Father, and of learning each day to love Him better! I can never be sufficiently grateful to the Lord for having drawn me so early to Him, and for having preserved me in the midst of the temptations of the world, employing by turns suffering and love to lead me to Him. From the beginning He has laden me with favours; He has Himself spoken to my soul, to detach me from earthly things; and at the blessed period of my confirmation I felt that I had given Him my heart, I could pray

with humble confidence. But when, afterwards, the world attempted to draw me far from Jesus, the Good Shepherd had pity on His wandering sheep, and brought me back to the right way by means of affliction. The growing weakness of my father was a subject of agonizing sorrow. Ah, in those sad moments I can say I learned truly what prayer is. I wrestled with the Lord, entreating Him not to take away my beloved father from me ; it seemed to me sometimes that He *could* not take him. Alas ! it cost me much to be able to say from my heart, His will, not mine, be done. Ah, if we had always a lively faith, and a firm assurance that God directs all events for our real good, how much more happy we should be."

The death of her father was the means of drawing her still nearer to God, and leading to a more entire consecration of herself to His service. As her own health was delicate, and her years of work for her Lord not likely to be many, she gave herself all the more earnestly to the duty of winning souls to

Him. And the efforts she put forth in this direction were blessed to the benefit of not a few. Christ had respect to her desire, and gave power to the words she spoke for men's instruction and salvation.

On the 3rd of November, 1849, she was married to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, a thoroughly Christian man, and one therefore who was in fullest sympathy with the Princess in all the holiest feelings and highest aspirations of her heart. Their married life, as was to be expected from their union with Christ, and oneness of aim and thought, was mutually helpful and most happy.

During the earlier part of that life the Duchess devoted a good deal of time to the best interests of the people on her husband's estates ; but when she was surrounded by a young family she felt that much of the time given to the good of those out of doors must henceforth be spent on her children. She accordingly dedicated a portion of each day to their instruction, and found in the fulfilment of the duty the purest enjoyment.

“She believed that first impressions might decidedly influence the whole of life; she therefore endeavoured to keep her children with her, under her immediate superintendence: she was present at their toilette, their meals, and their evening retirement,—very often she fulfilled the office of nurse. She never retired for the night without going to assure herself personally of their comfort. When she could she devoted herself entirely to them; she amused them, sang to them, and told them stories. She was also their chief comforter; in any trouble dear mamma was loudly called for, and her presence and assistance were always promptly given.

“The principal object of the Duchess was to draw the hearts of her children to God. She felt the importance of these words of an ancestress: ‘the education of children is a work which ought to be carried on, kneeling before God.’ Whilst she persevered in prayer, she desired that her children also should early feel the need of intimate communion with the Saviour.

“It is an error to think that the intellect of children should have reached a certain degree of development before they can be taught to pray. The good Duchess better understood the nature of a Christian education. As soon as the young princes could speak she taught them to pray, in the morning, the evening, and before dinner.

“It is true they could only repeat very short prayers, learned by heart; but they acquired the habit of addressing the Lord. Afterwards their mother taught them to add some words of their own. Every evening she made them give an account of the employment of the day; and if they had committed any especial fault, she instructed them to implore pardon for it from their heavenly Father.

“The first time she prayed with her son Paul, she wrote the following lines :

“ ‘To-day, for the first time, I prayed with my little boy. It was interesting to see his astonishment when I joined his hands, he did not understand it at all; but he was very

quiet, and listened in silence. O Lord, make him a man of prayer!’ ”

After the birth of her fifth son her health began to give way, and in spite of every appliance and change made use of continued to decline. She felt from the first that recovery was not to be expected ; but her peace never failed her. There was much to make her indulge the wish to live, and “ she did not conceal how much it cost her to separate from all that was dear to her on earth ; but her heart belonged to Christ, and He made the separation the less painful to her. She knew, besides, that she would meet again all those whom she had loved in Him here below.”

Her sufferings towards the last became very severe ; but she never lost her sense of the Saviour’s presence, whilst her joy of faith abounded. Besides, consciousness was continued to her to the last, so that she was able both to receive and give comfort till almost the moment of her departure. In the most emphatic sense of the word, her end was “ peace.” The sunset was that of a serene

summer's evening. With an acquiescence that raised no question, and a readiness that showed no reluctance, she turned at the voice of her Beloved from her sorrowing husband and precious children, the influence of position, and the refinement and wealth of rank, and went to mingle her praises and services with those who wonder and worship before the throne of their Immanuel, and crown Him Lord of all. There they "hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat : for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

CHAPTER II.

Early Sunsets.

“THE child hath now its Father seen,
And feels what kindling love may be,
And knoweth what those words may mean,
‘Himself, the Father, loveth thee.’
A shoreless ocean, an abyss
Unfathomed, fill’d with good and bliss,
Now breaks on her enraptured sight ;
She sees God’s face, she learneth there
What this shall be, to be His heir,
Joint-heir with Christ her Lord in light.”

I.

EVELINE THOMPSON.

II.

DUDLEY KEITH-FALCONER.

III.

CLARA BROOKER.

I.

EVELINE THOMPSON.

ONE of the mysteries of Providence is the prolonged and painful suffering to which young persons are often subjected. Frequently, when on the threshold of early manhood or womanhood, and about to enter on life's work, a sudden accident or disease overtakes them, and years are passed in helplessness and suffering.

I have under visitation a Christian lady with whom this was the case twenty years ago, and who from that time till now has been a constant sufferer, and to an extent which no words are sufficient to express. At the moment the accident befel her, which has resulted in such lengthened and painful experiences, she was stepping into womanhood, bright with hope and full of promise for the future. Yet no word of murmur has ever

passed her lips. By a rich spiritual experience God has abundantly compensated her for the loss of life's activities and joys. My visits to her have often been the means of blessing to my own spirit. I have left her room with deepened impressions of the sufficiency of God for His people, and of what He is capable of effecting for them, even in the extreme of weakness and suffering. Her patience and thankfulness have put a new song of praise into my mouth, and I have passed from her presence a better man.

Eveline Thompson died in her nineteenth year. Beautiful as a child, and always buoyant and bright, she was loved and much made of by all around her. When in her twelfth year she complained one day of inability to put her heel to the ground, and of pain all up the leg. A small red spot was seen on one of the toes, and a leech was applied. The wound that was made never healed. The inflammation spread, and intense suffering was the result. The disease, in spite of all remedies, continued to gain ground.

It assumed at length the form of consumption in the bones, and then steadily proceeded to the execution of its commission. Laying hold at last upon the lungs, its work was soon accomplished, and yet not till *seven years* of continuous and intense suffering had been endured. As one of the lambs of the flock to which it is my privilege to minister, I visited her, when at home, during the whole of that time. I thank God for the privilege. The remembrance of the visits even now, at the end of fifteen years, is perfectly fresh, and will remain with me while life lasts.

I can never forget her joy in suffering, or the sweet submissiveness of spirit she manifested during all those years. Excepting on one brief occasion no cloud ever darkened her sky, nor was the enemy once permitted to ply her with his temptations, and interrupt her peace. Abiding in Christ, and in the light as God is in the light, she had the constant application of the blood that cleanses and keeps clean. Upheld

by the power of Jesus, and cultivating an ever increasing intimacy with Him, she found Him the strength of her heart, and a full and satisfying portion of soul. Oh, how she used to speak of Him, and expatiate on the preciousness of His gifts, the sweetness of His love, and the beauty of His form! He was literally to her "the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely"; "fairer than all the sons of men," and the very paragon of excellence and attraction. She could not therefore be silent with regard to Him. A necessity was laid upon her to speak of Him; and the testimony that she bore for Him, by the power of the Holy Ghost, was clear and effective.

As the end approached He became increasingly dear to her, and she proportionately longed to throw herself at His feet, and feast her eyes with the sight of His beauty and glory. It was with a perfect ecstasy of soul that she saw the moment arriving that would usher her into His presence, and set her at liberty to serve Him

with activity and follow Him whithersoever He led. When the hour for her departure at last came, it found her on the look-out for it, and longing to welcome the appearance of her Saviour and Lord.

At two o'clock in the morning one of her sisters, who was sitting by her, observing a change in her appearance and breathing, called her mother. On entering the room Eveline accosted her in a tone of triumph, with the words, "Mamma, I am dying! The happy and often wished for moment has come: rejoice with me!" In like language and tone she addressed her father when he approached her bedside. Then for the two hours which followed she spoke of her joy to those around her, and of the ground of her confidence and gladness; addressed to each in succession words of instruction and encouragement; and when she had said all that she could for their comfort, and charging them to meet her in heaven, she calmly breathed her spirit into the arms of her manifested and waiting Lord. The

scene of those last two hours has never faded from the minds of those who saw it, and never will. The privilege that had often been enjoyed by her bedside was a thousand times heightened at the last. So Eveline Thompson passed from her couch of painful and protracted suffering to the bosom of infinite love and the painless life of the skies.

Oh what can Jesus not do for those who fully trust in Him! How strong He can make them in weakness! how restful in suffering! how triumphant in death! Dear reader, make Him wholly yours, and His resources will be all at your command. All things, both for living and for dying, are yours in Him.

II.

DUDLEY KEITH-FALCONER.

THE last enemy is no respecter of persons. He strikes down the strong as well as the weak, the devoted and useful as well as those who live only for themselves, the young and beautiful as well as the aged and decrepit. He makes the mansions of the great the scene of his ravages, as well as the abodes of the lowly ; and lays in the dust the scholar and divine as well as the follower of manual labour. There are no homes which he has not desolated, nor any stage of human energy which he has not repeatedly cleared of its actors. "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?"

Miss Marsh has given an interesting biographical sketch of Dudley Keith-Falconer, who was the second son of the Earl of Kintore. Delicate from his birth and often

the subject of suffering, he was tenderly watched over and loved by his parents. But it was not merely the delicate state of his health and frequent illness that secured for him the affectionate regard of those around him ; he was possessed of many noble qualities of character, was as pious as he was intelligent and generous, and by these commended himself to all the members of his home.

Quoting the words of his biographer, she says : " I had known Dudley from the second year of his brief but blessed life. He was no common child. The early discipline of suffering, borne with heroic patience, had given him a depth of feeling and maturity of character quite beyond his years. Yet he kept all the simplicity of childhood, and could take delight in any of the new amusements or occupations which the loving ingenuity of his parents constantly devised to beguile the weariness of the enforced stillness which was often deemed necessary for him.

"With deepest interest, year by year, I marked the steady and rapid growth of the love of Christ in his heart, and of the image of Christ in his life. The Bible, loved from his childhood, was held dearer, and was more deeply studied, as his mind and character developed. Ill or suffering as he might be, he would rarely miss coming into the drawing-room for the noonday reading of the Word of Life.

"He was nurtured in prayer by his father and mother, who, while never wearying in their loving endeavours to alleviate his sufferings, had from the first taught him and helped him to gain strength by prayer, from the tender Saviour, to bear them with constancy and courage.

"Every servant in the house admired him.
 . . . As for his brothers and sisters, there seemed to be nothing in the world they would not either do or give up, to please him. . .
 . Just before he left his happy home in Scotland for Cannes, never to return, it was my dearly-prized pleasure yet once again to

see Dudley there, and to enjoy several opportunities of holding sweet communion with this young friend, beloved from his lovely infancy to the latest hour of his earthly life and to be dearer still in the heavenly kingdom.

“In the last conversation we had together he spoke of having occasionally had thoughts of doubt which had, at the time, distressed him. ‘But,’ he added, ‘they have long since passed away, and they never return now. There are many things in the Bible that are above reason, but there is nothing that is contrary to it. And we can afford to wait,’ he continued brightly, ‘until we have them all explained to us in heaven.’

“Then our conversation turned from the written word of God to His ever living Son; and Dudley said, ‘I do not *always* realize the presence of Jesus so distinctly as I do that you are present at this moment; but I know,’ he added earnestly, ‘that as He *has* shown Himself to me, and very close at hand too, when I most needed Him, so He will show

Himself again when I shall need Him most of all, in dying hours.' And it came to pass even as he said."

For a while the soft balmy air of the south had a beneficial effect upon him, and he gained strength. But he did not flatter himself with the belief that any permanent improvement would be enjoyed. Nor was there any; the tide that had made some advance soon receded. But this had no other effect than that of making him more free in the expression of his feelings and faith, filling him with deeper joy, and quickening his longing to see the King. He accordingly maintained his cheerfulness to the last, and was more the *giver* than the *receiver* of comfort.

"'Poor boy, poor boy!' said his young brother, with sorrowful tenderness, as he stood beside him one day, when his pain was more than usually severe.

"'Don't say that,' answered the brave young sufferer with a happy smile, 'I am such a very rich boy!'

"Another time, when he saw his father's

tears, he said, 'Why are you crying? You should sing, 'Cheer boys, cheer!' and when from a sudden symptom of great danger they thought he was just dying, his mother heard him say, in exulting tones, 'Hurrah! Heaven is close at hand now!'

"But his work was not quite finished yet. For a few days longer he was to linger on the bank of the river, to bear still more blessed testimony to his Saviour's transforming power; for in these waiting days his mother wrote of him, 'My darling's will, and reason, and affections, are all brought into perfect subjugation to his beloved Lord and Saviour's.'

"'It is not hard to bear by faith,
In Christ's own bosom laid,
The trial of a soul redeemed,
For His rejoicing made;
Well may the heart in patience rest,
That none can make afraid.'

"When speaking one day with his mother about the various pleasures of heaven, he said, 'One of the things to which I am looking forward is, to have some passages in the

Bible, that I cannot understand down here, made quite clear to me up there'; and in accordance with this feeling of willingness to trust in the word of his God, even when he could not comprehend it, and in the love which had ordered the plan of his life, although it had denied him much that makes life delightful, were the texts which he chose to be put on his gravestone :

“ ‘ Feed me with food convenient for me.’ ”

“ ‘ Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ.’ ”

As the hour of his departure approached, he longed to hear the voice of the Master summoning him, and to enter through the gates into the city. “ That hour came at last. His mother knew it, and bending over him asked if he felt the presence of the Saviour. Dudley calmly answered: ‘ Yes, He holds me by the hand ; He never leaves me ; and heaven seems so near, as if I were almost there already.’ ”

“ She asked, ‘ Shall I read a few verses of Scripture to you ? ’ ‘ No, thank you, my

mother, not now,' he answered, 'I have Jesus here,' placing his hand on his heart; 'you see, the Bible is a book, but Christ is a Person.'

"A little later, when he was in great agony, he said: 'I don't see my Saviour at this moment, but I know He is near.' And, a few minutes afterwards, he added: 'I would not change places with any of you. Happy, happy, happy! Jesus is always with me.'

" 'Oh, Comforter of God's redeemed!
Whom the world does not see;
What hand should pluck me from the flood
That casts my soul on Thee?
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me?'

Fainter and fainter came the failing breath, but perfect consciousness remained. Just ten minutes before he passed away, when, with the restlessness of dying, he wished to be laid on the floor, his mother was obliged to tell him that it was impossible. Looking his last upon the face of her who ever held the highest earthly place in his pure and devoted

young heart, his 'first, last love,' he softly said,
'My mother, your word is law,' and fell asleep
in Jesus. Thus fitly ending the nineteen
short years of his rare and lovely life."

"Say not, too young am I ;
For he who dies when God doth will
Is old enough to die."

"We used to talk of the glory,
When I, too, stood outside !
Now I see the King in His beauty,
In the far-off land abide.

"But the half of all His glory
Had never been told to me,
Nor the joy of the joyous city
Which stands by the crystal sea."

III.

CLARA BROOKER.

THERE are few more affecting sights than that of a young person, on the threshold of maturity, drooping under the blighting influence of a fatal disease, and passing to a premature grave.

And yet the sight is far from being unusual. Such young persons are constantly met with or heard of, and in all conditions in life. To the too common and unsparing malady of consumption the fair and promising of all classes are liable, and seen yielding.

Among these was Clara Brooker, who, up till the time that consumption began to show itself, bade fair to a prolonged and active life. Energetic in character, sprightly in manner, and inviting in appearance, it was the farthest from her thought, and that of

others about her, that any worm was at the root of the promising flower. Nor was she willing to believe, even when strength began to decline and symptoms of an alarming description showed themselves, that the disease was executing its stern commission, and would soon accomplish it.

Her widowed mother watched her fading form with anxious solicitude and acutest pain. But what was her greatest affliction was her fear as to her daughter's spiritual state. Clara had given no evidence, in the day of health, of love and devotion to the Saviour. She had exhibited many excellences, and ever evinced an affectionate filial spirit, but had shown nothing of preference for the favour and service of Christ. The mother's prayers and anxieties on her behalf were at length rewarded. What before had been a delight to Clara became a dislike to her, whilst thoughts of solicitude and alarm about eternity began to trouble her. She trembled at the prospect of the judgment-seat of Christ, and shrunk from the thought of ap-

pearing there. Better feelings were by-and-by induced by the perusal of the more encouraging portions of Scripture and "Come to Jesus." Still she was unable to lay hold of the proffers and promises of mercy, and was restless and unhappy. It was at this juncture of her experience that I was asked to visit her. Learning from her mother, as well as from herself, where exactly she was, I brought before her, and pressed on her acceptance, the truths and promises that were believed to best suit her case. The Spirit accompanied with His quickening and revealing power the word that was spoken; and soon she was rejoicing in a sense of forgiving mercy, and saying with the apostle, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

Her peace was now as the ever broadening and deepening river. She passed by a full acceptance of Christ into the light of life, and left all darkness behind her for ever. No

cloud ever again darkened her sky, nor wave of trouble rolled across her breast. She kept a firm hold of Jesus, and her soul was satisfied, whilst a smile beyond what is common generally lighted up her countenance. Though her weakness was great, and the pain that she suffered from time to time severe, she manifested no impatience, yet often longed to be with Him whom her soul loved, and who every hour was becoming more and more precious to her. Often therefore when she awoke from her short sleeps she was surprised to find herself on earth. Having taken an affectionate farewell of her sisters and brother, it was evident, from her appearance, on the following morning, the 5th of April, 1858, that her end was at hand. "Yet she looked," writes her mother, "even more beautiful than ever. Sleeping peacefully for a few minutes, she looked around, saying, 'Oh, I am still here, dear mother.' 'Yes, my darling,' I replied; 'but are you quite happy?' 'Oh yes, quite happy; I am quite at peace, dear mother.' About

eleven o'clock, seeing her end was come, I asked my other children to witness with me her departure. After speaking a word to her brother she sank into a short sleep. On waking she looked at me, and said, 'Mother dear, I think I hear them.' 'But what do you hear, the angels?' She said, 'Yes, and I think I see them.' I then asked, after a moment, if she saw Jesus. 'Oh yes,' she added; 'look, He is waiting for me.' Then extending her arms, as if to embrace Him, she said, 'Sing with me,' singing herself at the same time in a clear voice :

'Soon my journey will be ended,
Life is drawing to a close ;
I shall then be well attended ;
This my Father knows.'

And so she sang herself away to everlasting bliss, and passed into the unveiled presence of the Saviour who had been so manifestly and blessedly with her.

"Her brother, who was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of such a sister as she had been to him, said, as he looked upon her now

motionless form, 'Oh what a glorious death we have been privileged to see! I would not have missed it for £500.'

Calling soon after I personally witnessed the golden glow of countenance that survived her sunset. Wonderfully did the Saviour magnify His grace towards her, in the change He wrought in her, the submission and consolation He gave to her, and the way in which He translated her to the paradise of His presence and glory on high. Her sun went down while yet morning, but amid transcendent glory. "Bless the Lord O my soul." "All Thy works praise Thee." What Thou art to one Thou canst be to another; "I will trust, therefore, and not be afraid."

"

CHAPTER III.

Sunsets while yet Day.

“ I GO to life, and not to death,
From darkness to life's native sky ;
I go from sickness and from pain
To health and immortality.
Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears ;
Write this day of my departure
Festive in your coming years.”

I.

REV. STEPHEN MORELL.

II.

DR. JAMES HOPE.

III.

REV. ALFRED VAUGHAN.

IV.

DR. JAMES HENDERSON.

V.

MRS. DICKSON.

VI.

ROBERT ROLLOCK.

I.

STEPHEN MORELL.

THERE is much about the memoir of Stephen Morell that is affecting. He died on the eve of marriage, four months after his ordination to the work of the Christian pastorate, and before he had completed his twenty-fourth year.

He was born at Paddow, in Essex, where his father was the minister of the Congregational church, on the 23rd of December, 1800. The supreme desire of his parents was that he should, if spared, serve the Lord in the service of the sanctuary ; and with that view they earnestly and unreservedly dedicated him in infancy to Him. They had the joy of seeing the offering they made of their child accepted, and that ministry entered upon in which they hoped he would spend many years of usefulness.

At a very early age Stephen showed more

than ordinary activity and power of mind. He was fond of reading, and applied himself with diligence to several branches of knowledge. He had accordingly before the age of ten made considerable progress in his knowledge of Latin, history, geography, and some other subjects of learning.

At fifteen he expressed to his father a wish to enter on a course of preparatory study for the office of the ministry. As this was in accordance with the mind of both parents, and as Stephen had given every evidence of personal piety, and was manifestly possessed of superior abilities, the father could not do other than hail with gratitude and delight the wish, and give encouragement to its realization. Stephen accordingly adopted a systematic course of study, and on subjects bearing on his chosen profession for the future. At eighteen he entered the theological college at Homerton as an accepted student for the Christian ministry.

"Mr. Morell," says his biographer, "pursued the course of study there with distin-

guished success. He left in his academic compositions satisfactory and gratifying proofs both of his industry and his talents. I have before me several quires of large quarto paper, containing some hundreds of pages very closely written, filled with discussions on natural theology, the principles of morals, the evidences of revealed religion, and some of the most important doctrines of the Christian faith. In looking over these interesting relics, it is pleasing to observe the evidence they afford of the rapid improvement of his mind in power and precision. From the very commencement, indeed, he seems never to content himself with a mere collection of thoughts, extracted from the writings and clothed in the diction of others; but to read and digest, to arrange and reason for himself, are equally profound and interesting. With a quick perception of the force or deficiencies of an argument, he states his subject, and selects and arranges his thoughts with clearness and judgment, while with the resources of an exhaustless imagination and an elegant exuber-

ance of language he frequently invests the most abstruse topics with a robe of lightness and beauty.

“Among the academical compositions of the deceased there are others equally important with those already referred to, occasioned by his attention to other means of theological instruction employed in the seminary of which he was a member. An extensive course of polemical lectures is delivered by the tutor, the Rev. Dr. Smith, of whose excellence and erudition the writer might be tempted to speak, were he not deterred by feeling the impropriety of such an allusion from one so obscure and inconsiderable as himself. These lectures contain an historical sketch of the principal religious controversies, with an enumeration of the arguments by which each important opinion is respectively sustained. An attention to this course leads, on the part of the student, to the composition of essays on controverted topics, in which his acuteness and ability are required to their utmost extent. There are at present before me several pro-

ductions of this nature from the pen of the deceased, of which it may be sufficient to say, in the words of his tutor, that they display 'extraordinary talent.' "

Having closed the term of his academical career, Mr. Morell entered upon the work of the ministry. After preaching some months at Exeter, he received and accepted a unanimous call to the office of the pastorate by a church at Norwich. How he entered on the duties of that pastorate, with what feelings, and for what object, may be best seen from his own words in the sermon he preached after his acceptance of the church's invitation and when addressing it for the first time as its minister :

"Our common Lord and Master, the governor of all His churches, may have decreed that this day shall form the commencement of a spiritual relationship which revolving years shall fasten more intimately upon our hearts, and which death alone can annihilate. If this be His gracious intention, oh may He make it apparent 'that I have

not run in vain, neither laboured in vain. Fondly would I hope that our church may flourish both in numbers and in spirituality; and that it may be my unspeakable privilege to receive many into the fellowship of our most holy faith. Nothing would give me more refined and sacred pleasure, nothing would present to me more animating and delightful encouragement, than to be so far honoured of the great Redeemer as, hereafter, to introduce fresh members into the communion of His visible church upon the earth, and fresh subjects into the blessedness of His celestial kingdom above. I look around me upon those who are now assembled together in this venerable and hallowed building, recognising many young persons who have started contemporary with myself in the path of life; and I cannot refrain from breathing an earnest prayer that we may walk together in the way to heaven. Mutual friendships and mutual attachments, founded upon the basis of either congenial sentiment or cordial esteem, have, I trust, in

some measure, been already formed ; but there needs something beyond this to satisfy my desires and to encourage my heart, as a minister of the Lord Jesus. Were we merely to cherish a feeling of mutual friendship as men, and as companions together in the fields of intellectual pleasure, of literature, and of taste, leaving religion and immortality out of the question, unspeakably bitter and poignant must be our reflections ‘in the day of Christ,’ when it will be made to appear that with reference to the most important object of our connection we have ‘run in vain, and laboured in vain.’ Affectionately therefore would I entreat you, at this early stage of our acquaintanceship, to lay these things seriously to heart, fervently offering up my petitions to Him, ‘of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named,’ that mine may be the unutterable delight of hearing your public profession, by introducing you into the spiritual brotherhood and communion of this church, and of rejoicing over you at that eventful day, ‘the day of Christ.’”

Thus did Mr. Morell commence his pastorate at Norwich, with every prospect of a large and lengthened success in the fulfilment of its duties. Everything in the people whom he served, the city that was now his home, and the relations he sustained to others, warranted the hope of a useful and happy future. But the purposes of God with regard to him were very different from what he and others supposed. The field of service divinely intended for him was on high, not on the earth.

No, we know not what is before us. Then, seeing, however bright and promising may be the prospects on which we look, that the day of our earthly life may close where we expected it to begin, what use should be made of existing opportunities for accomplishing the purpose of being, and doing permanent service for the good of others and the honour of God ! “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.”

Let such opportunity pass, and it may never return. Say you will do to-morrow what you are asked to do to-day, and it may devolve on another to fulfil the service. Oh see then, that each duty as it presents itself is performed by you, and yours will be the honour of being found by the Master at His coming doing as He requires, and fulfilling your appointed life-work on the earth.

At the end of six weeks after his ordination Mr. Morell left Norwich for Baddow, with the view of being married by his father. But ere the day for this had come, he had a severe attack of hæmorrhage from the lungs. This was followed by a form of consumption which, in spite of all medical appliances, hastened to the accomplishment of its fatal purpose. From the circumstances occupied by Mr. Morell at the moment, and the assurance and joy with which he had contemplated his prospects for the future, it was natural that he should for a while refuse to believe that the hand of death was upon

him. But when he accepted the truth of his situation, and turned wholly to Him whom he loved and wished to serve, for comfort and support, his joy abounded, and his death-chamber became a scene of triumph.

It was in such words as the following that he gave expression to the feelings that possessed him.

“I have sincerely committed my soul into the hands of Christ, and He has accepted, I believe, the surrender. I am prepared. There *are* things to make me cling to earth.” “At another time,” says his father from whom I quote, “his language was: ‘I have no strong earthly affections; nothing now to detain me here; nothing that I would wish to live for, nothing but —. I know what suffering there will be *there*, and *that* I feel; but, for myself, I have relinquished all, committed, given up — to God. This world is nothing to me, I believe I am prepared; and if there be a preference it is rather that I should die, I would rather die than live; that seems strong language,

but it is truth ; I should prefer it.' He was often on the same day heard whispering to himself, as if dwelling on each word with deep interest, '*Jesus—the Mediator—of the New Covenant.*'

"During the whole of the day before he died he remained perfectly serene. 'What a mercy it is,' said I, 'that you have the knowledge of God to support you under this affliction!' 'Yes,' he replied, '*and of His Son Jesus Christ* ; I never like to separate them ! I am surprised by the consolation I enjoy ! In this corner, in this sick chair, I have been permitted to hold delightful communion with God. Some time ago I was harassed with fears, and with some sceptical feelings ; but, thanks to God, they are gone. I have been thinking to-day I might possibly yet live ; but if this should not be, I am willing to depart ; but, were it not for the grace of God and the sacrifice of the Saviour, I should at this moment be most miserable !' He conversed in a similar strain the next day, alluded to the prospects placed

before him and just within his grasp, but without painful emotion: concluding, 'as to the body, I am a poor weak creature, but, (with energy) strong, strong in religion! my consolation is great, greater than I could have expected or conceived; I may say in the language of Scripture, I long *to depart and to be with Christ, whom, not having seen, I love.*'

"The day on which he died he came downstairs as usual, and frequently conversed in a delightful strain, full of tranquillity and hope. We could all perceive however an increasing debility every hour. In the evening he sat up later than usual, freely and fluently prolonging the conversation, and without much fatigue. After some allusions to his temporal affairs, he added: 'I have nothing on earth to make me anxious; I have been enabled to give up *all.*'

"After he retired, he slept for a few hours, but somewhat disturbed; when he awoke, he was more restless both in body and in mind than he had ever been before;

yet he said, 'I have trusted in God, and I will trust Him to the last.' His dearest earthly friend, who could not be separated from him, requested me to pray, which I was enabled to do in the enjoyment of strong hope. He soon became composed and happy. In a little time, with a serene smile upon his pallid countenance, he expressed the highest delight and confidence in God: 'Never, never can I praise Thee sufficiently, O God, for this great, this holy joy! None can know, none conceive, the happiness I possess, the peace with which my soul is filled, but the sincere disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ. Redeemer of mankind, give me strength to bear even joy! this joy!' He rested for a few moments, and then added in a lower tone: 'one would almost think this the language of enthusiasm, but it is not, it is solid and genuine.' He then uttered other expressions similar to the last. I said 'This is almost too much for the body.' 'Not too much, but enough, just enough; and yet it is but a glimpse! Oh! is there

no outlet, no passage, to that perfection before me? or is this, this the happy time? within a few hours am I to be permitted to flee from this turbulent world?' Exhausted nature now fell asleep; then, shortly after, awaking with great composure and with a smiling look, he took his last leave of those dearest to him on earth: 'I commend you to God, the Judge of all, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant.' He continued for a short time, raising his hands at intervals, and with a countenance expressive of holy rapture, unmingled happiness. The cough returned; from this paroxysm his strength could not recover; after an ineffectual effort he laid his head upon his pillow, it reposed upon the arm of his friend; one short struggle, and all was still!"

Long did the glow of the wondrous sunset remain; nor did the memory of it ever fade from the minds of those who had the privilege of witnessing it.

II.

DR. JAMES HOPE,

WHO was a native of Cheshire, was born in 1801. He was the son of parents who were not only well connected, but could trace back their genealogy to a remote ancestry.

The boy giving early indications of superior mental power and possessing an ardent love of knowledge, his father resolved to educate and train him for the medical profession. With that view he sent him to Oxford University.

At the end of some years young Hope went to Edinburgh, to pursue a course of medical studies there.

When this course was finished he spent some time in travelling on the continent, and then settled for a while in Paris. It was there that he received his first religious impressions.

Induced by a friend to accompany him one Sunday morning to hear the Rev. Lewis Way preach, he was so delighted with the discourse, and so much impressed by it, that he became a regular attendant on Mr. Way's ministry during the remainder of his stay in Paris.

The result of the attention which he now gave to religion was thorough decision for Christ. And it was *thorough*; he not only became Christ's, but wholly so. The surrender that he made of himself to Him was entire, not partial. In enthroning Him as the Ruler of the inner kingdom of his being, it was as King alone. With how many it is far otherwise! What they give to Christ is a *divided* heart and *half* an empire. The consequence is that He is anything to them but what He ought to be, and they are anything but that to Him. Half, and half only, of what they ought to be, their life is one of ups and downs instead of steady progress. They pass their days in wilderness wanderings instead of possessing the land of promised blessing. Is it

so, dear reader, with you? Is your experience more that of defeat than of conquest, of unsatisfied longing than of appeased desire, of contracted defilements than of progressive and ever brightening sanctification? You are then leading another than the life to which you are appointed. You are not "forgetting," as commanded, "the things that are behind and reaching forth unto those that are before"; "leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, and going on unto perfection"; and "growing in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

When Dr. Hope settled in London, in 1828, it was with only *one* private friend, and *one* medical acquaintance, but as a man thoroughly decided for the Lord Jesus, and as bent on doing good to *the souls* as to the bodies of men.

His fame rose rapidly, and his income soon reached four thousand a year. But he was not like Jeshurun of old, who, "when he waxed fat, forsook God who made him, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation."

Prosperity was not allowed to chill his love to the Lord. He therefore continued to be as observant of the Sabbath as ever, and as regular in his attendance on public worship. His walk was still with Christ, and the Scriptures his daily study.

He was but forty years of age when he was finally arrested in his noble profession and Christian career. Consumption then showed itself, and so rapid was its progress that he was soon compelled to desist from all active engagements. He watched its advances and anticipated his end with a perfectly calm mind. He experienced all through the illness remarkable peace and joy. No thought of disappointment, or feeling of regret, was once permitted to interrupt his serenity and resignation. "His cheerfulness and hope," says his widow, "remained unclouded by fear or doubt, whilst he loved to talk of his departure and of the glories which awaited him. He dwelt on these, not with rapture, but with assurance and longing desire. A few hours before his end I quoted the words, 'though I

walk through the valley of the shadow of death. I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' 'They *do* comfort me,' he added. 'There is no darkness ; I see Jordan, and the heavenly Joshua passing over dryshod.'

"I then read at his request the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and continued repeating texts as he was able to bear it. That he was conscious of his position, and had all his faculties, was evident from the directions he gave about the medicines to be given to him, the remarks he made about his state, and the anxiety he felt about my not over-fatiguing myself. He repeatedly urged me to lie down and get some sleep, promising to wake me when a change took place with him.

"It was not long before he said, 'I am going now ; I shall soon sleep.'

" 'And you will wake again ? '

" 'Yes.'

"I quoted the words, 'them that sleep in Jesus God will bring with Him.'

" 'He will.'

"Thinking he was going immediately I said, 'Lord Jesus, receive his spirit.' This he repeated four or five times, and uttered some other words. All however I could catch were, 'Christ, God, triumph.'

"Day beginning to dawn he looked out of the window, and I remarked, 'What a glorious day is dawning on my dearest!' He assented with a look of joy.

"I added, 'There, no sun will light on you, nor any heat, but the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne will feed you, and lead you to living fountains of waters.' Looking fixedly before him, he murmured, 'Christ, angels, beautiful, magnificent, delightful!' and then turning to me with a look as if to reassure me, added, '*indeed it is.*' I quoted the words, 'our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work for us a far more exceeding and an eternal weight of glory.' A few minutes afterwards he said, 'I thank God!' and these were his last connected words. His consciousness still continued, for to several texts which I repeated he *nodded*;

and when I passed to the other side of the bed and sat down, he followed me with his eye, turned round, and took hold of my hand. The grasp gradually relaxed, and at twenty-three minutes past four he passed without a motion or sigh into the presence of his Saviour and Lord."

So died Dr. James Hope, at Hampstead, in the prime of manhood, when on the flood tide of his professional practice, and at a time, according to human calculation that was inopportune, yet with a perfect acquiescence in the Divine will, and a longing desire to enter on the glories which he knew awaited him. Beautiful and instructive is any death scene of triumph, but especially is that so in which the chief actor is, like Dr. Hope, in the prime of life, engaged in a noble profession, and with apparently many years before him of activity and usefulness. Ah ! but Jesus can make any death chamber the scene of sunshine, victory, and joy. When *He* fills the sphere of vision, and throws His light upon the nearing realities of eternity, what is earthly loses its attractions

and power, and that which is heavenly draws the spirit and charms the affections. Thus it was with Dr. Hope. He had Christ with him in his death-chamber, and it was in his experience a place of blessedness and brightness. But Jesus so favours men, not for their talents and position in life, but for their trust and oneness with Himself. Have then Dr. Hope's faith and love, and you, dear reader, will have his support and joy in the last hours of your life.

III.

ALFRED VAUGHAN.

IT has often been a matter of interest with thoughtful men, to know how the cultured in mind and strong in intellect have contemplated and approached death ; especially in the midst of life, and of the activities of an honourable and useful career. Has death appeared to *them*, when drawing near, as it does to the ordinary race of mortals ? Has it been more or less attractive, and therefore more or less dreaded ?

Such feelings, as I well remember, were felt with regard to the way in which death was looked forward to, and at last approached by, Alfred Vaughan. And to some it was no small relief to be assured that the serenity of his spirit was unbroken by its arrival, and that his mind was drawn by the strongest attractions to what was beyond.

He was born at Worcester, on the 18th of March, 1823. His father, Dr. Robert Vaughan, removing to Kensington two years afterwards, the west of London was his home for the next eighteen years. Being delicate in health, and not fitted to rough it at a public school, he was educated at home by his father, along with one or two pupils, till thirteen years of age. He then entered the school of University College, and from that passed, in due time, to the College itself. Having shown from his earliest years superior mental powers and a great love of books, his attainments both at school and college were above those of the majority of his own age and even beyond his years.

Having decided for Christ, he also decided at an early age for the ministry of the gospel. The call he had to such a ministry was such as he could not disregard. Hence these words in his journal, written by him in his twentieth year.

“My object must be to look upon myself as *called* by my Redeemer to set myself apart

for His ministry, looking up to Him my only hope; to pray that I may do His will concerning me. How can I be disobedient to the will of such a Master? One day I shall be with Him alone, I shall be casting myself on His righteousness as all my help . .

. I should not have been satisfied that I was doing right if I had been anything but what I am about to become. And is not that a call? . . . I earnestly desire to devote every capability to the utmost to Christ, to spend my life in the immediate service of such a Master, and, as far as my poor ability goes, to be made useful to the cause of His truth in my day and generation. I consider NO labour too great to endure for the realization of success as a preacher of the gospel."

With such feelings, and such an estimate of the office of the Christian ministry, he entered upon the course of study which was deemed necessary as a preparation for his chosen life-work. When that was completed he became assistant minister with the Rev.

William Jay, of Bath. During the two years he held this position, "he obtained for himself a good degree and great boldness in the faith," by the earnest and prayerful study of the Holy Scriptures, intimacy of walk with his Divine Lord and Master, and the faithful discharge of the duties of his office. What time he had to spare from his ordinary daily work was given to reading, and writing for the press. As a poet, as well as a historian, not a little, even at that early period, proceeded from his pen.

At the close of his two years residence at Bath he removed to the sole pastorate of a church in Birmingham, where he continued his ministry till finally laid aside by the disease under which he ultimately sank.

What his ministry was at Birmingham the following description and estimate of it by one who had many opportunities of attending it, and who possessed every qualification for forming a correct judgment of it, will show:—

"Gentle and solemn pathos was the prevailing element of his discourses. His sym-

pathies attached him to those themes which were congenial to his modes of feeling—love, pity, sorrow ; and in his expression of these he touched at will, with a light or powerful hand, the hearts of all who heard him. Though his manner was so quiet, his power over an audience was indescribable in awakening pathetic emotions. The ballad-like simplicity of his language, the tones of his voice, and the changing expressions of his face, all showed the intense reality of his own feelings, and hence readily communicated them to others. . . . How often I have heard him, and his expressions yet dwell with me, thrill the heart by a home picture, in which the love of the child and the yearning care of the parent were made to typify the Divine relations of God's family. This imagery might have been excessive and wearisome but for the artlessness and beauty of the language in which it was drawn. I have known no one who in this respect so followed the Great Teacher, whose sermons unveil the hidden things of earth and humanity, that we may

see everywhere the kingdom of God which He preached, and whose language is Divine in its perfect simplicity."

But not only were his discourses of the character in style described in this quotation, they were in matter evangelical and often intensely so. He loved to dwell on the relations of Christ to His people, and gave great prominence to His presence and brotherhood.

Compelled at length to relinquish his pastoral position by the advances which consumption made in his constitution, he sought by medical advice the advantages of various localities. Still all was of no avail. His strength continued to diminish, and the prospect of prolonged life to fade and lose distinctness. But his mind was kept in peace. He contemplated death with undisturbed feelings, knowing in whom he believed, and that the Christian gains a thousandfold above what he has here when he enters on the life of eternity. The end was hurried by the arrival of the news that his brother-in-law,

Dr. Carl Buch, was among the massacred by the Sepoys in the Indian mutiny. A new and severe attack of hæmorrhage was brought on by the shock which the intelligence occasioned. Although he seemed to recover from the blow, the mischief caused by it remained. When the final attack seized him he rightly interpreted it, made a grateful acknowledgment of God's goodness to him in all the past, and then added, "this is very like dying." "The rest," writes his father, in his description of the scene, "was silence. During the next half-hour there was often a smile on his face which spoke when the tongue could not, and the last breath passed as a gentle sigh, and all was ended. So his pure spirit came to know, according to his own words, what it is to have that last event 'over'; to have 'death *behind*, and not *before*; and was summoned to those regions where it becomes a matter of consciousness, and not merely of faith, that 'this life is not our only sphere of action.'"

The sunset was calm and without a cloud.

No disturbing influence entered into the scene. Of conflict there was not the faintest appearance, whilst death's approach was greeted with a smile. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

IV.

DR. JAMES HENDERSON.

MENTAL endowments and moral excellence are confined to no class of society. They are found among the poor as well as the rich, and have often been shown in the highest degree by men from the lowest circumstances of obscurity and poverty. Such was the case with the subject of the present sketch. He was born in the north of Scotland, in 1830, and of parents who occupied the humblest position in life. Losing his father when only three years of age, the support of herself and three children depended on the widow's exertions. This she secured, in the scantiest degree, by hard manual labour. At the end of some years she married again, and was somewhat relieved of her heavy toil.

As soon as able to do anything towards

his maintenance, James was put to work, along with farm labourers. His education was meanwhile left in abeyance. Nor was this thought to be any great loss. As he was able to read, it was not seen that more was necessary, in the circumstances he occupied, and in which he was likely to pass his life. His mother, who had the fear of God in her heart, had taken pains to give him a love for the Bible, and to see that he was able to read it. He was not fourteen years old when called to mourn the loss of that mother who had been everything to him, and whom he loved with all the ardour of a warm heart. Speaking of her death he wrote years after: "I felt I had lost all I cared for, or cared to lived for. Three days afterwards I followed her to the grave, and with feelings that can never be described saw her body laid in its last resting place. I felt that now I was alone in the world, that for the future I must think and act for myself; an indescribable feeling of loneliness and isolation came over me,

and I was ready to sink under its weight. I stayed about the grave till every one was gone, and in the evening walked home alone, a distance of about four miles, full of sorrow and of sad thoughts. I went to bed, and spent the first part of the night in prayer, and I felt myself more in the presence of God and nearer to Him than I had ever done before. I felt He heard every word I uttered, and soon had the strong assurance that now, since my father and mother were dead, the Lord would take me up; and after some time I felt my sorrow lighter, and thinking of God's promises, and trying to make them my own, I fell asleep."

God accepted the orphan's surrender and prayer. And when did any one cry to Him in sorrow and desolation, and fail to receive comfort and help? His heart is too fatherly and tender to be indifferent to the appeal of such. He is *the God of consolation*, and readily interposes on behalf of the bereaved and lonely. So James Henderson found. He realized the truth of the assurance that

“He is the Father of the fatherless,” and the orphan’s stay and Friend.

It is true that the lad did not always act up to the vows he had made by his mother’s grave, but once and again wandered from the ways of obedience and truth; yet the Lord did not allow him to utterly forget the resolutions he had formed, and to find satisfaction in any of the ways of the world.

After a succession of changes in situation he at last obtained one under a butler who was an eminent Christian, and possessed of remarkable knowledge and scholarship for one in his position. His example and spirit had the happiest influence upon the younger servant. James Henderson was led by his instructions, and the prayerful interest he manifested in him, to give a more earnest consideration to the claims of religion than he had ever done, and to fully dedicate himself to God.

His younger sister, to whom he was much attached, dying suddenly at the time, in-

tensified his feelings and resolves, led him to yield himself more unreservedly unto God, and to seek as he had not done before for a sense of God's pardoning mercy and gracious acceptance. His prayer was answered and the desire met. He now rejoiced in the knowledge of personal salvation. But what he experienced he was anxious that others should possess; he could not keep to himself what he now knew. And when was it otherwise? The man that values Christ for himself values Him for others also. If Jesus is precious to you as a parent you will be desirous that He should be that to your children too. No true Christian can live without bearing witness for his Master. You may thus tell in what measure Christ is possessed by you and prized by you. He is yours and you are His, only so far as you work for Him. There is no life where there is no fruit. Act for Him, and you give evidence of having Him.

Finding that he could interest the minds of others in religious subjects, and that God

made acknowledgment of his efforts to spiritually benefit those whom he addressed, the desire to enter the Christian ministry took a deep and abiding hold of James Henderson's heart. But how could such a thought be seriously entertained by him, with his want of education and the means necessary to secure it? So he often asked himself. Still he could not shake off the desire; and as it grew upon him, and became as a fire in his bones, he determined to take steps to realize it. Leaving the service of Mr. Grant Duff, in which he had spent five years, and in which during the latter part he had acquired a knowledge of the English grammar and of the Latin rudiments, he hired lodgings in the small town of Macduff, at the rate of two shillings per week, and devoted himself to the study of Latin, Greek, and mathematics; living meanwhile on two meals a day, at a weekly cost of only half-a-crown.

Removing at the end of a few months to Edinburgh, he there lived in the same eco-

nomical way until he found a situation in which he had both support and time for prosecuting his studies. Still no encouragement was given to his idea of preparing for the ministry. Every one whom he consulted on the subject tried to dissuade him from his purpose. Thus opposed and discouraged his thoughts at length turned to the work of a *medical missionary*. For such work he now sought the necessary preparation; successfully prosecuted his medical studies, received the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and sailed under the auspices of the London Missionary Society for China. Skilful in the practice of medicine, and earnestly devoted to the higher work of men's salvation, it was hoped that the talents and acquirements he had lain on the Divine altar would be exercised for many years in the fulfilment of the two-fold mission to which he had consecrated himself. But God had otherwise ordained, and soon called him to the occupancy of a higher sphere. Returning to England at the end of two years' residence in China, to take

to the land of his adoption his intended wife, he lost no time after his marriage in sailing again for the East. He longed to be at work among the Chinese in his double character of doctor and missionary. He resumed his work with renewed energy and increased devotion, and allowed no opportunity to slip of directing those who came under his medical treatment to the love of God and the way of salvation. Great was the joy he had in his work, and especially in seeing the Divine blessing attending his services as a Christian teacher. But, as already said, this joy was of short duration. Scarcely had two years elapsed from his planting his foot a second time on Chinese soil, when he was seized by the illness which ended in death. As a medical man he knew the seriousness of the malady which had laid hold on him, and cherished, from the first, little hope of recovery. Yet his resignation was complete; he submitted to the Divine will with beautiful Christian meekness and acquiescence. Death had no fear to him; it was, to use his

own expression, "only like going out of this room into another."

It could have been matter of wonder to no one if a state of mind somewhat different from what actually marked him had been shown ; if there had been the manifestation of some reluctance to leave a sphere of labour in which he was so happy, and in which he hoped by God's blessing to accomplish so much for the good of those around him, and if there had been the utterance of regret at being so soon removed from family, hospital work, and missionary service. But his confidence in the wisdom and love of God was entire, and he accepted and welcomed all His will. And he was supported and comforted ; his sufferings and prospects were not allowed in any way to interrupt the calm of his spirit, or becloud the brightness of his visions of the future ; his trust was perfect, and his peace profound. So he passed from the seen to the invisible, with expectant look, and longing desire, and inaudible but clearly

indicated joy. While yet day his sun went calmly and clearly down, but only to shine with brighter lustre in the unclouded firmament of the celestial world. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." But who shall say *how* blessed, either *in* death, or *after* death? They see and have Jesus.

V.

MRS. DICKSON.

THE subject of the following sketch was born at Blackburn, in Lancashire, in 1814. As a child she was noted for acuteness and affection, and was led at a very early age to give her heart to the Saviour. The means which mainly conduced to this was the reading, when only five years old, Janeway's "Token for Children," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

From the time of her perusal of these volumes every evidence was given by her of being a lamb in the flock of the Good Shepherd, and the object of His special watchfulness and pleasure.

Early piety is always and everywhere beautiful. A lovelier object than a little child, naturally and intelligently religious, is not to be seen. How pure are its affections!

How simple its motives ! How trustful its prayers ! How sweet its praises ! It is a more interesting sight than anything you meet with in nature, than morning with its freshness, spring with its promises, and summer with its bloom ; more so than regenerated manhood and sanctified old age. Then why is it not more common ? Why do not more of these flowers of the morning adorn the garden of the Lord ? We speak of the church as a family, but where are the children ? If children are capable at the ages of *four, five, and six*, of knowing and loving the Saviour, why are not more at these early periods of life found doing so ? The fault is not by any means and altogether theirs. It rests much more with parents and teachers than with them. The doctrine of childhood piety is not accepted, and with rare exceptions little pains is taken to lead the little ones to Jesus, and to foster and encourage in them a spirit of trust and love. Things in this direction are, thank God, much better than they were, and are improving every year.

There are few now that doubt the truth of early piety, and who would bar the approach to the Lord's table to very young disciples. It is not merely in the religious education of the young that the church now interests herself, but in their salvation; only when she sees the little ones at the feet of Jesus does she regard the end of Sunday-school work and of home instruction attained.

The love to Christ which Mrs. Dickson showed at so early an age warmed and deepened as years multiplied. Under its influence, and with the desire of being useful, she began Sunday-school teaching when only twelve years old. The field of Christian effort thus early entered she continued to occupy till failing health compelled her to relinquish it. But this was not the case until good service had been rendered by her to many who had successively gathered around her for instruction. Careful in her preparations for her class, prayerful on the behalf of its members, unfailing in the seizure of opportunities for dealing with them person-

ally and earnestly on the matter of their salvation, God crowned her labours with no ordinary measure of success. She had the joy of seeing one and another for whom she had so watched, and cared, and prayed yielding themselves to the Saviour, and publicly identifying themselves in church fellowship with the Lord's people.

And what Christian Sunday-school teacher ever followed a like course and did not witness similar results of his labours? God disappoints no faithful worker. He never fails to make those useful who desire and labour to be so; He does not allow His word to return to Him void.

Love to Christ seeks to express itself in many ways. Those who are under its constraining power seldom restrict themselves to one form of usefulness. It requires many channels for the outflow of its streams of blessing. So it was in the case of Mrs. Dickson. By many ways she sought to express her gratitude to Jesus, to promote His honour, and lead others to the knowledge

and acceptance of Him as their Saviour and Lord.

True devotion is always in proportion to love. It is as we love Jesus that we work for Him and lay ourselves upon the altar of a full consecration to His service. Hence the intensity of spirit and amount of work which characterized Mrs. Dickson. A few words from her notebook will show the secret and extent of her labours.

“ I feel that I am *not* of the world, though *in* it. My desires and affections are habitually, though much slower than I could wish, drawn towards spiritual objects ; and I trust I can say that it is my earnest desire and endeavour to follow in the steps of the Good Shepherd.
. . . The hallowed pleasures I enjoy savour more of heaven than of earth. The exercises of the sanctuary, the social prayer meeting, domestic devotion, and religious conversation have never been so precious and profitable as now. My whole soul seems absorbed in the wondrous love of my dear Saviour, and I feel such an earnest longing after

the salvation of sinners that I think I could sacrifice my life cheerfully to hear them crying, 'What must I do to be saved?' I have wrestled earnestly for those of my own family, and in the name of God have besought them to 'be reconciled to Him.' Oh how my heart has this day been wrung with anguish through witnessing the indifference manifested by poor perishing sinners on the very brink of eternity, and during the most solemn and affecting representations of their real condition, and the most urgent and affectionate beseechings to accept the proffered pardon and happiness of the gospel, and to comply with the appointed terms of mercy! But oh, to think that those dear to me are evincing no signs of a change of heart, and remaining still unconcerned about their dangerous and awful situation, is truly distressing. How diligently did I watch whether any effect was produced on their minds this day! but, alas, I watched in vain."

These words reveal the secret of her Christian devotedness. She was moved to the course

she pursued by *love to Christ* and *compassion for souls*. These were the motive powers which actuated her. And hence the disinterestedness of her labours. It was not from any personal considerations that she gave herself to such self-denying activities, and sought the good of so many different classes around, but that souls might be saved and Jesus her Lord glorified.

The disease from which she suffered, sapping more and more her constitution, left her at length in such a state of weakness that she was compelled to give up all such work as had absorbed her attention and been pursued by her with assiduity and delight. Change of residence brought her into the neighbourhood of the writer, then living in Lancaster, and gave him many opportunities of seeing her and witnessing how the grace of God was magnified towards her and in her. Her sufferings were very great, and during the last few months of her life she had rest neither by day nor by night. Yet her faith never staggered, nor did her patience ever give way.

Weak in herself she was strong in Christ her Lord, and was daily victorious in the struggles in which she had to engage. She kissed the rod that smote, and welcomed her Father's will with regard to her. Probably no Christian ever possessed *peace* in greater perfection, and *resignation* in fuller completeness, than Mrs. Dickson did. Thus she wrote only four days before her departure :

"My heavenly Father has now, I feel, sent me my summons to appear shortly in His presence. Blessed be His holy name, it is a welcome message to me ; and He is now giving me sweet and satisfying foretastes of the felicity I shall soon enjoy. For my dear husband and child I most earnestly pray that they may be comforted after my departure, and cheerfully leave them in the care of a covenant-keeping God. For my dear friends who are so assiduously kind to me, may the Lord reward them tenfold ! With all mankind I die in peace and love, relying on the finished work and mediation of my Saviour and God for acceptance and admission to glory."

In the frame of mind which these words indicate she continued until the final moment arrived, when glory flooded the scene, rapture possessed her spirit, and after loving words of farewell and instruction had been addressed to those around her, her sun, amid the beauty of a heavenly serenity and purity, disappeared behind the horizon of time, to shine in the purer firmament of the celestial land. In perfect consciousness, and longing anxiety to see Him whom she loved, she breathed forth the prayer, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," which at once was answered, and she entered into the joy of her Lord.

A life begun well, as a rule, ends well. Mrs. Dickson gave herself unreservedly to Jesus in childhood and mature life, and had as her reward the fulness of His presence and support in the day of affliction and the hour of death. There was nothing that Christ required of her that she did not render, and nothing that she was capable of receiving from Him that He did not bestow.

VI.

ROBERT ROLLOCK

WAS a Scottish worthy, who made his voice to be heard amid the din and confusion of the sixteenth century, and helped by his influence and writings to give character to the age in which he lived.

He was descended from an ancient and well-known Scottish family, and received part of his education from the celebrated Buchanan, the tutor of Queen Mary and the paraphraser of the Psalms. Under such a teacher, and with the talents he possessed, Rollock became distinguished as a scholar and divine.

“Beza, meeting with his Commentaries on the Epistles to the Romans and Ephesians, wrote to a friend concerning them that ‘he had got a treasure of unspeakable worth; and that he had not met with its equal before,

for brevity, elegance, and judgment. I pray God to preserve the author, and daily to increase His gift in him; especially in these times, wherein the vineyard of the Lord hath so few labourers.'

"In his last illness he was greatly favoured with the Divine presence, sometimes to the astonishment of those who were about him. 'O my God, I have hitherto,' said he, 'seen but darkly in the glass of Thy word. O Lord, grant that I may enjoy the eternal fruition of Thy countenance, which I have so much desired and longed for. I bless God I have all my senses entire, but my heart is in heaven; and, Lord Jesus, why shouldest Thou not have it? It hath been my care, all my life long, to dedicate it to Thee: I pray Thee take it, that it may live with Thee for ever. Come, Lord Jesus, put an end to this miserable life. Haste, Lord, and tarry not. Christ hath redeemed me, not to a frail and momentary, but to an eternal life. Come, Lord Jesus, and give me that life for which Thou hast redeemed me. I have gone through

all the degrees of this life, and now am come to my end : why should I go back again ? O Lord, help me, that I may go through this last degree with Thy assistance. Lead me to that glory which I have seen as through a glass. Oh that I were with Thee ! ’

“ Being told on a Saturday that the next day was the Sabbath, he said, ‘ Thy Sabbath, O Lord, shall begin my eternal Sabbath. My eternal Sabbath shall take its beginning from Thy Sabbath. I am weary of this life. All my desire is that I may enjoy that celestial life which is hid with Christ in God.’ Afterwards he prayed, saying, ‘ Haste, Lord, and do not tarry. I am weary, both of nights and days. Come, Lord Jesus, that I may come to Thee. I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Thee. Haste, Lord Jesus, and defer no longer. Go forth, my weak life, and let a better succeed. O Lord Jesus, take my soul to Thyself.’

“ And when one attending him said, ‘ Sir, let nothing trouble you, for now your Lord makes haste,’ he said, ‘ Oh welcome news !

would to God my funeral were to-morrow !' Such was the state of mind in which Robert Rollock, at the comparatively early age of forty-three, passed into the presence of Him whom he so fervently loved, and by whom he was so sustained and comforted in his sufferings. His desire was to be with Christ, to be more like Him, and render Him better service ; and it was gratified."

CHAPTER IV.

Sunsets while yet Day.

(Continued.)

“OH, what rapture shall be mine,
When, with saints that sinless are,
I in Thy pure light shall shine
With the brightness of a star ;
Praise and glory, Lord, to Thee
Singing through eternity.”

I.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

II.

APPHIA THACHER.

III.

REV. W. H. HEWITSON.

IV.

REV. JAMES D. BURNS.

V.

MRS. BISHOP.

VI.

GEORGE CORNISH.

I.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE had the inestimable privilege of possessing godly parents. Yet piety is not hereditary. It passes in no case as an heirloom from parent to child. Still the goodness of one is often made by God the means of goodness in another. There are accordingly marvellous associations among the saved ; heart strangely linked to heart ; like the flaming torch of former days, the light of life is handed on by one to another, and there is sequence and connection in salvation through many generations.

In such a line of succession and association we find Doddridge. Richard Sibbes wrote the "Bruised Reed," which fell just at the right time into the hands of Richard Baxter, and brought him under the influence

of the enlightening power of the Spirit of God; and then Baxter's ministry was like the sun in its strength, and he wrote a book called "The Call to the Unconverted," which continued to speak long after Baxter himself had ceased to speak with human tongue. That "Call to the Unconverted" went preaching on until it got into the hands of Philip Doddridge, and was the means of putting him in possession of a broader knowledge, a richer faith, and a deeper experience of the things of God. And then Doddridge wrote a book called "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," which, at a critical period in his history, fell into the hands of William Wilberforce, who wrote a book called "Practical Christianity," which, far down in the sunny Isle of Wight, fired the heart of a clergyman, who attained the widest reputation, for who has not heard of Legh Richmond? He wrote the simple annals of a Methodist girl, and published it under the title of "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been translated into many languages, and

been made of God a power for the spread of truth. But here the sequence does not end. "The same book on 'Practical Christianity' went right down into a secluded parish in Scotland, and found there a young clergyman preaching a gospel he did not know. Instructing him in the way of God more perfectly, he came forth a champion valiant for the truth upon the earth until all Scotland rang with the eloquence of Thomas Chalmers. Look at it. Not a flaw in the chain. Richard Sibbes, Richard Baxter, Philip Doddridge, William Wilberforce, Legh Richmond, Thomas Chalmers, is not that 'apostolical succession'?"

Let no one despise the day of small things. Whatever value the writer of the "Bruised Reed" put upon his tractate, he doubtless never dreamt of its becoming the first link of such a chain of good as has just been traced. No, you never know to what heights and breadths in growth the seed of truth may reach which you drop into the soil of human hearts. The soul that you lead to Jesus may

be the means of bringing many into the same position of blessing and honour. And yet you may be acting on the principle on which too many act, that because you cannot do *much* for Christ you will do *nothing* at all. Ah, but you forget that all great things have small beginnings. Trace the majestic Thames to its source, and you will cross it by a single step. The time was when the church which now numbers her adherents by millions, and influences the very ends of the earth, consisted of a dozen of Jewish fishermen and mechanics. A very small leak will sink any man-of-war or merchant vessel that ploughs the ocean; and a spark will kindle the largest conflagration.

Be not then, beloved reader, discouraged by its being but little that you can do. That little may rise into a good of the largest proportions. "The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field; which indeed is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree,

so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches of it.”

Philip Doddridge was the grandson of one of the two thousand ejected ministers in 1662, and was born in London in 1702. He was a delicate child, and received special attention from his parents, and especially a careful religious training. He was accordingly led at an early age to give his heart to the Lord Jesus. Whilst still a boy and very young, he was left an orphan, but not without consolation. He had learnt to trust and love God, and in his desolation looked and repaired to Him for support and comfort, and was not disappointed in his expectations. He found, as he had been taught to believe, that the Lord is the Father of the fatherless and the Friend of all who put their trust in Him.

By his diligence and successful acquirements at school he gave early promise of the scholarship and usefulness that afterwards distinguished him. For a while the purpose he had formed of entering the Christian

ministry was deferred by a succession of difficulties that rose in his path. These however successively disappeared, and he became a student at Kibworth in an academy presided over by the Rev. John Jennings, "a ripe scholar, an able tutor, and an evangelical minister."

Fully availing himself of the educational advantages he now enjoyed, Doddridge made great proficiency in several departments of literature, and at the end of four years was ordained to the ministry as the successor of his tutor at Kibworth. Here his position was however anything but one of advantage to him. He had a few fervent neighbours, but his hearers were generally of the lower class, of loose habits, and of little piety. "As his social disposition drew him often into their company, his complaisance yielded more than was right to their frivolity, and exposed him to the loss of much that he possessed," and that was essential to his success as a minister of the gospel.

God mercifully saved him from the danger

by removing him at the end of six years to Northampton, where his life-work lay. Here he fulfilled a noble and successful pastorate, trained many young men for the ministry, and rendered important services to the interests of truth and the church of God by the works that proceeded from his pen. Many hours each day were spent by him in writing. But while so occupied with the instruction of others he was not neglectful of his own personal piety. He was a man of orderly habits, an early riser, and of great industry, and withal a man of eminent holiness, of unwearied diligence in the study of Holy Scripture, and of frequent and protracted prayer. He well knew that to do much for God a man must live constantly and closely with Him. This was the case with himself, and the secret of much of the work he accomplished. Still it was a wonder both to himself and to others that he was enabled with such delicateness of health to do so much and to continue so long.

At last when preaching the funeral sermon

of Dr. Clarke, at St. Albans, he caught a cold of which he could never be cured. He was but forty-eight years old at the time. Various changes were tried for relief, but all to no purpose. He got weaker and weaker, and to many it was evident that the hand of death was upon him. As a last resort he sailed for Lisbon, having with him his wife and a servant. As the voyage proceeded he felt revived by the soft breezes rising from a motionless sea. As he sat in his easy chair in the captain's cabin, which had been given up to him, he had the brightest thoughts of his life. "Such transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with as no words can express," was his frequent remark to his wife. His comfort abounded all through his illness. As his bodily strength decayed his spiritual joy increased. Thus he spoke, on one occasion, as he gave utterance to his experience :

"My soul is vigorous and healthy, notwithstanding the hastening decay of this frail and tottering body. It is a blessed thing to live

above the fear of death, and I praise God I fear it not. God hath, as it were, let heaven down upon me, in those nights of weakness and waking. I am not suffered once to lose my hope. My confidence is, not that I have lived such or such a life, or served God in this or the other manner. I know of no prayer I ever offered, no service I ever performed, but there has been such a mixture of what was wrong in it, that instead of recommending me to the favour of God I needed His pardon through Christ for the same. Yet He hath enabled me in sincerity to serve Him. Popular applause was not the thing I sought. If I might be honoured to do good, and my heavenly Father might see His poor child attempting, though feebly and imperfectly, to serve Him, and meet with His approving eye and commending sentence, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' this my soul regarded and was most solicitous for. I have no hope in what I have been or done. Yet I am full of confidence; and this is my confidence, there is a hope set before me; I

have fled, I still flee for refuge to that hope. In Him I trust ; in Him I have strong consolation, and shall assuredly be accepted in this Beloved of my soul. The Spirit of adoption is given me, enabling me to cry, Abba, Father ; I have no doubt of my being a child of God, and that life and death, and all my present exercises, are directed in mercy by my adored heavenly Father."

Thus, in full and certain hope of eternal blessedness, and amid abounding Divine consolations and supports, did Dr. Doddridge at the early age of forty-nine breathe out his soul into the hands of a gracious and faithful Creator, among strangers, and in a foreign land.

II.

APPHIA THACHER.

THERE are many, as has already been remarked, whom the fear of death greatly disturbs and distresses. It keeps them all their lifetime in bondage, disquieting their thoughts by day, and breaking in upon their sleeping hours by night.

They may have no doubt as to the life which is to succeed it, know in whom they believe, and live in the full assurance of faith and hope as to their salvation, but they are haunted by the dread of dying. Death is to them, in the fullest sense of the term, "the king of terrors"; and regarded in that light they recoil from its approach, and would do and be anything, to be spared its endurance.

With others it is different. Death has to them no such repulsiveness. Filled with

thoughts of the glory that is beyond, and of the joy of being with Christ, they see nothing of darkness in the passage that leads from the seen to the invisible, or of terribleness in the messenger that separates the ties of earth and sets them free to fly aloft. Among those who have so regarded death, to whom it had no dread, and by whom it was ever contemplated with calmness, was the sister of Professor Thacher, of Yale College, New Haven, America. Though naturally sensitive and timid, yet for two years she was able to contemplate the steady approach of death without a feeling of disquietude or regret, and at last in the calm of a clear sunset she passed out of sight and beyond the boundaries of time.

The following account of her sufferings and state is from the pen of her pastor. He says:

“In the month of February, 1874, Prof. Thacher confided to me the fact, which till then had been known only to his family, that his sister Apphia had for nearly two

years been struggling with a fearful disease, which it was then certain must within a few months inevitably end her earthly life. He informed me that about two years before she had suddenly been made aware of the existence of the disease when apparently in full health, and was at the same time informed that her only hope of relief was to submit to a severe surgical operation. The operation was performed almost immediately, without the knowledge of her most intimate friends out of the family ; and after an interval of a few months a second operation, as privately as the first. Both were ineffectual, and there was no longer hope except for an alleviation of suffering and a delay of death. In reply to my questions as to her feelings, he informed me that she was perfectly peaceful and cheerful, and prosecuted her ordinary services of love in the household so far as she was able, and that she received visits from her friends, and would be very glad to see me as her pastor as frequently as might be convenient.

“Having known Miss Thacher intimately ever since I came to New Haven in 1847, and being somewhat acquainted with her temperament and mental habit, I feared that as death should approach the long continued trial to her courage, her affection, and her faith would at times be severe, and might involve her in depressing apprehensions or unconquerable gloom. Her brother shared in these forebodings; for to brother and sister, and all her relatives and friends, these months that were to come seemed shrouded in darkness.

“At my first visit Miss Thacher received me with her usual cheerfulness, and conversed in respect to her occupations and her ability to meet them. She also talked freely of her own condition and prospect; we compared our views in respect to the Christian life and the evidence of its presence in the soul, and of her own title to the comfort of the Christian hope. I found myself most happily relieved of all my apprehensions as to any immediate depression on her part. Indeed,

from this my first visit she seemed to me to have already faced death by her simple and rational confidence in the promises and power of her Master, and in facing it to have already conquered it. My visits were more or less frequent till I left town about the 1st of August, a few weeks before her death. They were always somewhat long, and we uniformly conversed very freely in respect to her thoughts and feelings. In all these conversations she gave evidence of a careful scrutiny of her own desires and purposes, and an earnest wish to be thoroughly honest with herself. She usually would talk for a long time in continuance, bringing out very fully the result of her meditations and self communings, and with the utmost clearness of analysis and precision of statement ; invariably manifesting the peace of a quiet and steady resignation to the will of her Master. Her interest in others did not in the least abate. Her pleasure in her friends and her concern for their welfare, and her hopeful spirit in respect to all those persons and interests to

which her life had been devoted were the same as in the fulness of life and health. She received frequent and cheerful visits from her most valued friends, and shared with a heightened interest in the spirits and studies of the young children of the household, who came in and out of her parlour at their pleasure. Early in the summer her strength began visibly to abate ; at every visit I could see the plainest evidence of a failure of strength. But there was not the least ripple upon the steady and quiet composure of her spirit. Her words were as distinct, her thoughts were as clear, and her account of her feelings as subtle and as comprehensive as at the first. Only as thought and speech were more and more slow her peace seemed more complete, and her hopes more calmly confident. Towards the last she spoke with a kind of surprise of the absence of all apprehensions or disturbances of mind, and referred not infrequently to her own fears, and those of her friends, lest in moments of physical agitation and mental weakness her serenity might be

disturbed. She had no excitement or rapture to disclose, no conscious exaltation of any faculty of mind or heart, only a completeness of acquiescence and a fullness of peace which left nothing to be desired. How this should be she did not explain. It was a puzzle to herself, it was unlike anything which her temperament and previous experience would lead her to expect ; but she found in her own soul such an equipoise of her impulses and desires with one another, and such a harmony with the will of her Saviour, that it well might be described as the peace of God which passeth understanding. At my last interview with her she was more feeble in body and stronger in spirit than I had ever known her. I hoped but scarcely expected to see her living when I should return. I learned from her brother that she continued to decline as gently and as calmly till the end.

“I have never known a person who looked death so clearly in the face for so many months, who was at the same time so intelli-

gent, so quiet, and yet so steadily and manifestly the conqueror of death through a strong and simple faith in the word and person of Christ. Miss Thacher was by nature timid and self-distrustful. Her intelligence and culture had served to exalt her ideal of moral and spiritual excellence, and taught her to judge herself more and more severely; her introverted and self-suspecting habits had in previous years involved her in painful self examinations, and withdrawn her emotions from those objective truths on which alone the heart can rest. But under the pressure of impending death she had quietly yet firmly trusted the Author and Finisher of her faith; and His promise was accomplished, 'My peace I give unto you.' The house in which she conquered death has, within the last few years, been thrice hallowed by the departure of inmates loved and honoured. The first who went had a poet's elevation and ideality, and as she mused on what was before her her responsive spirit seemed to be kindled and elevated into such an unearthly elevation,

coupled with such tenderness of earthly affection, as is rarely granted even to departing believers. The second waited so long in quiet expectation for the call of God that the peace of that man whose 'heart is fixed trusting in the Lord' seemed to have been fully perfected in his placid, venerable, and saintly nature. The third and last left the example of the quiet triumph over death which has been recorded. Her experience was protracted for months under no excitement, and with all the manifold struggles which painful days and wakeful nights bring of necessity to a thoughtful and intelligent nature of superior endowments and enlarged culture.

"Is that a deathbed where the Christian lies ?

Yes ; but not his : 'tis death itself there dies."

III.

THE REV. W. H. HEWITSON.

DISTINGUISHED Christian service has often been rendered by men of great bodily weakness and pain. Strong in the Lord, they have yet done for Him exploits ; with His strength made perfect in their weakness, they have effected great things for His honour ; filled with the Spirit, rivers of living waters have flowed from them, and refreshed and fructified the barren and waste places around.

Such was the case with William Hepburn Hewitson, who was born in Ayrshire in 1812, and was so weakly and delicate a child as to occasion much anxiety to his parents.

The only trait for which his boyhood was marked, and which characterized him for many years afterwards, was *ambition*, or the love of praise.

He quickly acquired the art of reading, and showed great fondness for books. It was not, however, till he was thirteen that his reading assumed a systematic form. Then he gave himself to the acquisition of knowledge with unwearied application, and with a view of entering as a student the University of Edinburgh. His progress was quite remarkable. Unaided and alone, he became in the course of a couple of years far more efficient as a classical scholar than most who had enjoyed the advantages of a superior academical training.

It was not till twenty-one years of age, owing to health and other circumstances, that he reached the object of his ambition and saw himself a student at college. There he soon commanded for himself a name and place in the classes he joined. Prize after prize was won by him, and essays read that secured for him the commendation and applause alike of his professors and fellow-students.

Yet he was all the while *unsaved*. He had

the *form* of godliness, but not its *power*; and with how many is this the case! Like the Sardians of old, they "have a name to live, but are dead." Yet this is known, in the instances of many of them, only to themselves and to God. Such is the religious character they assume and maintain, that it is impossible to detect the mask. But "the day" will declare whose and what they are. Men cannot deceive God. Then, seeing that all are not Israel who are of Israel, how necessary it is for each bearing the name of Christ to examine the foundations of his hope, and to see that the faith he exercises is an appropriation and retention of the Son of God, for "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

The time for the fulfilment of God's purpose of mercy with regard to Mr. Hewitson at last arrived, and his darkness of mind was superseded by the light of the Divine Spirit. This was brought about by very unexpected and unlikely means. But God often accomplishes His grandest designs by strange

and unthought of instrumentalities and agencies. Bunyan on a visit one day to Bedford, "in pursuit of his calling as a tinker, marked three poor women in a doorway, engaged in earnest discourse. Slackening his pace as he neared them, he overheard a discourse which arrested his whole soul. The discourse was on the new birth, the hidden life, the heart's awful depravity, and the amazing grace of God ; and withal there was written on the pilgrims' countenances a calm, chastened gladness, which told the formalist that there was a secret in the Christian life which he did not yet know." To that trivial incident Bunyan owed his all. An incident in itself not less trivial presented to Mr. Hewitson the "living epistle," which was to startle him into the pilgrim path.

His own account of the matter, as repeated by his biographer, is in these words. "At Leamington, in the month of November, 1837, I happened one day to turn up to the mineral spring. A young man entered the building, whose appearance at once attracted

my observation. His coarse linen frock contrasted strangely with the gay apparel of the groups before me. He was emaciated, and walked forward with a feeble step. After drinking of the water out of a vessel of earthenware, which was placed beside a number of tumblers, he, without having apparently observed any one, again slowly withdrew. After a little I began to descend the hill, in the middle of which the spring was situated, and found the young man sitting at one of the bends of the winding path which slopes gently down the declivity. I spoke to him. His diffident tone of voice and his modesty of manner at once enlisted my sympathies. During several weeks afterwards I frequently visited his father's lowly cottage. My intercourse with the young man soon gave me ground to conclude that, if my theoretic knowledge of gospel truths was greater than his, he, unlike myself, had experienced their sanctifying power. Truly, his was the better portion. When he spoke of the Saviour's love to sinners, and of His obedience unto

death for their redemption, he at times gave vent to his gratitude in tears of joy. Pointing to his clothes on one occasion, he said, addressing his father, 'These will be no more needed ; I wish you to sell them ; the price of them will be enough to pay for my coffin.' He seemed like one who had obtained 'everlasting consolation and good hope through grace,' to have not a shadow of doubt or anxiety on his soul as to the prospect of eternal glory. One evening, about sunset, he fell asleep."

"The student," as the biographer remarks, "was stricken by the arrow of God. That peasant, he felt, had been taught in a school to whose lessons he was, as yet, a stranger. The question flashed on him, 'Could *I* thus calmly pass into the immediate presence of the holy and just Jehovah ? Am *I*, like him, sheltered from the wrath to come ?' The question, too plain to be evaded and too urgent to be postponed, constrained the earnest inquiry, 'What must *I* do to be saved ?' " The result was final and full de-

cision for Christ. The bent of his life now took a new turn. It was no longer to acquire distinction as a scholar, and enjoy the applause of man, but how best to prepare for serving Christ and leading men to the possession of the same inheritance of rest and blessing as was enjoyed by himself.

Having finished, with many interruptions from failure of health, the course of study prescribed for the ministry, he was at length ordained, and sent to Madeira as a missionary to the Portuguese, among many of whom a remarkable religious awakening had taken place, through the labours of Dr. Kalley, a devoted medical man. Success immediately crowned the labours of Mr. Hewitson among the same people. It was not, however, allowed to go on uninterrupted. All the power and wrath of the Papacy were employed to prevent the people attending the instructions of the missionaries. Those who accepted their teachings, and renounced allegiance to the Romish Church, were subjected to every description of persecution, imprisonment, and in

several cases put to death. The work however was of God and could not be stopped. No fewer than *eight hundred* left the church of the Papacy, and for the sake of Christ and conscience suffered the loss of all things, turned from the home of their fathers, and sought in exile, in far off lands, the freedom for worship and living out their convictions which was refused them on the soil of their birth. Following them to Trinidad, whither they went, Mr. Hewitson formed them into an organized church, and placed over them one of their countrymen as their pastor.

Settling in 1848 at Dirleton, some twenty miles east of Edinburgh, as a pastor of the Free Church of Scotland, he had hoped, feeble as was his health, to continue for some years to serve the Lord in the ministry he loved with a perfect passion. It was otherwise ordained. Two years did not elapse before he was compelled to relinquish all work and look upon himself as appointed unto death. He acquiesced in the Divine purpose with entire and even

grateful submission. He knew that the chamber of sickness he now entered would be the scene of severe, if not protracted, sufferings. But the support and peace he required he enjoyed, and strange it would have been for it not to have been so, for the Saviour, with whom he had walked so closely and served so faithfully, not to have been his strength in weakness and his comfort in suffering. But there was no disappointment. He found Jesus in the sick room what he had said in the pulpit He was. He found Him even more and better than he had expected. He daily learned new lessons of Him, saw more and more of His grace and love, and realized increasingly of His fulness. "I have learnt one lesson," was his language one day to his biographer, "by reading the Word in my illness. I see that even when I preached with what I felt to be some measure of tenderness, I scarcely knew what Christ's tenderness was. The Bible gives not only the mind of God, but His heart. It is the latter, exhibited to men,

which draws and wins. If I could preach now, I think I should be far more tender." And yet tenderness was eminently characteristic of his preaching; but now he was learning more of Christ. And yet before this he could say, "I am better acquainted with Jesus than with any friend I have on earth." Yet even then he was but at the beginning of what was to be known of Him. And will not this be the case with believers through eternity itself? Infinite depths in Him will ever remain unexplored. And what saint of God does not rejoice in this assurance and prospect? We shall ever be learning, sounding new depths, and contemplating fresh and more lovely scenes.

Great as were the sufferings of Mr. Hewitson, and which, as his strength diminished, became more so, his patience never failed, and his peace abounded only more and more. He longed to see Jesus, not that he might be freed from weariness and pain, but that he might get rid of all sin, be holy as He is holy, and enjoy yet closer and fuller fellowship with

Him. The last paroxysm at length came, and in the exhaustion in which it left him he gently passed into the Presence he longed to reach.

That Jesus should have been to Mr. Hewitson what He was in his last hours can scarcely be wondered at, seeing that the surrender he had made of himself to Him was complete, the walk he had maintained with Him was close, and that he had conscientiously and resolutely put from him everything that stood in the way of Christ's taking full possession of the heart. He gave himself fully to Jesus in the day of life, and Christ gave Himself fully to him in the hour of death. And such is ever the privilege and experience of those who act as Mr. Hewitson did. Let all hindrances to Christ's giving Himself to you for support and comfort be put away, and you will enjoy Him according to your need. "If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with Me."

IV.

THE REV. JAMES D. BURNS.

MR. BURNS was for ten years the minister of the Presbyterian Church at Hampstead, was known and beloved by many beyond the members of his congregation, and will long be remembered with gratitude by those who enjoyed the privilege of listening to his instructions.

He was born at Edinburgh on the 18th of February, 1823, was a scholar at Heriot's Hospital and the High School, and then a student of the University. Having chosen the Christian ministry as his profession, he entered upon a theological course of study at the end of his four years' attendance at the classes of the university.

Before he had quite completed his curriculum at the Divinity Hall, he was chosen by the Free Church at Dunblane to be their minister.

Having consecrated himself fully to God, he entered upon the duties of the pastoral office with earnestness and many encouraging signs of success. He soon however overtaxed his strength, and at the end of two years was compelled, by symptoms of consumption, to seek for restoration in the milder climate of Madeira, taking charge whilst there of the Free Church at Funchal.

Sufficiently restored to warrant his return home, he resumed, after a few months' absence, his duties at Dunblane. But under the strain of them he soon broke down again, resigned his pastorate, and returned to Madeira. Prolonging his second visit to the island over some years, it was believed at the end of that time that he might maintain a pastorate at home, and was led to take the oversight of the church at Hampstead. Here he fulfilled, in a sense, his life-work, with many tokens of the Divine approval, and much satisfaction and joy to his own heart. Surrounded by a people who could appreciate his instructions, having many opportu-

nities of extended usefulness, and possessed of happy associations and every available help to mental culture and the pursuit of his favourite studies, he occupied a position for which he was ever thankful, and which he highly valued.

His failures in strength were frequent, yet in addition to his pastoral duties he did a large amount of work in the way of reading, sending contributions to periodicals, and in books in prose and poetry that he published. At length a more serious development of his disease showed itself, his strength utterly failed, and it appeared to himself and others that the beginning of the end had made its appearance. At the bidding of his physicians he started for Mentone, but no real progress towards restoration was made. Further change was tried, but what strength he had continued to diminish. He returned to Mentone from the more bracing air of Switzerland, but only to die. This he foresaw, but his mind was kept in peace. The last verses he wrote, and which was only a

few weeks before his death, afford evidence of this. They were these :

He hath done all things well !
Here rest, thou weary heart,
When prone to murmur or rebel,
Weak, weary as thou art.

He hath done all things well !
The bitter and the sweet,
The light that cheer'd, the shades that fell,
Are tempered as is meet.

He hath done all things well !
Things that seem strange and dim
Are working ends thou canst not tell,
In clearest light to Him.

Dr. Hamilton, the writer of his biography, says :

“ Walking for nearly half his lifetime in the shadow of death, he yet found the love of Christ able to make it light around him. ‘ In Christ,’ he wrote, laying sweet emphasis on the words, ‘ there is even now an Eden on earth, where we may walk with God.’ There is sublimity in the utterance, when we view it as the testimony of one who so well knew what sore affliction is. ‘ God,’ he says again,

‘has many ways of bringing His children home ; but they all reach home at last.’ He did not repine at the way by which he was led. Rather he rejoiced in it, and took it for a sign of love. ‘It is not all,’ these are again his words, ‘who are privileged to suffer affliction. It is the sign and seal with which God marks His own chosen people ; whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.’ ”

“‘When lying here I feel what I have often felt when visiting those as low as I am now, that one must just come back to the simple truth, ‘Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’ And, oh ! He will not cast me out. I come to Him as a poor sinner with nothing of my own. I said, ‘Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness My beauty are, my glorious dress.’ ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘that’s all my hope. Death ought not to be a strange thought to me, I have been so long ill ; but it is a little painful still to think of leaving Maggie, and our sweet wee bairnies, and my people, and my work, and some friends who might have ex-

pected me to see them home first ; but it is God's will, and it is all well. I am perfectly satisfied that everything has been done that could be done, and far more than I ever could have expected ; but it has not been the Lord's will to restore me. He has done with me for work now.'

"At other times he said: 'Oh what a Saviour He is! I wonder how I can love Him so little.' 'Oh, yes, perfect peace. All fear is taken away. I feel God has weaned me now. You know how I loved you (addressing his wife), and my children, and my people, and work ; but I am willing to leave you all now and go to Jesus. I should just like to shut my eyes and fall asleep on Jesus' bosom. Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus!' 'My Lord is so good to me.' 'Mercy abounds, I have all I want.' 'Christ hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel,' was a text often repeated.

"'When it comes to this, there is nothing for it but that word, Christ Jesus came into

the world to save sinners. Men may sit in their studies and write against the Bible, and point their pens against this and that in the Scriptures; but I feel now what I have often thought in speaking to others as low as I myself am now, that this is the only rock; Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'"

So the servant passed into the presence of the Master he had loved so ardently and served with such faithfulness, to receive his reward, and walk with Him in white in the golden streets of the city.

V.

MRS. BISHOP,

THE wife of a gardener, now also in glory, died of a lingering consumption twenty-five years ago. She had been for a long time previous to her last illness a secret disciple of Christ. Nor could she be induced in the day of health to take another position. As an attendant on my ministry, and with frequent opportunities of speaking to her, I once and again put before her the duty of openly avowing her faith in the Son of God. But no consideration or persuasion sufficed to move her from the position she had assumed. The duty was not, however, to be evaded. The Lord Jesus will have an acknowledgment of the mercy He confers. He will not allow those to serve Him in secret only whom He has laid under the greatest obligations. Those shall confess

Him before men, whom He will by-and-by confess before His Father and the holy angels.

If therefore, dear reader, you are refusing in the present what He asks for, you will not, remember, be able to do so always ; you will yet feel yourself under the necessity of acknowledging yourself to be His. Thus it was with Mrs. Bishop.

Shut up in the chamber of affliction, the seclusion led to reflection, and reflection to such an apprehension of her indebtedness to Christ as she had never before known. But she felt that the fact of such obligation could not be kept to herself, that a very necessity lay upon her to speak of the goodness and loving-kindness of which she had been the recipient ; a sense of gratitude made her testify of Him regarding whom she had only been too long silent.

But reflection on the bestowments of Christ led to reflection on Himself. He was now the object of her study and contemplation as He had not been before. But

as she dwelt on Him He revealed Himself to her, until He filled the whole sphere of her vision and entranced her with the manifestations of His grace and love. As she learned of Him, and grew in intimacy with Him, her adoration increased, and her joy abounded.

It was now a privilege of no common order to be with her, to hear her speak of Him and tell of what He was to her and did for her. She spoke of Him in language the most rapturous, as "the Beloved of her soul," "the Joy and Rejoicing of her heart," "the Life and Light of her spirit." Words often failed to express what she felt and enjoyed of Him. At such moments her countenance would light up with a heavenly glow, and indicate what she had no language to express, as to what she was feeling.

Once and again, as I can honestly aver, I have left her chamber feeling that it would be a privilege to be allowed to change places with her. A more enviable position than she occupied could scarcely be conceived out

of heaven. At length her sun went down, like that of a clear, calm, summer's evening. The glow of it long rested on the peaceful countenance.

But how now came such experiences to be known by one in the last days of life, who had done so little for Christ during the season of health and activity? I can only account for it by the completeness of the surrender she made of herself to Him at an early period of her illness, and the unservedness of the testimony she bore for Him during its progress. He ever takes possession of the heart that is fully given up to Him, fills the hungry with good things, and satisfies the longing soul.

Such is the way of securing His presence and consolations in the hour of death. Make Him, dear reader, fully yours now, and you will have Him, in like measure, when you most require Him. Give yourself wholly to Him in the day of health, and He will give Himself wholly to you in the day of sickness. Yield to Him what will be to His glory, and

He will give to you what will be your comfort and support. With all who walk with Him the ways of life He walks the valley of the shadow of death, to light it by His presence, and make it the passage to glory, and honour, and immortality in His heavenly kingdom.

VI.

GEORGE CORNISH.

IN the case of the above, who was a minister among the Friends, the life very beautifully accorded with the death. His end was a fitting close to the years of activity and usefulness he passed in the Master's service.

The record which has been given to the world of his life and death was read at a meeting in Cornwall, and appears in the minutes of the Yearly Meeting of Friends, held in 1877, and is in these words.

“‘The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.’ This passage of Scripture was quoted several times at the funeral of our beloved friend, and was felt by many to be peculiarly descriptive of his consistent character, his devoted life, and his peaceful death.

Of few could it be said more truthfully than of this simple-hearted Christian, that not only his inward spiritual life, but also the outward life which he lived *in* the flesh, he lived by faith in the Son of God, who loved him and gave Himself for him. Few have been carried to their last resting-place on earth amid stronger evidence of esteem and love.

“Without wealth, with but little human learning, filling with unquestioned integrity the position of a tradesman in his native town, he became, through Divine grace, a true minister of the gospel of Christ, preaching not only in word, but preaching also by example, and thus adorning the doctrine of God his Saviour. Charitable to the poor, ever ready to do acts of kindness for others, he exemplified the words of Scripture, ‘a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.’

“Young men, both within and without the pale of our own Society, were the special objects of his solicitude. Many of these re-

sorted to him for help and counsel ; with some he maintained a frequent and valuable correspondence, sympathising with their spiritual trials, urging them to entire dedication of heart, and comforting them with the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God. But in the midst of his labours and exercises for others he was often made sensible of his own weakness, and of the need of seeking renewed supplies of strength from the One unfailing source. Nor did he plead in vain ; it was often evident that the prayer was answered, and the dimness of human infirmity was lost in the brightness of that conquering grace, by which (as he was ever ready to acknowledge) he was what he was.

“ Our dear friend was not exempt from the chastenings which betoken a Father’s love. After a union of a few months his beloved wife was taken from him by a short illness. Brothers and sisters, one after another, were removed in middle and later life, till he was left alone of that generation. But we have reason to believe that the stricken servant

bowed his head in un murmuring submission to the Master's will, and learned in the house of mourning many lessons which can never be learned in the house of feasting.

“George Cornish did not travel very extensively as a minister. He visited (we believe with much acceptance) most of the northern and western Quarterly Meetings of England, and some other parts ; but his sphere of usefulness was mainly in his own county, and especially in his own neighbourhood. Here he was cordially welcomed in the chapels of the various sections of the Methodist Society. In these meetings his ministry flowed largely and freely unto all ; entreating the careless and the lukewarm and the backsliding to come unto the Saviour and listen to the pleading voice of His Spirit ; cheering the weary and lonely pilgrim ; pointing all to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. There were two classes whom he frequently and specially addressed, the young people and the local preachers. He earnestly urged

the former to forego the vanities and passing pleasures of the world, and to seek enduring riches and blessings in Christ Jesus. The various ministers he entreated to keep near to Christ, and to have all their fresh springs in Him. Many of these places he visited several times; and his simple, loving addresses were so valued that he was almost always invited to come again, and not unfrequently deputations were sent to ask him to renew his visits of love.

“In the exercise of his ministry we believe that our dear friend was concerned to wait in childlike faith for the fresh openings of the Spirit, and for renewed qualification for service. Sound in doctrine, he preached Christ crucified, and strove to set forth the truth as it is in Jesus. It was evident that in his earnest invitations to come to the Saviour he spoke under the constraining influences of *His* love. Much Christian meekness and gentleness and charity marked his ministry as well as his character; and in reviewing his course we are enabled to testify that ‘in

simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God,' he had his conversation in the world and in the church.

"The illness of our beloved friend was of about six months' duration, a gradual failing of strength; but, considering the character of the disease, he was mercifully spared much acute suffering. Through all there was no repining; and those who watched tenderly over him, as well as those whose love brought them often to the sick chamber, can testify that his peace flowed as a river. In these days of languishing he was much engaged in prayer for himself and others. Few visited him without carrying away some words of cheer or earnest exhortation; and many (including ministers of various denominations) went again and again, that they might hear and treasure up lessons from the lips of one whom they esteemed and loved. Once when he was reminded that whilst health and strength remained his life had been one of great devotedness to the Master's

service, and that the remembrance of this must be a source of much satisfaction, he at once disclaimed any merit of his own, and attributed all to the unbounded mercy of God in Jesus Christ our Lord. A very few hours before his departure, after both sight and speech had failed, he made signs for a slate, which he was accustomed to use on account of the difficulty of utterance, and wrote on it as well as he could, 'CHRIST,' that priceless Name, which had been his trust and joy in life, and was then his stay in death. Shortly afterwards he fell into a calm sleep, in which he peacefully passed away, on the 29th of January, 1877, at Redruth."

CHAPTER V.

Golden Sunsets.

* OH ! that bliss can ne'er be told,
When, with all that army bright,
Thee, my Sun, I shall behold
Shining star-like, with Thy light.
Amen ! Thanks be brought to Thee,
Praise through all eternity."

I.

JOHN JANEWAY.

II.

FREDERIC PERTHES.

III.

DR. PAYSON.

IV.

DUNCAN MATHESON.

V.

PHŒBE PALMER.

I.

JOHN JANEWAY.

JOHN JANEWAY was born at Lilley, Herts, in October 1633, and belonged to a family which was remarkable for its piety. Although only seventeen when he entered King's College, Cambridge, yet so proficient was he in education, that it is said the electors contended for the honour of being his patron. It was not till the year after this that he gave his heart to the Saviour, and openly avowed himself one of His disciples. The instrument of his conversion was a fellow student, who had set his heart on young Janeway's salvation, and ceased not to pray and act for it till he saw it accomplished. Would that there were more of this! that Christians would concentrate their efforts, make the *ones* the objects of their solicitude, and cease not to plead

with God on their behalf, and with them on behalf of God, until they saw their desire regarding them fulfilled ! Few ever followed such a course, and failed to see their endeavours crowned with success. Personal dealing with individual souls is what is especially needed, as it is one of the most certain means of usefulness.

Janeway no sooner felt himself safe than he sought to bring others into the same condition. As soon as he saw himself on the rock where the waves from which he had escaped could not reach him, he laboured to place drowning men by his side. He especially concerned himself with the spiritual good of his relatives and those immediately around him. No means that he could employ for the attainment of that end were left unused.

His health failing, he was obliged to retire to the country to live with his mother and brother. For a while the gravest apprehensions were felt with regard to the issue of his illness. He never, however, ceased to use

what strength was left to him, in his Master's service. By pen and word of mouth he continued to be the consoler and instructor of others. With recovered strength, which was graciously vouchsafed to him, he manifested increased earnestness in prayer and effort. His time for meditation was usually in the evening, when he walked in an adjoining field, or repaired to the church. His fraternal biographer tells that on one occasion he hid himself in the church to be the spectator of his converse with God and way of acting in the Divine presence. "But, oh, what a spectacle did I see! Surely a man walking with God, conversing intimately with his Maker, and maintaining a holy familiarity with the great Jehovah. Methought I saw one talking with God; methought I saw a spiritual merchant in a heavenly exchange, driving a rich trade for the treasures of another world. Oh what a glorious sight it was! Methinks I see him still. How sweetly did his face shine! Oh, with what a lovely countenance did he walk up and down; his lips going

his body oft reaching up, as if he would have taken his flight into heaven ; his looks, smiles, and every motion spake him to be on the very confines of glory. Oh, had one but known what he was then feeding on ; sure he had meat to eat which the world knew not of ! Did we but know how welcome God made him when He brought him into His banqueting house ! That which one might easily perceive his heart to be most fixed upon was the infinite love of God in Christ to the poor lost sons and daughters of Adam."

The privilege, dear reader, which he enjoyed you may enjoy also. God is as accessible to you as He was to him, and all the treasures of His love as available. Is the privilege then being enjoyed by you ? Are you walking with God, and daily feeding on the children's bread ? Your proper place is the Divine presence, and your privilege that of sharing with Christ all that He is and has.

At twenty-two Janeway was ordained to the ministry, but lived only to preach *two*

sermons and from the same subject, *communion with God*.

Consumption, his constitutional complaint, suddenly developed itself in alarming forms, and brought him in a few weeks to the grave. He was now confined to his bed, but his death-chamber was literally a field of triumph, the victory over the last enemy was complete, whilst glory daily lighted up the scene.

“When one came to visit him, and told him that he hoped it might please God to raise him again, and that he had seen many a weaker man restored to health and continued many a good year after: ‘And do you think to please me,’ said he, ‘by such a discourse as this? No, friend, you are much mistaken in me if you think that the thoughts of life, and health, and the world are pleasing to me. The world hath quite lost its excellency in my judgment. Oh, how contemptible a thing is it in all its glory, compared with the glory of that invisible world which I now live in the sight

of! And as for life, Christ is my life, health, and strength; and I know I shall have another kind of life when I leave this. I tell you it would incomparably more please me if you should say to me: You are no man of this world, you cannot possibly hold out long, before to-morrow you will be in eternity. I tell you I do so long to be with Christ that I could be content to be cut in pieces, and to be put to the most exquisite torments, so I might but die and be with Christ. Oh, how sweet is Jesus! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Death, do thy worst! Death hath lost its terribleness. Death! it is nothing. I say, death is nothing, through grace, to me. I can as easily die as shut my eyes, or turn my head and sleep: I long to be with Christ, I long to die.'

"Then turning to his brethren, he said to them: 'I charge you all, do not pray for my life any more; you do me wrong if you do so. Oh, that glory, the unspeakable glory that I behold! My heart is full, my

heart is full! Christ smiles, and I cannot but smile. Can you find in your heart to stop me, who am now going to the complete and eternal enjoyment of Christ? Would you keep me from my crown? The arms of my blessed Saviour are open to embrace me, and the angels stand ready to carry my soul into His bosom. Oh did you but see what I see, you would all cry out with me: 'How long, Lord! come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Oh, why are His chariot wheels so long in coming?'

"On another occasion, breaking out into a triumphant ecstasy of praise and joy, he exclaimed: 'Stand astonished, ye heavens; and wonder, O ye angels, at this infinite grace! Was ever any under heaven more indebted to free grace than I am? Doth God use to do thus with His creatures? Admire Him for ever and ever, O ye redeemed ones! Oh, those joys, the taste of which I have! the everlasting joys which are at His right hand for evermore! Eternity, eternity itself, is too short to praise this God in.

Oh, bless the Lord with me ; come let us shout for joy, and boast in the God of our salvation !

“ ‘ Oh, my friends, stand by and wonder ; come, look upon a dying man : I cannot myself but stand and wonder. Was there ever a greater kindness ? Was there ever a more sensible manifestation of rich grace ? Oh, why me, Lord ? why me ? If this be dying, dying is sweet. Let no true Christians ever be afraid of dying. Oh, death is sweet to me ; this bed is soft. Oh that you did but see and feel what I do ! Come and behold a dying man more cheerful than ever you saw any healthy man in the midst of his sweetest enjoyments. Oh, sirs, worldly pleasures are pitiful, poor, sorry things compared with one glimpse of this glory, which shines so strongly into my soul. Oh, why should any of you be so sad, when I am so glad ? This, this is the hour that I have waited for.’ ”

“ When ministers or Christians came to him, he would beg of them to spend all the

time they had with him in praise. ‘Oh help me to praise God ; I have now nothing else to do, from this time to eternity, but to praise and love God. I have what my soul desires upon earth. I cannot tell what to pray for, but what I have graciously given in. The wants that are capable of supplying in this world are supplied. I want but one thing, and that is, a speedy lift to heaven. I expect no more here, I cannot desire more, I cannot bear more. Oh, praise, praise, praise that infinite, boundless love, that hath to a wonder looked upon my soul, and done more for me than thousands of His dear children. Oh, bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name. Oh, help me, help me, O my friends, to praise and admire Him that hath done such astonishing wonders for my soul ; He hath pardoned all my sins, He hath filled me with His goodness, He hath given me grace and glory, and no good thing hath He withheld from me.

“‘Come, help me with praises, all that’s

little; come, help me, O ye glorious and mighty angels, who are so well skilled in this heavenly work of praise! Praise Him, all ye creatures upon the earth; let everything that hath being help me to praise Him! Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! Praise is now my work, and I shall be engaged in that sweet employment for ever. Bring the Bible; turn to David's psalms, and let us sing a psalm of praise. Come let us lift up our voice in the praise of the Most High; I with you as long as my breath doth last, and when I have none I shall do it better.' "

So he continued till the hour for which he so longed arrived, when, taking an affectionate farewell of those around him, he breathed his spirit into the hands of Him whom he so loved and adored, and joined the society of the redeemed before the throne. His sun went down while it was early day, but amid splendours rarely witnessed. One that so loved Christ could not but draw Christ to him: a heart opened to Him as Janeway's was He always fills.

II.

FREDERIC PERTHES.

GREAT enterprises have been born of trouble, and men of the loftiest character and grandest achievement have stepped out from the midst of confusion and public calamity on to the stage of human action.

It was amid the throes of the French revolution at the close of the past century, and the fires and desolations of the Napoleonic wars at the beginning of the present, that our great religious and philanthropic societies had their rise. And many of the noblest sons of the Fatherland appeared on the theatre of life, when Germany was bleeding at every pore, by the defeats which her army had sustained at the hands of Buonaparte.

Among these was Frederic Perthes, who was born at Rudolstadt, in April 1772. Losing both his parents while yet a child,

he became the protégé of an uncle, who apprenticed him at fifteen years of age to a bookseller at Leipsic. Although he received anything but kindness and consideration from his master, he yet conducted himself so well during his apprenticeship, that he was allowed to take a situation at Hamburg half a year before the period bound for had expired.

Perthes, by-and-by, commenced business as a bookseller in Hamburg for himself, and soon became favourably known as a tradesman on whom reliance could be placed for honesty of transaction and promptitude in the execution of orders.

But whilst conducting his business on principles of the strictest integrity, and commanding increasing support, he was still uninfluenced by the higher motives of Christianity. He was anything but indifferent to the claims of piety, and even longed to stand where he could look on a future all bright, and know that God was with him and for him. Marrying a wife of decided religious views, he was led by her to a knowledge of the way

of salvation, to occupy the position he had often wished to fill, and to make Christ in all things his Master and trust.

Meanwhile his business was extending, and supplying him more and more with the means and opportunity of being a blessing to his country and those around him. Troublous times were however at hand. Napoleon was extending his conquests in every direction, and inflicting irreparable loss on multitudes of persons. Hamburg lay at length at his feet. Perthes was not only interrupted in business, and made to suffer by the stoppage of trade from the French occupation of the city, but was suspected and watched, and compelled at last to seek for safety in flight. Animated by the loftiest patriotism, and as fertile in resource as he was courageous in spirit, he set himself to devise means for expelling the enemy from his country and delivering himself and others from the iron heel by which they were crushed. Success, to a large extent, attended the undertaking to which he addressed himself. Thousands

became inspired with his spirit, hope was raised in many a breast, and armies were led into the field that did not a little towards giving relief to the people of Hamburg and to multitudes beyond.

The services which he rendered to his country at so critical a period in her history, both as a patriot and a Christian, were fully recognised, and many honours conferred on him as the result.

His health began to fail in 1843, and he saw that the beginning of the end had appeared. But his mind was kept in the fulness of peace. He was enabled to look forward to the close of life with a serene and happy spirit. He knew in whom he believed, had long enjoyed the presence and friendship of his Lord, and assured of His help as needed, and of blessedness and glory beyond the grave, his heart was restful, and the termination of the illness anticipated with even thankfulness and joy.

"When I am dead," was his language on one occasion when speaking of the mercy of

God, "do not mourn for me ; I am quite ready to die, and shall die in peace :

‘ I’ve given myself to God ; how dear
My Father and my Friend !
There is no life for ever here,
All things of earth must end.
Death has no power to harm,
’Tis welcome to my heart ;
If God upholds me with His arm,
I shall with joy depart.’ ”

“ During the last few weeks of his life,” says one of his biographers, “ this beautiful death-bed hymn was often on his lips, and he frequently exclaimed :

‘ What heavenly joys and blessing
E’en now await me there !
For, Jesus’ love possessing,
His blessedness we share.
Then what can hurt me or alarm ?
Christ’s peace is in my heart ;
If God uphold me with His arm,
I shall with joy depart.’ ”

“ But the exclamation that most often escaped him was, ‘ God be merciful to me a sinner, for His dear Son’s sake.’ ”

His pains were at times intense, and would produce a disturbed state of mind ; “ but

faith would again triumph, and once when those by his bedside thought he was asleep, he began in a low and touching voice :

‘ The hour of death draws nearer,
Oh, world, why should I live ?
The joys of heaven are dearer
Than aught that thou canst give.
I have no earthly care, but calm
And ready for the start,
God will uphold me with His arm,
I shall with joy depart.’

“ As the hour for his departure approached, his affection for those around him burned brighter and brighter, and he rejoiced with ever increasing confidence in God his Saviour. ‘ God be praised,’ he exclaimed in a low voice, ‘ my faith is firm, and stands fast in death as well as in life. God is merciful to me, a poor sinner, for the sake of His dear Son.’ On the 18th of May the doctor told him he would soon be released. His whole soul was given to prayer, even when he could not pray aloud, and in the afternoon he repeated in a firm voice :

‘ Ye loved ones, bless the Lord for me,
And wipe away your tears ;
You must not weep, for I am free
From sorrow, pain, and fears.

Steer for the port where storms shall cease,
Watching with steadfast heart ;
Then God will fill you with His peace,
You shall with joy depart.'”

His weakness increasing, breathing became more difficult, and then sinking into a quiet sleep he breathed his spirit, without sigh or motion, into the hands of his present and much-loved Lord. It was a calm and beautiful sunset at the close of a long and troubled day.

No, public engagements and an engrossing business form no hindrance to the cultivation of piety and the walking closely with God. In such circumstances the highest forms of the spiritual life have often been manifested. Men, most occupied with the pursuits of earth, have frequently been those who have given the greatest heed to the things of eternity. Diligence in business is thus perfectly compatible with fervour of spirit and devotion to the service which God enjoins. Joseph and Daniel as prime ministers, David and Josiah as kings, Wilberforce as a legislator, and Budgett as a merchant, were all men of God and eminently pious.

III.

DR. PAYSON.

THERE are few death-bed experiences better known than those of Dr. Payson, so widely have they been published and so often referred to. That such publicity should have been given to them is not to be wondered at, considering what they were. Rarely has the believer had such an abundance of Divine consolation, and such consciousness of the presence of Christ, in dying hours, as this eminent man.

Dr. Payson was the son of the Rev. Seth Payson, D.D., of Rindge, in New Hampshire, America, and was born on the 25th of July, 1783. Graduating whilst still young at Harvard University, he then took charge of an academy at Portland, in the neighbouring state of Maine. Here he was exposed to numerous temptations, and yielding to them

plunged into the gaieties and amusements of the place, and became utterly indifferent to all religious matters. Aroused at length to the folly and danger of the course he was pursuing, he turned from it, sought mercy of the Lord for his sins, yielded himself to Christ, and made an open profession of his faith and decision by uniting himself to the people of God.

One of the best evidences of salvation on the part of any one is anxiety about that of others. Such evidence was now supplied by Payson. He longed to be the means of leading others to the Saviour, and lost no opportunity of directing men to the great question of their safety for eternity.

Seeing that the efforts he put forth on the behalf of others were owned of God, and made the means of blessing to those towards whose good they were directed, he was thereby led to think of the Christian ministry. Encouraged by others in this thought, he quitted his position at Portland at the end of three years, and returned to

his father's house to pursue a course of reading and study preparatory for the calling he had resolved on following. Deemed by the presbytery of the district in which he lived to be amply qualified for the duties of the sacred office, he was licensed to preach the gospel of the ever-blessed God.

Invited to be colleague of the pastor of the Congregational Church at Portland, he returned to the city in which three years had already been passed by him, was ordained, and entered on the duties of his co-pastorship. The senior pastor retiring from active duty in the course of a few years, in consequence of age and infirmity, the responsibility which had hitherto been divided now rested exclusively on Mr. Payson. He successfully met the claims which were now made upon him. His ministry was a power for good, not only in Portland, but far beyond. Intensely evangelical in doctrine, and attractive and earnest in his style of preaching, many souls were won by him to the Saviour, whilst believers were

elevated in their spirituality and quickened in their zeal.

His constitution, which never was strong, finally gave way under the pressure of the manifold duties he undertook, and into which he threw his whole soul. But he continued to testify for his Lord to the very end. Though his sufferings were rarely paralleled for severity, he made his chamber his church, gathering round his bed in successive groups the members of his congregation, and preaching to them the gospel he so loved, and of whose sanctifying and sustaining power he was having daily a fuller experience. And never were the lessons he so taught forgotten, nor audiences ever more impressed than were those successive groups by what they heard from their suffering pastor's lips.

His sick chamber was a field of triumph. As his afflictions increased, his consolations abounded. Writing to his sister a month before he ceased to suffer, and passed into the presence of his Saviour, his language was :

“Were I to adopt the figurative language

of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odours are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill, that may be crossed at a single step whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as He approached; and now He fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun; exulting yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering with unutterable wonder why God should deign thus to shine upon a simple worm. A single heart and a single tongue seem altogether inadequate to my wants. I want a whole heart for

every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion. •

“But why do I speak thus of myself and my feelings? why not speak only of our God and Redeemer? It is because I know not what to say. When I would speak of them, my words are all swallowed up. I can only tell you what effects their presence produces, and even of these I can tell you but very little. Oh, my sister, my sister! could you but know what awaits the Christian, could you only know so much as I know, you could not refrain from rejoicing and even leaping for joy. Labours, trials, troubles would be nothing: you would rejoice in afflictions, and glory in tribulations; and, like Paul and Silas, sing God’s praises in the darkest night and in the deepest dungeon. You have known a little of my trials and conflicts, and know that they have been neither few nor small; and I hope this glorious termination of them will serve to strengthen your faith and elevate your hope.”

Addressing once the young men of his

congregation, who had assembled in his chamber, he said :

“My young friends, you will all one day be obliged to embark on the same voyage on which I am just embarking ; and as it has been my especial employment, during my past life, to recommend to you a Pilot to guide you through this voyage, I wished to tell you what a precious Pilot He is, that you may be induced to choose Him for yours. I felt desirous that you might see that the religion I have preached can support me in death. You know that I have many ties which bind me to earth ; a family to whom I am strongly attached, and a people whom I love almost as well : but the other world acts like a much stronger magnet, and draws my heart away from this. Death comes every night, and stands by my bedside in the form of terrible convulsions, every one of which threatens to separate the soul from the body. These continue to grow worse and worse, until every bone is almost dislocated with pain, leaving me with the certainty that I shall have it all

to endure again the next night. Yet, while my body is thus tortured, the soul is perfectly, perfectly happy and peaceful, more happy than I can possibly express to you. I lie here and feel those convulsions extending higher and higher; but my soul is filled with joy unspeakable. I seem to swim in a flood of glory which God pours down upon me. And I know, I know, that my happiness is but begun; I cannot doubt that it will last for ever. And now is this all a delusion? Is it a delusion, that can fill the soul to overflowing with joy in such circumstances? If so, it is sure a delusion better than a reality. But no: it is not a delusion; I feel that it is not. I do not merely know that I shall enjoy all this; I enjoy it now."

His language at another time was: "I have suffered twenty times, yes, to speak within bounds, as much as I could in being burnt at the stake, while my joy in God so abounded as to render my suffering not only tolerable but welcome. The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be com-

pared with the glory that shall be revealed. God is my all in all. While He is present with me, no event can in the least diminish my happiness; and were the whole world at my feet, trying to minister to my comfort, they could not add one drop to the cup."

Thus he continued to the close, which occurred on the 22nd of October, 1827, when, with the words "Faith and patience hold out" on his lips, he passed to the painless, deathless life of the heavens.

Oh, what is it that God cannot do for His people, and will not do for them, when they fully trust in Him! There is no dying bed which He cannot make soft as downy pillows are, no sufferings under which He cannot support His people, and no place which He cannot make His presence-chamber. What a privilege to have such a God as your God! one who is so sufficient, sympathising, and helpful! Make Him, dear reader, yours, wholly yours, in the day of life, and He will make Himself wholly yours in the hour of death for comfort and peace.

IV.

DUNCAN MATHESON.

THE name of Duncan Matheson will ever be associated with the special evangelistic movements in Scotland in the latter half of the nineteenth century. No one threw himself with greater earnestness into those movements than he did, and, under God, accomplished more in connection with them. Yet he was possessed of no social influence, and had enjoyed in youth no great educational advantages.

He was born at Huntly, in the north of Scotland, in 1824. Though poor, his parents belonged to the better class of the common people, and were noted for intelligence, industry, and piety. Sent to school at an early age, Duncan made the most of the advantages he there enjoyed. When sixteen he was apprenticed to a stonemason, at a dis-

tance from his native place, and began life by hewing granite. Employment failing him there, he proceeded to Edinburgh, and there found occupation at the same trade.

From an early period he had been the subject of religious impressions, but for years had refused to encourage them. He went farther and farther from God. But the Divine purposes of mercy with regard to him were not to be frustrated ; the Spirit continued to strive with him, until he was at last melted and won by Divine love.

His own account of the turning point of his life is given thus : "I was standing, on the tenth day of December, 1846, at the end of my father's house, meditating on that precious word which has brought peace to countless weary ones, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' when I saw that God loved *me*, for I was *one* of the world. I saw the proof of His love in the giving of His Son. I saw also that *whosoever* meant any-

body and everybody, and therefore '*me, even me.*' I saw, further, the result of believing, to be, that I should not perish but have everlasting life. I was enabled then and there to take God at His word. I saw no one but Jesus only, all in all, in redemption. My burden fell from my back, and I was saved. Yes, saved! That hour angels rejoiced over one more sinner brought to the Saviour, and new songs rang through the courts of that city to which I had now got a title, and of which I had become an heir. Bunyan describes his pilgrim as giving three leaps for joy, as his burden rolled into the opened sepulchre of Christ. I could not contain myself for joy. I sang the new song of salvation through the blood of the Lamb. The very heavens appeared as if covered with glory. I felt the calm of the pardoned sinner; yet I had no thought about my safety, I saw only the person of Jesus. I wept for my sin that had nailed Him to the cross, and they were tears of true repentance. Formerly I had set up repentance as a toll between me

and the cross, now it came freely as the tear that faith wept. I felt I had passed from death to life, that old things had passed away and all things had become new."

From the time of his conversion Duncan Matheson acted as a witness-bearer for Christ, and laboured for the salvation of souls. The Duchess of Gordon, hearing of his zeal and success in Christian service, offered to employ him as a missionary in and around Huntly, at a salary of £40 a year. With great earnestness he gave himself to the duties of his mission, and, by the distribution of tracts, the prayer-meetings which he established, and the *in* and *out door* services he conducted, brought many under the influence of the truth, and had the joy of seeing not a few accepting the claims he urged, and giving themselves to the Saviour.

As the field of usefulness to which his labours were restricted was comparatively limited, he began by and by to long for a more extended sphere. His heart was at last set on *China*, and his prayer now was

that the way might be opened to his bearing to multitudes of its inhabitants the good news of God's love to men. But the Master had otherwise ordained with regard to him; the sphere which He intended him to occupy lay nearer home. War was then proclaimed against Russia, and brought into contact with troops of soldiers ordered off to the Crimea he was led to desire to accompany them as Scripture reader and missionary. The way for the desire being fulfilled being opened to him, he sailed for the seat of war, and gave himself with unwearied earnestness to the new duties devolving on him. His labours were not only appreciated by many for whose good they were performed, but blessed of God to the everlasting well-being of not a few. Many a dying soldier thanked him with his last breath for the instructions and comforts he had ministered to him. The multiplicity of his labours, his exposure to the severity of a Crimean winter at all hours, and other privations besides, which he had to undergo, told at

length so seriously upon his health that he was obliged to relinquish the mission and return home. The means employed being blessed of God to his recovery, he returned to the East, and threw himself with wonted zeal into new and manifold labours in connection with men's salvation. Returning home a second time, he identified himself with the revival movement then at its height in Scotland, and, with all the energy he could put forth, sought to sustain and extend it. His health at last however utterly failed him, and the summer of 1869 found him in a dying state. Many prayers were offered for his recovery, and the best medical means used to perpetuate his life and usefulness; "but the disease, obedient to the great Master's will, went on in its stern course, till at length every pin was unfastened and the tabernacle lay in ruins. "In July of that year," as his biographer continues, "he went to Brisar in the Highlands, where he remained till within a fortnight of his death, and where, notwithstanding his extreme prostration, he

continued to testify for his Lord to all around him.

“ He returned to his home at Perth in the following September. Feeling that the end was near he set his house in order, not overlooking the most trivial matter. ‘Give my clothes to the poor,’ he said to his wife; it was almost the only legacy he had to leave. To his friends, at parting, he spoke words of joy and triumph. To Dr. A. S—— he said, ‘Resurgam.’ To Mr. M——, an evangelist, ‘You are going to speak of the King, but I am going to see Him.’ To his old Crimean friend, Mr. Hector Macpherson, whose emotion at parting was too strong for even the soldier’s firmness, he said: ‘Do not weep for me, I have only to die once that I may live for ever.’ To another who found him making arrangements for a series of evangelistic services, to be held at Hillhead near Glasgow, he said, ‘I should like to die planning revival services.’ The services then planned by him were in progress at the time of his death; the word was in demonstration of the Spirit,

and a considerable number of persons were converted.

“To another friend he said: ‘I got the victory long ago, when the Lord first forgave my sins. . . . You have nothing now to ask for me but that I may have an abundant entrance.’

“To another his language was, ‘It’s all love, it’s all love. Reality is the great thing ; I have always sought reality.’

“To his children he spoke of Jesus, and of the chariot coming to take him to glory. He charged them, each one, to meet him in heaven.

“‘Mary,’ he said to his wife, ‘this room is full of the heavenly host. Had I strength, how we should sing!’

“As night came on (the last brief period of darkness to him for ever), he said, with characteristic joyfulness of faith: ‘Light all the lights, and let not this be a charnel house.’ It was to him not death but life ; not sorrow, disaster, or defeat ; but joy, honour, and victory. It was not a time to

mourn, but a festive season; and he would go to the marriage supper of the Lamb with a garland of praise in his hand to cast at the feet of the King. It was in the same jubilation of faith that he often said: 'Be not sorrowful at my burial; praise God as ye carry me to my grave, and when you lay me down sing, There is rest for the weary.'"

As the end drew near, his peace deepened and his joy abounded. "He had," as his biographer adds, "now but one want, 'the coming of the King.' 'How is it the King tarries,' he inquired in a tone of intense longing, 'when the chariot wheels are so very near?' Then he seemed to hearken for a little to the inaudible voice of the King, and after the pause said, 'Ah, but He has a purpose in this.'

"It was said to him,

"Jesus can make a dying bed

Feel soft as downy pillows are."

"'Yes,' he replied, 'and He is doing it for me.'

"Up till the last, and amid the greatest

sufferings, he felt all his wonted interest in the work of God and the highest good of those whom he specially loved.

“When within a few minutes of the end, and as if conscious of its being so near, his longings to depart and be with his Lord deepened and more earnestly expressed themselves. His biographer, who was at the moment by his bedside, having prayed, he said in his own familiar way: ‘Man, I don’t get singing enough; I want to sing; will you help me?’ I agreed to sing, with him the hymn, ‘Shall we gather at the river?’ But before singing he insisted, with that warmth of genuine hospitality that characterized him, on my partaking of refreshment. Just then he was seized with cramp. We seemed to hear a voice saying, ‘The Master is come and calleth for thee.’ Quickly his wife and sister were by his side. ‘Our friend is in deep waters,’ said his kind Christian physician, whom I ran to fetch. So indeed it was; but his feet were firm upon the rock, the everlasting arms were

underneath him. 'Lord Jesus, come quickly! oh, come quickly!' he several times exclaimed. Quickly the Lord Jesus came and took him. Our hymn was not sung; he went to sing by the river, we were left to weep. On the 16th day of September, 1869, just as the sun was going down, Duncan Matheson disappeared from our view, to shine in another sphere. Then departed a right brave and great-hearted man, the man who above millions had lived for God, the man who above most men had laboured for souls and for eternity. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.'"

And so, dear reader, you would die! But to do so you must lead the life that here preceded it. And may you not do so? You may not have the qualifications for such services as Duncan Matheson fulfilled, have the mental energy and the bodily strength which he possessed; but may you not be equally consecrated to the Saviour's honour, exercise

the same faith, and cherish as warm a love? But do so, and you will find that the Saviour to whom you have kept so close in life is specially with you in your last hours. Yes, men of burning love and of whole-hearted trust will ever attract Jesus to them, and especially when in conflict with the last foe. As a rule, a useful life is followed by a happy death, and men who find every scene of life, through union with Christ, a field of triumph find a dying bed that also.

V.

MRS. PHŒBE PALMER.

MANY retain a grateful recollection of the labours of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer in this country a few years ago. Large numbers were led to Christ by their preaching, and not a few of the people of God to avail themselves of what was in Christ for them, and to rejoice in the knowledge and experience of full salvation.

So powerfully impressed were both husband and wife with their responsibilities in reference to their perishing fellow men, and to believers who were living far beneath their privileges, that they left their home in New York on long evangelizing tours both in America and England. They had a perfect passion for souls, and were ready to make any sacrifice and undergo all the labours their physical strength was capable

of, to win men to Jesus and lead Christians to aim at the higher attainments of their heavenly calling.

Once and again they visited this country on such a mission, and never were left without tokens of the Divine approval. Wherever they unfurled the banner of salvation they had the joy of seeing men drawn to the Saviour, and the word they preached made the power of God for eternal life to many who heard it.

Mrs. Palmer was a woman of the greatest simplicity and naturalness of manner, and the farthest from pushing into prominence her own particular views of truth and Christian obligation. She never assumed any attitude or airs of superiority, but was as pleasant as a companion as she was earnest as a servant of the Lord Jesus.

She was a woman of great prayer and much perseverance in the pursuit of schemes of usefulness. She never gave up any work she took in hand for Christ until accomplished. She never, for example, ceased to

pray for those on whose salvation she had set her heart, and to use other means for that purpose, until she saw them in possession of the life of God and on the way to heaven. For a gentleman who was a general in the American army, and for three years a member of the Author's church, she prayed *twenty* years, and all the while kept sending to him books and tracts fitted to interest and instruct on the subject of religion; and thus she continued to follow and act by him, until he yielded himself to Christ.

Her example here has been followed by others. Yet these have been few compared with the numbers who might have done so. It is *specific* work for His glory that Christ crowns with success. But such is the work which every believer ought to have in hand. No, there is not any one, whatever his circumstances and experience, who bears the name and possesses the Spirit of Christ, but might do some *special* work for Him, and who ought to do it. Who is there that might not seek the salvation of some individual soul,

build up the wall of Jerusalem in front of his own door, and cultivate some bit of the waste lands of earth for his Lord? It is this that is specially needed in these days of large and general undertakings, and when in vast associations the individuality of the disciple is absorbed and forgotten. Only let there be the individual specific work with the members of the church that there ought to be, and the triumphs of the gospel will multiply a thousand-fold, and the ends of the earth soon see the salvation of the Lord.

Is such work, dear reader, being accomplished by you? Are you concentrating the energies you are putting forth for the Master? Is your heart set not only on the salvation of men generally, but on that of individuals? Are they the *ones* you are seeking to draw to the Saviour? The Good Shepherd goes after the one sheep that has strayed from the fold, and has joy in finding it and restoring it. He often spoke to men individually and separately when on the earth,

and those with whom He so dealt He succeeded in winning over to Himself. Be *His* imitator here.

Worn out, very much by the evangelistic labours in different lands in which she engaged, Mrs. Palmer was finally laid aside, and, two years ago, sank under the malady by which she was seized. Dr. Palmer's account of her state of mind in that illness is very precious. Her peace was perfect, and her joy in her Lord abounded.

"On one occasion she said to her husband, 'I am fully saved. I have not a single doubt. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb. I am within speaking distance of my home in paradise. You have been the kindest of husbands to me, and our love has been abiding, and it shall abide for ever.'

"And when blindness came, and she could not see at all, she said, 'Oh what sweet nurses I have! Jesus was left all alone in His last agony.' When they read to her the promises of God's word she said, 'Put my name on those promises'; and ever after that, when

the promises were read, it was with the name of Phœbe Palmer attached to them.

“Again she said : ‘Hallelujah ! Precious ! I am passing through the valley, but without the shadow, trusting in Christ. Oh, so weary ! How I should like to go ! But Thy will, not mine, be done. I thought before this the light of eternal day would dawn upon me, but it has not yet dawned !’ When a daughter said, ‘Do you see, mamma ?’ she said, ‘I see no one but Jesus ; but I shall soon see the King in His beauty. Glory be to the Father ! Glory be to the Son ! Glory be to the Holy Ghost !’ When they bathed her fevered hands she said, ‘I shall soon bathe my hands in the life-giving waters.’

“On the last morning, as she woke up, she said : ‘I thought I saw the chariot, so glorious ! glorious ! O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ Passing after this into a condition of quietude, her sun set in serenity and beauty.”

CHAPTER VI.

Serene Sunsets.

"IN simple trust go forward
Till every wish is still ;
The love of God thy Father
In heaven thy soul shall fill ;
There shalt thou fully rest,
There be for ever blessed."

I.

PHILIP HENRY.

II.

LEGH RICHMOND.

III.

SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON.

IV.

HAY MACDOWALL GRANT.

V.

BROWNLOW NORTH.

VI.

ISAAC PITT.

I.

PHILIP HENRY

WAS born at Whitehall, on the 24th of August, 1631. His father had charge of the grounds surrounding the palace, and of the watergate, by which the king and his visitors went and came when leaving or approaching the palace by the Thames.

To this position of responsibility and comfort John, the father, had risen from the humblest circumstances. Born of a lowly parentage, and in a retired hamlet in Glamorganshire, he left his father's house while yet a youth, and with only a fourpenny-piece in his pocket, to push his way in the world. Reaching London he was fortunate enough to get into the service of the Earl of Pembroke. Soon after this the earl was promoted by Charles I. to the office of lord chamberlain, and the young Welshman fol-

lowing in the train of his master rose to the position mentioned. Marrying Magdalen Rochdale, whom her distinguished grandson the commentator speaks of as "a virtuous gentlewoman, and one who feared God above many," John Henry regarded himself as settled for life and conscientiously gave himself to the duties of his daily calling.

Philip Henry being the only son of this devoted and godly pair, special care was taken with both his health and education. It was the study and prayer of his pious mother to lead him in earliest childhood to the Saviour, and to fortify him by the most painstaking instruction against the temptations of the times and the surroundings of his home life. Nor was her anxiety unrewarded. Although she lived not to see the field of his after-life waving with its rich harvests, she was allowed to see the seed, she had sown with tears and many prayers, germinating and giving promise of the fruit to be subsequently gathered from it. No,

mothers seldom labour as did Magdalen Henry, in vain. Sooner or later the seed which they so sow springs up, and grows to maturity. Thousands can testify to the truth of this. Probably more men of eminence in the church, both in the past and in the present, owe their conversion to their mothers than to any other instrumentality. Let the fact be an encouragement to the mother whose eye falls upon this page, who longs and prays for the salvation of her children, and to whom their conversion would be as a crown of joy and the very elixir of life. You will reap if you faint not. God will not allow you to so travail and toil, intercede and weep, to no purpose. The effectual fervent prayers of a godly and consecrated mother avail much. God regards and honours them.

The companions of Philip Henry's childhood were the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York ; afterwards Charles II. and James the Second. How little did any one who saw the three boys playing at their various games

in the royal gardens dream that their paths and experiences in manhood would be so diverse! Yet such was the case. Years roll round, and in Philip is found the exemplary Christian and eminent divine, in Charles the shameless profligate and faithless monarch, and in James the bigoted Romanist and fugitive king.

“From Westminster School Philip Henry removed to Christ Church, Oxford. He would often mention with thankfulness to God what great helps and advantages he then had in the university, not only for learning, but for religion and piety. Serious godliness was in reputation; and besides the public opportunities they had, many of the scholars met together for prayer and Christian conference, to the great confirming of one another’s hearts in the fear and love of God, and the preparing of them for the service of the church in their generation. Nor was it the least advantage of the rising ministry there that every Lord’s-day they heard two preachers, the one so renowned

for his learning and the other for his sanctified genius, as Dr. John Owen and Dr. Thomas Goodwin."

When he finished his course of study at Oxford, Philip Henry was appointed minister of Worthenbury, in Flintshire, and entered upon the duties of his sacred office with fervent zeal and a deep sense of his responsibilities. The parish was small. He found on taking charge of it only forty communicants, and these were never doubled. Yet the influence of his ministry soon began to be felt, and the parish to wear a different aspect. He laboured for souls, and God gave them to him. And when was it otherwise? When did any one so labour, in the spirit of Christ and from purest motives, and not succeed? Men who mean to be useful, and labour to be so, are made such. Then, beloved reader, you may be of those by whom the Saviour is honoured and men are put in possession of a Divine wealth. You have no excuse for not being a winner of souls, and a branch of fruitfulness on "the True Vine."

Not only did Mr. Henry labour to lead souls to Christ, but to make intelligent Christians of them who believed, to elevate socially the people among whom he lived, and to make his parish a model one in all Christian excellences and virtues. He therefore delivered lectures on various subjects, expounded the Scriptures in order, catechised both children and adults, and taught from house to house.

There was nothing that more distinguished Philip Henry than his domestic piety. His family was a model Christian family. It presented a spectacle of the purest affection and happiness, was a miniature representation of the family of heaven. He took great pains with the religious and also the intellectual instruction of his children. Here is a form of covenant, which he drew up and made them repeat every Sunday evening.

“I take God the Father to be my chiefest good and highest end.

“I take the Son to be my Prince and Saviour.

"I take the Holy Ghost to be my Sanctifier, Teacher, Guide, and Comforter.

"I take the Word of God to be my rule in all my actions ; and the people of God to be my people in all conditions. I do likewise devote and dedicate unto the Lord my whole self, all I am, all I have, and all I can do. And this I do deliberately, sincerely, freely, and for ever."

His conscience not allowing him to comply with the Act of Uniformity, take the oath it prescribed, and follow the course it enjoined, he was one of *the two thousand* who in 1662 abandoned their livings, and threw themselves upon Providence for protection and support. As in the case of many others, persecution so fiercely assailed him that he was compelled to seek for safety in flight and concealment. When liberty of worship was again conceded he returned to his family, and commenced religious services in his own house. He then constructed a place of worship where he ministered without further molestation till the end of his days.

That end came upon him suddenly ; but neither took him by surprise, nor found him unprepared. Having walked with God from boyhood, and daily fed on the manna of Divine truth, his faith was too strong to be shaken by anything that might befall him, and his peace too profound to be broken even by the rough hand of death. Having preached on the Sunday as usual, he was seized with violent pains on the following Tuesday morning on rising from family prayer, and ere many hours had elapsed was "singing the song of Moses and of the Lamb." Beautiful and touching was the last hour of his earthly life. Having thanked his beloved wife for all her attentions and kindnesses to him, prayed that the ministry of his son Matthew might be far more effective and successful than his own, spoken words of counsel to others, and committed himself once more to the Saviour whom he so trusted and loved, and feeling that the moment for his departure had arrived, he exclaimed, "O death where is thy?"—— with that the voice was

silent, and he passed without a struggle or a sigh to glory, to finish the sentence before the throne. There was suffering, but no defeat. He rose as a conqueror to his reward; God gave him the victory. And, my reader, following the footsteps of Philip Henry, He will give it to you also. "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

II.

LEGH RICHMOND.

THERE are few who have not heard of the "Dairyman's Daughter." Translated into many languages, and circulated by millions, it has found its way into all parts of the earth, and been read by men of every condition and rank in life. It has been seen in the palaces of kings and the huts of North American Indians, and under God been the means of salvation to multitudes of souls.

Its much honoured author was the son of a Liverpool physician, and was born in 1772. At seventeen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he made the most of his time and of the educational advantages enjoyed. At the end of eight years he was ordained deacon, and soon after entered upon the duties of the double curacy of Brading and Yaverland, in the Isle of Wight.

He was as yet, however, without the all-essential qualification for the fulfilment of the duties he had undertaken. The work of grace in his heart had yet to be accomplished, and Jesus known by him as a personal presence and a quickening life. A copy of Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity," sent to him by a thoughtless college friend, was the means of effecting in him the change that he required. Led by the perusal of it to see his own deep need, the way of having that need met, and what Christ is to all who fully receive Him, he was, from the hour the book was laid down by him, *a new man*. Henceforth his every work was begun, continued, and ended in God. Jesus Christ was for the future the Alpha and Omega of his faith and ministry. The results of the change were immediately manifest in the larger audiences that now hung upon his lips, and the conversions that rewarded his labours and prayers.

The "dairyman's daughter" lived at the village of Arreton, six miles from Brading,

where, by particular request, he visited her during her last illness. The publication of her biography and experience got at once into a wide circulation, and made the author known. Invitations to preach anniversary sermons and occupy wider spheres of usefulness soon followed, and occasioned him no little labour and anxiety.

Mr. Richmond was induced, at the end of eight years, to exchange his curacy at Brad-
ing for the post of assistant minister at Lock Chapel, where larger opportunities of usefulness were enjoyed, and he had the satisfaction of seeing many souls there also brought by his ministry to the Saviour.

From his London sphere he was soon transferred to the living of Turvey, where, as rector of the parish, he passed the longest period of his ministry. Here a change was soon effected by him in the social and spiritual condition of the people around him.

His labours were not, however, confined to his parish. He did much for different religious societies, by preaching for them and

pleading their claims in various parts of the country. He was also diligent with his pen, and by means of his writings addressed audiences on the most urgent and solemn themes, far beyond his ordinary Sunday congregations.

Thus he continued to fulfil his parochial duties and to occupy his time at Turvey, growing personally all the while into a fuller resemblance to Christ, and leading others into a deeper acquaintance with the things of God. Drinking daily and largely of the waters of life, he grew in the power and grace of the Lord Jesus, and was the means of ever richer blessing to others.

Nine years after his settlement at Turvey the Duke of Kent placed him on the list of his chaplains, and insisted on his preaching at the palace when he came to town. This wish of his royal patron was complied with, when Mr. Richmond preached from the text, "Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord, and I will not cause Mine anger to fall upon you; for I am merciful, saith the

Lord, and I will not keep Mine anger for ever."

"It was an effective and touching sermon," says one of his biographers, "and impressed the Duke exceedingly. Adverting again the following day to Mr. Richmond's style of preaching, as at once scriptural and winning, the Duke said he had come to the resolution to see if he could procure for him a vacant stall in Westminster Abbey, then at the disposal of the minister." The effort was made, but failed, and Mr. Richmond continued his accustomed course.

He was tried by heavy family afflictions. His eldest son, led astray by evil companions, went to sea, and after many disappointments and wanderings died on board a vessel far from home. The father was comforted by the assurance, supplied by his letters and papers as well as by the testimony of those who had witnessed the change in his son's character, that he died in full reliance upon Christ for pardon and eternal life.

Not long after, his second son, a young

man of great promise, died of consumption. Legh Richmond's own health began to fail, and while yet only fifty-five years of age was, amid deep and widespread lamentation, borne to his grave.

As one can understand and would expect, that which had been his joy in the day of life would be his support in the hour of death; and it was so: Jesus Christ was everything to him then, strength and consolation, victory and power. He had done much in the service of his Lord and Master during the years of his public life, instructed many in the way of salvation and the deeper things of God, and been the comforter of multitudes by his ministry in the pulpit and by his published writings; but not on these things did he now rest, but entirely on the sacrifice and love of Jesus. It was from the cross of his Lord that he drew his comfort and confidence, and not from anything that he himself had been or done. "Brother, brother," was his language to a friend a short time before he expired, "strong evidences, nothing but

strong evidences, will do at such an hour as this. I have looked here and looked there for them ; all have failed me ; and so I cast myself on the sovereign, free, and full grace of God, in the covenant by Jesus Christ, and there, brother, *there* I have found peace." And he showed that he had. Calmly and trustfully he contemplated the ever-nearing end, and then fell asleep.

III.

SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON.

THE name of Sir James Simpson is familiar to men of many lands, as a physician of eminence, the discoverer of chloroform, and one of the greatest benefactors of mankind, and, at the same time, as a Christian of exemplary piety, usefulness, and zeal.

He was the son of a baker at Bathgate, in Scotland, and was born on the 7th of June, 1811. His mother was as distinguished for goodness of heart as for energy of mind ; but was spared to him for a few years only : he was but nine when she died. She had, however, been continued long enough to him to sow deep in his heart the precious seed of the word of God, seed which, though it lay long buried in the soil, brought forth much fruit after many days.

When fourteen he entered the university of Edinburgh as a student, and prosecuted his

studies with commendable success. Having had his attention turned to medicine by the physician in whose house he lodged, he gave himself to such subjects and attended such classes as were fitted to prepare him for the profession he had chosen.

So successfully did he pursue his studies that he was admitted a member of the Royal College of Surgeons before he was nineteen, and at twenty-one took his degree of Doctor of Medicine.

Chosen by Dr. John Thompson, a physician in Edinburgh of eminence and large practice, to be his assistant, the position proved one of the greatest service to Dr. Simpson. Advised by Dr. Thompson to give his attention to midwifery, with the view of becoming a professor of that branch of medical science, he did so ; and, in 1840, was elected to the chair of Midwifery in the Edinburgh University.

His reputation was now made, and his practice soon became one of the largest and most remunerative that any physician ever had.

But where meanwhile was his heart and hope? Was God, who had prospered him in his career and opened to him one door after another to distinction, acknowledged and served by him? Alas, far otherwise. God was scarcely in his thoughts. There was no bowing of the knee to Him, nor any recognition of Him in family devotion. He was daily in contact with the masterpiece of His creation, and the clearest evidences of His wisdom and power; yet the proofs of His being were not apprehended, nor any acceptance made of His claims. How often men who are the nearest to God by circumstances and occupation are the farthest from Him in spirit and aims! How often they will remain indifferent and dead in the midst of religious quickenings and manifestations, and in the hearing of reiterated and earnest appeals for God! But how saddening the thought of this, of men continuing in darkness and death, in the midst of sunshine and the aboundings of life!

The time at last came when the gracious

purposes of God with regard to Dr. Simpson were to be fulfilled, and he passed into an experience he had never before realized, and saw in life a nobility and an importance he had not before seen. "He had worked," says his biographer, "heartily, bravely, and persistently for name and fame with an expenditure of strength and a devotion to duty, seldom if ever equalled in his profession. . . . He had enriched the healing art by great discoveries. He had introduced methods of treatment whose benefits will be always owned. Not in vain had multitudes of the suffering and sorrowful 'waited for him, as the rain.' Yet all the while his life was not complete. Genius, talents, and great attainments were, without stint or grudging, given to humanity ; but he had not calmly and of purpose given any true thought to the adjustment of a relation higher than that between him and his fellow-men, the relation of his soul to God. . . . During his college life all his thoughts were given to study or amusement. In the first years of

his professional duties his path was rugged and thorny. A hard fight with straitened means and worldly difficulties kept him at work which engrossed his whole time and attention. In later years his very success brought its characteristic snares. He had fought his way into fame and worldly comfort. Was not this the end of his exertions, the best and highest reward? . . . He had come to be regarded by many as a Christian. The title 'Christian physician' was freely given to him; schemes of Christian philanthropy were submitted for his approval; he was pressed to undertake duties which could only be done to profit by men consciously united to Christ. Yet he afterwards spoke of this period as a time when he was living 'without God in the world.'

"It is scarcely to be supposed that this state of things continued, as it did till he was nearly fifty years of age, without occasional visitations of serious thought. More than once the dark shadow of bereavement fell on his household, and his heart was filled with

a sorrow by which it was greatly softened ; and in other ways he was made to feel the need of something better and higher than anything earthly. These, however, were only temporary awakenings, and the impressions they made upon him gradually faded away. At length the true awakening came ; and he arose, in all the glad consciousness of a new and blessed life, saying, ‘For me to live is Christ.’”

Prayer had, no doubt, a great deal to do with the blessed change which Dr. Simpson now underwent, prayer offered by many of his Christian patients, who felt that they never could sufficiently reward him for the benefit they had got from his professional services, and therefore prayed that God would reward him by putting him in possession of the highest good and in the fullest measure. Such prayer was offered for him, earnestly and perseveringly, by not a few who longed to see his influence and talents consecrated to the service of Christ. But those who so prayed for him took occasion, in not a

few instances, to speak to him as well on the object of his personal salvation.

The prayers that were thus presented were answered, the words spoken fastened upon the mind, and the anxieties felt rewarded. Dr. Simpson was now a religious man, and wholly such. I quote again from his biographer: "His growth in spiritual attainments was very rapid. He brought the whole force of his intellect to bear directly and vigorously on the great concerns of salvation; he read his Bible diligently in private, and it was daily used in household worship; he attended the house of God with a regularity only interrupted by the imperative claims of his profession, and he listened to what he heard there with a deep and thoughtful interest. Asperities which had often caused his friends, and those with whom he had associated, great regret were gradually softened, and it became evident to all who knew him that it was his earnest desire and his constant endeavour to become a true follower of Him who was 'meek and lowly in heart.'"

But he not only professed Christ, he worked for Him, threw himself into many religious movements by presiding and speaking at public meetings.

In 1866, he was made a baronet by the Queen, in recognition of his eminent services in medicine, and as one of her private physicians. This honour, however, he lived but a few years to wear. He was seized with the illness which carried him off, in the early part of 1870. During the weeks that followed, his experience was in accordance with the surrender he had made of himself to God. His language on one occasion was : " My sole and whole trust is in the love and work of Christ as my all-sufficient Sin-bearer and Saviour, my Creator as also my Redeemer. I have not lived so near to Him as I desired to do. I have had a busy life, and have not given so much time to eternal things as I ought. Yet I know it is not my merit I am to trust to for eternal life. Christ is all." Then he added with a sigh, " I have not got far on in the Divine life." I said, " We are complete in

Him." "Yes, that's it," he replied with a smile ; the hymn expresses my thought,—

“ ‘ Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me.’

I so like that hymn.” He spoke of not having a mind for theology. “I like the plain, simple gospel truth, and don't care to go into questions beyond that.”

“During the night, when in great suffering, he said to his nephew, Mr. R. R. Simpson, ‘Repeat to me some texts.’ I quoted several verses from his favourite chapter, John xiv. Though he was very familiar with the words, they now seemed new to him. When I came to the verse, ‘I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life,’ he said, ‘What a wonderful redemption this is! Christ's blood can float a cork or a man-of-war ; it can bear every one to heaven.’ I quoted 1 Tim. i. 15 : ‘This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.’ ‘Well may I make use of the words.’ He then spoke with joy of being for ever with the Lord, and of

the reunions of heaven. The simplicity of his trust in Christ was very striking. 'It has happily come to this.' 'I am a sinner needing a Saviour, and Jesus is the Saviour I need.' Again: 'I have mixed a great deal with men of all shades of opinion. I have heard men of science and philosophy raise doubts and objections to the gospel of Christ; but I have never for one moment had a doubt myself since I believed.' 'Never so much as one doubt of the Bible crosses me now,' he said on another occasion. 'If we could fully *understand* the Maker of the world, or His word, it would just prove that He neither made the one nor wrote the other.'"

"As the end drew near," says his biographer, "the city with the pearly gates, the golden streets, the pure river of the water of life clear as crystal, and the throne of God and the Lamb, was rising to his eye in ever-growing brightness. But before 'entering in,' the brother who had watched over him so tenderly in childhood, helped him in youth, and rejoiced in all the successes of his bright

career, spent with him his last night but one on earth. He sat on the pillow, with Sir James's head on his knee, on which he had been danced in childhood, hearing ever and anon through that night's silent watching the touching words, soft and low and slow, as if a weary child spoke, 'Oh, Sandy, Sandy!' When the morning came Sir James was unconscious of all around ; and on the 6th of May his spirit passed, with one great sigh, but without struggle or trace of pain, into the presence of God our Saviour."

IV.

HAY MACDOWALL GRANT,

BETTER known as Grant of Arndilly, was one of the noble band of lay evangelists whom God raised up in Scotland twenty years ago. He was born on the family estate, in Banffshire, on the 19th of June, 1806. That he was industrious in the pursuit of knowledge, and possessed of more than average abilities, was shown by his taking his degree of Master of Arts at the University of Aberdeen at the early age of fifteen. When eighteen he was placed in a mercantile house in Bristol, with the view, in the first place, of acquiring a knowledge of business, and afterwards of studying for the bar. It was there that the rapid illness and death of two beloved brothers led him to religious thoughtfulness and decision for Christ.

Commending himself to the heads of the firm by his integrity and diligence, and having abandoned the thought of the law, he was sent by them to the West Indies to manage their estates there. In this position he continued twenty-two years.

Coming unexpectedly, by the death of his elder brother, into possession of the family estate in Scotland, he quitted the West Indies to settle at Arndilly.

For some years after this he seems to have occupied himself a good deal with matters connected with his property and public affairs. Feeling at length that the life he was leading was anything but useful and satisfactory, and such as ought to mark a Christian man, he longed to be otherwise employed and to follow some definite line of Christian work. A visit of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Robert Aitken, of Pendeen, Cornwall, was the means of giving a new complexion and direction to his character and life. Mr. Aitken conducted a series of meetings whilst at Arndilly; and as the

people were very anxious they should be continued, he insisted that Mr. Grant should carry them on. After considerable hesitation, but at the same time much prayer, Mr. Grant began the work to which he was urged, to preside at prayer-meetings and give addresses at religious gatherings. Encouraged by the tokens of the Divine approval he was permitted to see, and by the value which those to whom he spoke put upon his services, he went on with such work until he became the power for good, wherever he appeared and among all classes of society, for which he was afterwards marked.

Few men have been more honoured of God in leading sinners to the Saviour, and quickening believers into higher life and greater earnestness in Christian work. He consecrated himself entirely to God, and the result was the extent of good that came from his labours. But when was it otherwise? When did any one lay himself on the altar of a full surrender to God,

and for God's glory, who was not used for the accomplishment of that object? No, dear reader, no one ever fails to be useful who trusts in God to make him so. All are not used by God in the same way. There are many forms of usefulness, and for one or other of them God will employ you, if you will only let Him, by merging your will in His, and being content to be used by Him in whatever way He chooses. But now is this the case with you? You say you are His; are you then living for Him? Are you expressing your indebtedness to Him by devoting yourself to the furtherance of His glory and the fulfilment of life's great purpose?

Mr. Macdowall Grant not only dealt much with individual souls, he never lost an opportunity of doing so.

"Then he was wonderfully ready," says his nephew the Rev. W. H. Aitken, "in adapting himself to the character of the persons he had to deal with. He once came into contact with a particularly self-righteous

man, who remarked, 'Well, sir, I have got my own way of getting to heaven.' 'What is it?' 'Well, I expect to get to heaven by keeping God's commandments.' 'Certainly,' said my uncle; 'that is an excellent way, provided you keep them.' 'Well,' replied the man, 'that is just what I am doing.' 'Do you keep all the commandments?' 'Certainly I do.' There was a pause in the conversation, when my uncle suddenly asked him what time it was. 'Two o'clock,' replied the man. 'When did you get up this morning?' inquired my uncle. 'At six o'clock, sir.' 'Six to two: that means eight hours. You don't remember how long you spent in prayer this morning?' The man coloured up to the roots of his hair, and then stammered out, 'Well, perhaps ten minutes'; and then, knowing that he had grossly exaggerated, 'or perhaps five minutes, somewhere thereabouts.' 'Well,' said my uncle, 'we will set it down at five minutes. Eight hours of to-day have passed away, and you have spent five minutes with

your God. Do you remember what comes first in the great commandment, "Thou shalt *love* the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind." Is that the way you treat a God whom you love?' The man's head hung down, and he said no more about keeping God's commandments."

How much more might be done in this way than is the case! Nor is the difficulty of doing so, or of occupying such a field of Christian service, what people generally suppose. There are many who expect to be spoken to on the subject of personal religion, who wonder that they are not, and who would accordingly be thankful to be so. Still a special fitness is necessary to do this with success, and such fitness is far from being possessed by all. Yet more have it than use it, whilst the wisdom that gives it is at the command of every one. God is ready to make men useful in the direction in which Mr. Grant was so much so, who

desire to be that and look to Him for the requisite qualification for being so. What excuse then can any one who knows and loves the Lord Jesus have, for being silent with regard to Him, or for failing to warn men against the danger with which they are threatened?

Still conversation with individual souls was but one of many ways by which Macdowall Grant sought to win men to the Saviour and preserve them from perdition. He did much in this direction by his pen, by public addresses, and by the circulation of carefully selected tracts and books.

After many years passed in the way indicated, and by which a large multitude had been added to the number of the saved, the shadows of evening began to close around him. "As the end began to draw nigh, his mind," writes one, as quoted in his memoirs, "seemed to be continually dwelling on the glory which he was so soon to enter. When reading Romans viii. 17, 18, comparing the present sufferings with the glory to follow, he

looked up with such a beaming face, saying, 'Won't that make up for it all!' He was silent for a moment, and then said: 'I think I have thought too little of the glory; I have been so occupied with the present work for Christ.' He turned then to different passages, all bearing on this subject, and dwelt long on 2 Cor. iv. 17, contrasting the present with the future. 2 Cor. v. 8 was another he spoke much on—'present' or 'at home with the Lord,' saying, 'I love to read it that way, *at home with Him*'; also Col. iii. 1-4; 1 Pet. i. 6, 7, iv. 12, 13. His look and whole manner impressed one with the feeling that he was very near the glory."

"I can't understand," was his language one day to his niece sitting by him, "how in some respects I seem better, and yet in others worse and weaker." She replied, "But I understand it perfectly; you'll never be better." His face brightened up with a most radiant smile, and he exclaimed, "Oh! is it so? My blessed Lord Jesus, art Thou coming at last to take me home? Shall I

see Thee so soon?" Then after a pause he said, "Tell — that it is madness to be throwing away eternity for time. Tell him that I have had such a vision of the glory of eternity, that if he had seen it he would have felt that it was worse than madness to trifle thus." "The afternoon before he died I stooped over him and asked, 'Is Jesus with you?' He did not understand me at first; but when he caught my meaning he replied promptly, as if surprised at such a question, 'Oh, He is always with me!' The last night of his life he was very drowsy, but woke up once with the inquiry, 'Is it all over?' Then rousing himself he said, 'Oh, I suppose I must have been dreaming, but I thought it was all over'; and he seemed quite disappointed that he had yet to wait a little longer; but not long." . . . On the 20th of March, 1870, he peacefully passed into the presence of the Saviour he so loved and so earnestly and continuously served for many years. His deathbed accorded with his life, and was a befitting sequel to it. Jesus was every-

thing to him in the day of health, and was also that to him during his last earthly hours; and strange it would have been had it been otherwise. Ah, but Christ is not a Master who so treats His faithful servants. He does not leave those who have fought for Him during the day of their active life to be defeated by the last enemy in their dying moments. He never has done so and never will. He was therefore sure to be specially then with him who had for many years walked so closely with Him, testified so constantly for Him, and laboured so earnestly to secure the salvation of those for whom the blood of the cross was shed. Be to Him, then, dear reader, what Mr. Grant was, and He will be to you what He was to him, both in life and in death. He soothes the head that is pillowed upon His love, fills the heart that is given up to Him, and strengthens the weakness that is linked on to His power. He keeps in peace those whose minds are stayed on Him, and makes the deathbeds of such as have lived for Him fields of triumph. Make Christ fully yours

in trust and service now, and He will make you fully His in occupancy and care when you most require Him.

V.

BROWNLOW NORTH.

THE name of Brownlow North will long be remembered for the illustration which he supplied in his experience of the sufficiency and freeness of the grace of God, and for the earnestness and success with which he preached the gospel of the Lord Jesus to all classes of society, and in all parts of the land.

Few men ever spent their early manhood in wider wanderings from God and with a more avowed dislike to everything religious and spiritual. Yet he was not left without convictions of sin and moments of startling alarm as to the folly and danger of the course he was pursuing. Standing on one occasion by the open grave of a companion in evil, the thought suddenly and powerfully laid hold of him at the moment the body of his friend

was let down to its last resting place, "Had that been *my* body, *where* would my soul have been?" The question for some days kept pressing itself upon his attention, and he was restless and wretched. To the voice that so spoke to him he refused however to give heed, and the impressions waning he returned to his former ways.

Still the purposes of God with regard to him were purposes of mercy, which in due time, and in a way that was remarkable, were fulfilled. Whilst playing at cards one evening in November, 1854, at Dallas Lodge, near Elgin, in Scotland, he was seized with the feeling of one smitten with death and within an inch of the bar of God. Jumping to his feet he said to his son: "I am a dead man; take me upstairs." As soon as he reached the chamber he threw himself upon the bed with the feeling that the hand of death was upon him. The thought immediately possessed him, "Where am I going? I am dying! Where then shall I presently be?" Believing that minutes were all that he could count

upon, he felt that it was his duty to call instantly and with all his heart upon God for His pardoning mercy. But the maid was in the room lighting the fire, and he was ashamed to show her his distress. The pressure however became more than he could bear, and throwing himself upon his knees he cried in deepest agony, and with all the earnestness of which he was capable, for the forgiveness he felt he so much needed, and for the salvation he had so often despised. The cry was not in vain. The prayer was answered, the mercy sought for was received, and the life that seemed trembling in the balance was spared.

Mr. North used often, in after-years, to say that that moment was the turning one in his life; that had he allowed the servant to leave the room before he prayed, he would never have prayed at all, and been left most probably for ever by the Spirit of God who was then striving with him.

There are few who have not moments of the kind which Mr. North now had, supreme

moments, moments on which everything for good or for evil hangs, and which are intended by Him who gives them to be moments of decision for the soul and eternity. Yet multitudes disregard them, turn from Him who speaks, and get rid of the impressions given them by plunging still more deeply into the vortex of the world's dissipations and pleasures. They regard the fears that lay hold of them as false alarms, refuse to leave the paths which are revealed to them as ways of deceitfulness and death, and, turning from God with the determination that He shall not reign over them, perish in their folly and ungodliness. Thus only can you account for men of whom better things might be expected, going from bad to worse, and living and dying without any feeling of concern about the issue of the course they follow.

On the day after what has been related Mr. North made a public announcement to his friends at his house, and to others by letter, that he had become a changed man,

having been born of the Spirit into the family and kingdom of God. His life onward showed that the change he professed to have undergone was a reality. It was not, however, till some weeks had passed that the rest of heart for which he longed was experienced. That rest was at last obtained, and very much by the Spirit's illumination to him of the words, "him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." The gracious assurance enabled him to see that God was pledged to forgive and accept him if he believed in His Son; and the words "no wise" stood him ever after in good stead, in his combats with unbelief, whether in himself or in others.

He now entered upon that career of devotedness to God and service for man's salvation, which he pursued for twenty years to the everlasting benefit of thousands. Few men as evangelists have been more used of God than he was in bringing men to the Saviour. It was a perfect passion with him to save souls. There was no amount of labour he was not

willing to undergo, nor sacrifice he was not ready to make, to secure the object on which his heart was so set. His labours were often too much for his physical strength, and no doubt engendered the disease of which he died. That disease hastened at last to the accomplishment of its mission. His last illness was therefore of short duration. But this was no regret to him. He knew in whom he trusted, and what was before him, and he promptly and fully acquiesced in the Divine will with regard to him. His dying experience is thus given by one of his friends.

“It was my solemn privilege,” says Mr. James Balfour, of Edinburgh, “to stand beside his dying bed, and I feel sure that many will like to know what the testimony then was of one who had so often proclaimed the gospel, very boldly and in tones of thunder. It was touching to see him lying there like a weaned child, able to speak only in whispers, and even that slowly and with an effort.

“He took my hand, named me, and said, ‘Jesus came to me and said, I will never

leave thee nor forsake thee, and up to this time He never has.' He then added an expression of deep self abasement, when I said, 'I have often thought that the verse on which I should like to die is, "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."' 'That,' he replied, 'is the verse on which I am now dying ; one wants no more.' I said, This dying is what you and I have often spoken of.' 'Often,' he answered. 'Have you peace?' 'Perfect peace,' he said, with such meaning.

"That was the last expression of his faith and hope ; but a day before that he had said, 'I used to have a great shrinking from death, but that is all gone.' "

And so one of the most fervent spirits that love ever inflamed and grace renewed passed into the presence of Him who had been so loved and served. He stepped aside from the field where he had fought many a battle and gained many a victory, to wait the issue of the wounds he had received, and after a brief pause was taken by his King to

a participation in His own royal honours and joys. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with My Father in His throne."

VI.

ISAAC PITT

WAS a useful and much esteemed member of the Society of Friends. He spent much of his time in the advocacy of temperance and the question of peace; the furtherance of the well-being of his poorer fellow-townsmen in Cirencester, and the spread of education and Christian truth.

In the midst of his career of usefulness, which it was hoped both by himself and others would extend over many years, heart disease suddenly developed itself, and, after a few months' suffering and growing weakness, carried him off. Universal regret was felt and expressed at the thought of so valuable a life being so soon closed. He himself, however, was calm. He accepted, in perfect submission, the Divine will with regard to him. As he entered more and more into

the light in which he was to dwell for ever, a sense of his own unworthiness grew upon him and was often expressed by him.

“There is,” says his biographer, “a sentence in the ‘Memoirs of Port Royal’ with reference to Mère Angélique, as follows: ‘the deathbed of young converts is generally most bright; because their newly acquired sense of the mercy of God in Christ in some sort dazzles their eyes from steadfastly beholding His holiness. The experienced Christian has too solid a view of the mercy of God in Christ not to rejoice; but he has too exalted a view of the holiness of God not to rejoice with trembling.’ As Isaac Pitt neared the heavenly city, his soul at times seemed to catch a glimpse of the perfect purity of the inmates there, and sin became in his view more and more ‘exceeding sinful.’ The sight of his own shortcomings would indeed have sunk him in despair; but in proportion as the perfect holiness of God was manifested, he was also permitted to see the perfect safety of those who through faith are

cleansed from all their iniquities by the atoning blood of Jesus."

But however deeply he felt his unworthiness, his faith never staggered. He knew in whom he believed, was conscious of the Saviour's presence and love, and ever looked on a future that was attractive and bright.

Thinking on one occasion that the hour of his departure was come, he said to his wife and son who were standing by: "You know I am not an imaginative man, but I sometimes see a kind of a vision," (and looking to the other side of the room he said,) "oh, I seem to see it now, those gone before, coming to meet me! they have heavenly garments, beautiful to be sure. They are in the river, standing on the pebbles near the shore. Helen is the nearest to me, and is holding out her hand; but she cannot reach me, there is a deep part of the river which she cannot enter. I shall be helped through that part, and then there they are to welcome me on the other side."

On another occasion when apparently very

near his end, he said, "Is it not grand? is it not marvellous? nothing to do. I am resting on the merit of the Saviour alone. I can do nothing, nothing. 'Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to Thy cross I cling.'"

Christ has all that we need; and is, Himself, all that we require. Have Him, and you have all that you want, for strength in the day of weakness, comfort in the season of sorrow, and assurance, peace, and support in the hour of death. So Isaac Pitt now experienced. Jesus was an ample compensation, he felt, for the sufferings he bore, for departure from those he loved, and for the world he was quitting. And so, dear reader, He will be to you in such circumstances, if you will only, like him, make a full surrender of yourself to Him.

On the evening preceding his death Mr. Pitt was exceedingly cheerful, and joined in an animated conversation that went on in his room. After a quiet sleep he awoke in great suffering, saying, "I need the supporting power of the Almighty." The paroxysm

drained him of all remaining strength, and speech failed him. But consciousness continued, and he indicated by the pressure of the hand how precious to him were the promises that were repeated to him, and how profound was his peace. After the slow repetition of the Saviour's words which had been quoted, "I go to prepare a place for you," he closed his eyes to the things of earth, and opened them on the realities of eternity.

CHAPTER VII.

Late Sunsets.

"CROSSING with Him the chasm,
As it were, by a single thread ;
Fording with Him the river—
Christ leading as He hath led.
Then up the heights of glory,
Unfollowed by death or sin ;
Swift through the pearl-white portal
Thy feet may enter in.
Into the realm of music
Where not a note will jar ;
Into the clime of sweetness
Which not a breath will mar ;
When sighs are all out of hearing,
And tears are all out of sight,
And the shadows of earth are forgotten
In the heaven which has no night."

I.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

II.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

III.

DR. LEIFCHILD.

IV.

MRS. H. M. BEVAN.

V.

HUGH STOWELL OF BALLAUGH

VI.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

I.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, whose published letters have been read by multitudes and been the means of instruction and solace to many, was a minister of the Church of Scotland during the stormy reign of Charles I., and through the period of the Commonwealth. Such were his talents and learning that, while yet a student, he was appointed to the chair of philosophy in the university of Edinburgh. After he had filled that office, for some time, with credit to himself and benefit to others, he was appointed to the parish of Anworth in Galloway, where he fulfilled his ministry, for a number of years, with remarkable efficiency and zeal.

Refusing to accept the episcopacy which Charles established in Scotland, and to acknowledge the authority of the bishops the

king appointed, Rutherford was accused of fomenting rebellion and teaching error, and, deprived of his living, was imprisoned in the city of Aberdeen, and forbidden to preach, or exercise his ministry in public.

But God maketh the wrath of men to praise Him, and overruleth for good what they intend for evil. This He did in the case of Rutherford's imprisonment, which was made the means of highest blessing both to himself and to others.

During the eighteen months of its continuance Rutherford wrote many of his famous letters, and personally learned and enjoyed more of his Lord and Master than during all previous years. Never did believer hold more intimate converse with Jesus than did the imprisoned minister in Aberdeen, nor see more of His beauty, and enjoy more of His love. Thus he writes of what was then his experience :

"I dare not but speak to others of what God has done to the soul of His poor, afflicted prisoner. His comfort is more than

I ever knew before. He hath made all His promises good to me, and hath filled up all the blanks with His own hand. I would not exchange my bonds for all the plastered joy of this whole world. It hath pleased Him to make a sinner the like of me an ordinary banqueter in His 'house of wine,' with that royal princely One, Christ Jesus. Oh, what weighing, oh what telling, is in His love! How sweet must He be, when that black, burdensome tree, His own cross, is so perfumed with joy and gladness! Oh for help to lift Him up by praises on His royal throne!"

"My Lord Jesus is kinder to me than He ever was. It pleaseth Him to dine and sup with His afflicted prisoner; a King feasteth with me, and His 'spikenard casteth a sweet smell.' Put Christ's love to the trial, and put upon it our burdens, and then it will appear love indeed; we employ not His love, and therefore we know it not. I verily count the sufferings of my Lord more than this world's overgilded glory. I dare

not say but my Lord Jesus hath fully recompensed my sadness with His joys, my losses with His presence. I find it a rich and sweet thing to exchange my sorrows with Christ's joys, my afflictions with that sweet peace I have with Himself."

"I know not what to do with Christ; His love surroundeth and surchargeth me. I am burdened with it, but oh how sweet and lovely is that burden! I cannot keep it within me. I am so in love with His love, that if His love were not in heaven I should be unwilling to go thither. Oh, the many pound-weights of His love under which I am pressed!"

Such was Rutherford's enjoyment of Christ in his imprisonment, and the free and intimate converse he had with Him. Is anything of the kind known, beloved reader, by you? It may be so. It ought to be so. You have been made Christ's; to sustain to Him the closest relationship, walk with Him, and be satisfied with Him. Hence the promises He has made to you,

of manifesting Himself to you, taking up His abode with you, and supping with you. Oh, there is no one with whom you may be on terms of such intimacy as Christ, with whom you may be so often in communion, and upon whose resources you may so freely and fully draw!

And it is to your interest that this should be the case. Your growth into Christ's likeness is dependent upon your communion with His Spirit. It is as you abide in Him and walk with Him, that you put on His fairness, grow strong in His strength, and increase in qualification for His service.

Then, such being the duty to which you are called, see that it is fulfilled by you, and, as was the case with Rutherford, the light of Christ's presence will illuminate your darkness, His love sweeten for you the bitterness of life, and His manifestations and bestowments animate and satisfy.

Liberated from his imprisonment, the zeal of Rutherford in the service of his Master was, if possible, even greater than before.

Oh, how he did testify of Him after the experiences he had had of His graciousness and love! Words often failed Him in seeking to tell what Jesus had been to him, and what there was in Him for all who fully trusted Him, and gave themselves unreservedly to His service.

Still his course was anything but smooth. Men did not like the standard of requirement he insisted on, as that to which the gospel asked them to conform, and, in many cases, put themselves in opposition to him for presenting it. Others, on grounds of a different kind, acted the part of enemies towards him, and sought to stop him in his course. But nothing could divert him from the objects at which he aimed, and silence him in his witness-bearing for Christ. And so, while strength was possessed, he continued to testify of Him whom he loved, and to plead for the rights of the church to which he belonged.

Such being the experience of Samuel Rutherford in the day of life, one can

imagine what it would be on a deathbed. And it was just what those who best knew him expected that it would be, a very prelibation of the bliss of heaven. Hence the words to which he often gave utterance, and the joy that he expressed. "I shall shine, I shall see Him as He is; I shall see Him reign, and all His fair company with Him; and I shall have my large share; mine eyes shall see my Redeemer, these very eyes of mine, and no other for me. . . . My honourable Master and lovely Lord, my great and royal King, hath not a match in heaven or in earth. I have my own guiltiness like another sinful man, but He hath pardoned, loved, and washed, and given me 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' . . . I feel, I believe,—I joy and rejoice,—I feed on manna! Oh that all my brethren in public may know what a Master I have served, and what peace I have this day; I shall sleep in Christ, and 'when I awake I shall be satisfied with His likeness.' Oh for arms to embrace Him! Oh for a well-tuned harp!" To one who spoke of his

diligence in the ministry, he said : "I disclaim all. The port I would be at is redemption and forgiveness of sins through His blood." Then with the words upon His lips, "Glory, glory dwells in Immanuel's land !" he entered upon his rest and reward.

Let us walk with Christ through the wilderness of time, and He will walk with us through the valley of the shadow of death. The experience of Samuel Rutherford supplied illustration and evidence of this. The testimony of Scripture is to the same effect, where it tells us, that the end of the upright and perfect man is peace.

II.

JOHN BERRIDGE

WAS the son of a farmer residing at Kingston, Nottinghamshire, and was born in 1715. It was his father's intention that he should follow his own occupation; but the boy was averse to doing so, and besides showed no aptitude for agricultural pursuits. His mind was too much engrossed with religious questions to allow of his giving attention to farming requirements.

He was brought under the religious impressions of which he was so early the subject by a schoolfellow reading to him portions of Scripture.

It was anything but pleasing to his relatives to see his mind so occupied with serious matters, and so much of his time passed in the company of religious people. They accordingly did all they could to draw him

from the course he was pursuing, and keep him from becoming "too religious." The opposition had an opposite effect from what was intended. It led him to be only the more diligent in reading the Scriptures and in prayer.

The hindrances that had been put in his way were at length not only withdrawn, but encouragement given to his pursuit of the course on which he had so intently set his mind. When nineteen years of age he had the unspeakable gratification of entering the university of Cambridge, and beginning a course of study preparatory to the work of the Christian ministry.

He found his studies and associations at the university anything but favourable to the maintenance and growth of his piety. His religious life began therefore to decline; nor did the declension stop until he had reached almost the lowest depths of unbelief. He embraced and advocated the doctrines of unitarianism. These he by and by laid aside, and substituted for them, and for all he had afore-

time held, a cold and soulless morality. That he deemed sufficient to secure salvation, and to meet God's requirements of men. Yet his conscience was all the while condemning him, and he was restless and unhappy.

In this state of mind he took deacon's and priest's orders, and began the work of a spiritual instructor and guide of others. Placed in his first curacy among a people who were notoriously depraved and dissolute, he sought very earnestly and perseveringly to lead them into the ways of sobriety and virtue, but his efforts were utterly fruitless. The morality he preached failed to make one of those he addressed moral. The evils around him, which he lamented and endeavoured to abate, continued and increased.

It pleased God to reveal in him His Son Jesus Christ, and then all was changed in his experience and ministry. Having found the Saviour for himself, and had his eyes opened to His all-sufficiency for man's need, he began to preach Him, and had the joy of seeing the change in the character and life of the

people around him for which he had so longed. He honoured Christ, and Jesus honoured him, in return, by making him the instrument of the conversion of many souls.

In the year 1755, he became vicar of Everton, and entered upon a larger field of usefulness. Regretting the course he had too long followed, and the dishonour he had put upon the name of Christ, he now preached the gospel with a fulness and clearness that was new to the people he addressed from Sunday to Sunday, but which was followed by the most blessed and encouraging results. People crowded to hear him, and many were turned from the errors of their ways to the obedience of the just.

His labours were not confined to his own parish. Demands for his services came from all quarters, and he went everywhere proclaiming the name of the Lord Jesus; and wherever he went crowds attended his ministry. He became exceedingly successful as a field preacher. The audiences he addressed in the open air often numbered ten and fifteen

thousand persons ; to attend such services men used frequently to travel twenty miles.

It is said that in the course of one year he was the means, along with a Mr. Hicks, a clergyman who had been converted by his instrumentality, of awakening four thousand to earnest concern about their souls.

Berridge was not allowed to pursue his career of Christian devotedness unopposed. Obstacles were often put in his way, even by those whom he sought to lead to the Saviour and put in possession of the highest good. But his greatest oppositions were from his brother clergymen. His devotedness was a rebuke of their slothfulness. They felt themselves condemned by his unselfish and manifold labours, and resolved to complain of him to the bishop of the diocese, for his intrusion into their parishes and the violation of ecclesiastical law. But Berridge was not to be stopped. The burden of souls was upon him, and he refused to listen to any interdiction that was laid upon him. By the interposition of the prime minister of the day on his

behalf, he was left at liberty to follow his own course. That course he was permitted to follow unmolestedly for many years afterwards, to live down all the opposition which assailed him, and to win additional multitudes to the Saviour. Enfeebled by age and worn out by his numerous and heavy labours, the end at length drew nigh, and very beautiful that end was. It was calm as the close of a beautiful summer's day. He found the gospel he had preached to be a sufficient support to him in the last hours of life. He greatly enjoyed the Saviour he so loved. No cloud darkened his sky, nor did any disturbing influence disquiet the serenity of his spirit. His eye was on Jesus and his heart was at rest. Though in his seventy-sixth year when the messenger came, saying, "Go up higher," his faculties were unclouded, and continued so until the moment of his entering in to see the King.

"How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest ;
How mildly beam the closing eyes !
How gently heaves the' expiring breast !

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys."

The deathbed of Berridge presented a beautiful scene. It was an inviting sunset ; a mellowed glory rested upon it. It afforded a befitting prelude to the rest and joy upon which the departing saint was entering.

But I cannot pass from John Berridge without a word upon personal consecration. His history shows us how much may be done by a fully consecrated life ; how many hearts may be set on fire by one all aglow ; how many souls may be won to the Saviour by one baptized with the Holy Ghost and wholly given up to usefulness. But personal consecration is a duty devolving upon all Christian men. Yes, dear reader, you owe to Christ all that John Berridge did, your salvation, hope, and prospects. Are you then living to Him ? What specific work are you doing for Him ? Can you point to

fields that you are cultivating for Him, and souls that you have led to Him? No work is so remunerative as service for Jesus. As you surrender to Him you receive, and as you scatter for Him you increase. Activity for Him leads to rest, and honour comes of the honour you pay to Him.

And for what other purpose are you detained on the earth than to live for Him and represent Him to men? than to shine as a light in the world, and illuminate men with regard to Him and their need of His interposition and salvation? You are not your own, but His, who loved you and gave Himself for you. Be filled with the Spirit, and you will possess both the inclination and power to live for Him and promote His cause.

III.

DR. LEIFCHILD.

THERE are few better known names among the Nonconformists of England than that of Dr. Leifchild. He was for many years one of the most effective preachers of the gospel in this country. Rarely were audiences moved as were those whom he addressed, whilst to few of the ministers of Christ has such honour been accorded of winning souls to the Saviour.

He was born at Barnet in 1780, and was the child of pious parents of the Wesleyan connexion. But though the subject of many prayers and of much careful instruction, he was on the borders of manhood before he decided for Christ. As an object of interest to many of the people with whom he worshipped, they longed to see him converted and engaged in works of Christian usefulness.

Attending one evening a week night service he was urged by those who had the management of it to commence it. He gave out the hymn beginning with the words,

“Oh that I could my Lord receive,”

but was so powerfully affected that he clasped his hands and burst into tears. When he recovered himself he engaged, at the earnest request of those around him, in prayer. “Then,” as he used himself to relate, “the fountains of the great deep were broken up. He went home and spent the whole night in agonizing prayer to God. He did not wrestle in vain. He came forth from his chamber a forgiven and accepted man, and as a prince who had power with God.” He immediately and openly confessed the change he had undergone, and avowed himself the disciple and servant of the Lord. Those whom his salvation filled with joy, knowing that he possessed abilities above the average, urged him to give himself to the ministry of the gospel. He formed a different estimate of himself from what those around him did,

shrank from the responsibility of such an office, and married and gave himself to a secular calling. In less than a year he laid his wife and babe in the same grave. The sorrow of the bereavement overwhelmed him. Fearing lest he had brought his trouble upon himself by refusing to give himself to the Divine service when urged by others to do so, "he shut himself up in his distress with God, and said, 'I have been striving against Thy will, but I strive no longer. I am Thine now, Thine wholly. Tell me what Thou wouldest have me to do. Show me the door; I will enter it at any cost.'" Next morning he found on his table a letter from the late Thomas Wilson, treasurer of Hoxton College, asking him to call on him. Mr. Wilson had heard of him, and as he was always on the look out for young men of suitable qualifications for the ministry, he invited Mr. Leifchild to an interview. The result of the interview was, that the College was entered, and a course of study preparatory for the ministry, commenced. That course was pursued in

in a way that not only gave satisfaction to his professors, but augured well for Mr. Leifchild's future usefulness.

He began his public ministry at Kensington, where he exercised it with unrelaxing earnestness and perseverance, and to the eternal good of many, for sixteen years. At the end of that period, in 1824, he removed to Bristol, "where," as has been said, "he attained the zenith of his intellectual strength and pulpit popularity, and found congenial intercourse in associating with Robert Hall, John Foster, and more especially with Joseph Hughes."

Craven Chapel, Golden Square, a building capable of accommodating two thousand persons, had meanwhile been built by the late Mr. Wilson already mentioned, and the question naturally asked by him and others was, who was to be its minister and occupy with advantage so commanding a position? Mr. Leifchild was immediately thought of. The pulpit was offered to him and urged upon his acceptance, and in 1831 he returned

to London and entered upon the duties of this enlarged sphere. The result of his ministry at Craven Chapel abundantly proved the wisdom of the choice of those who invited him to such a post. He was soon, by the blessing of God and the co-operation of the Holy Spirit, not only the minister of one of the largest congregations in the metropolis, but the pastor of one of the largest churches. More than *nineteen hundred* were added to the membership of the church during the twenty-three years he occupied the pulpit at Craven Chapel,—*fifteen hundred of whom avowed themselves the converts of his ministry.*

Feeling the weaknesses of advancing age and that the duties of such a pastorate were more than he could adequately discharge, he retired in his seventy-fourth year from the post he had so long and honourably occupied. Still he continued to work; preaching a whole year in a new sanctuary at Brighton, and then occasionally for brethren who solicited his services for the sake of their people. Much good was done by him during his last

years, in meetings held with young ministers in his own house, for the purpose of giving them his experience and answering any questions on doctrine or church government they might ask.

Illness at last laid him entirely aside, but found him fully prepared for its issue. "His weakness and suffering," says one who writes of him, "were great, but his faith was strong and his joys unbounded. Few sick chambers have exhibited such patience, and hope, and triumph, such singing and suffering, such exultation in the prospect of departure. He would warble to himself the favourite verses of hymns when his voice could hardly be heard for paroxysms of tearing coughing which threatened to bring his very lungs away. 'How happy,' he said, 'to be able to get up from the couch of suffering with a song :

' I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me ;
When I am weak, then am I strong ;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.' "

“He would constantly repeat,” says Mr. Baldwin Brown, “‘I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him until that day.’

“He talked to God about everything. Steal to his door, in his last illness, during his wakeful nights, he was talking to God about it all ; his sufferings, his supports, his food, his medicine, his nurses ; all his care he cast on God, and he said that God never failed to let him know His will.

“‘I awoke this morning with an indescribable spring of my heart to God. O God, Thou art my God ! I cried, with a transport I had never felt before. These are sweet days ; these, my last days, are very sweet to me.’

“He was overflowing with the sense of God’s boundless goodness. It seemed to grow upon him, to overwhelm him, as he stood there on Pisgah, in view of the glories of eternity. After an evening of happy conversation he said, ‘For the sentiments that have

filled our minds this evening, we thank Thee, O Thou glorious, Thou blessed, Thou beautiful God.' 'Oh, my dear! scenes of glory await us there that will make us surprised that we thought so little of them here. O this blessed Bible! I should like to die with it in my arms. I am thankful, oh so thankful, that I shall have a whole eternity to adore Him, and thank Him for His amazing love. How I shall shout His praises to the assembled hosts! But oh, eternity is too short to show forth all His praise. 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee'; and He never does. Oh the glory of His power! In one moment He can dart such energy into a human soul as shall make it easy to go through fire and torture to Him.' 'We must all be brought to that one point, Am I ready to go into eternity with my Lord?'

"In April, 1861, he was heard to say to himself, 'Calm review, and pleasant anticipations! Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death—only a shadow, not death. Walk through, now and then stand

still, and look around on the prospect behind and before.'

"On another occasion he dictated the following words: 'I will creep as well as I can to Thy gates. I will die at Thy door. Yea, I will be found dead on the threshold of Thy mercy, with the ring of that door in my hand.'

"His last night on earth was memorable indeed. Though he did not close his eyes, and the restlessness of approaching change was but too apparent, his heart was overflowing with joy. He heard the music and saw the golden gates of the celestial city. 'What? don't you hear it? Don't you hear it? those beautiful harps! He seemed surrounded by a throng, to whom he was saying, 'You can't all go in with me. I must go first, but keep close behind me, and open the gates WIDE, WIDE, WIDE, for all.' Then he softly added, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'

"Sunday, his dying day, came, and found him exhausted by the bright visions of glory he had seen. His last words and literally

dying advice are touching : about two hours before his departure he said to his niece, 'Write,' and in the most collected manner, as if he were composing a sermon, said :

" 'First, have a great aim in life. Have you written that ? Well :

" 'Second, try to please God.' On her repeating this he said, 'Will you ? that's right.'

" 'Third, shine. But I think that will do now.' His last breath was calm as an infant's. The angels did their office tenderly. 'Having said this, he fell on sleep.' "

But how glorious must have been his awaking ! How he would admire, adore, and wonder ! Think of the gratitude he would express, the praises he would offer, and the music he would draw from his well-tuned and well-used harp !

Dr. Leifchild was a grand man, a glorious preacher, and an exalted saint ; and the end fully accorded with the life, it was a beautiful sunset at the close of a long and blessed day.

IV.

MRS. HANNAH M. BEVAN

WAS born in London, on the 1st of February, 1798, where, up to twelve years of age, she passed a very happy childhood. At that time, her mother having a stroke of paralysis, she was sent to a school at Croydon.

She had not long left school when she had to mourn over her mother's death. Her father did not long survive. Along with her elder brother, she carried on her father's business as a tea merchant, in Gracechurch Street. Her brother was not only a Christian, but a man of cultivated mind and extensive information. She was greatly attached to him, but had the sorrow of seeing him follow, in a few years, his parents to the grave. The bereavement was a very crushing one to Hannah's spirit, but was blessed to her

conversion by Him who "out of evil educes good."

Referring many years afterwards to the event, she wrote : " I have dwelt on *that turning point*, ever fresh in my memory, when the death of my precious brother Samuel was, as I humbly trust, made the gracious means of awakening my soul to spiritual life. I have remembered *that day*, the one previous to his peaceful close, when, from bended knee, the agonized cry of my sin-sick spirit was heard and answered, and a living faith was given me in the efficacy of the blood that was shed on Calvary's mount, to wash away even sins like mine. Then, oh then, how was the burden that was too heavy for me to bear, lightened ! nay, it seemed cast off and rolled away, as at the feet of Him in whom I believed and rejoiced as my all-sufficient Saviour."

Mrs. Bevan no sooner experienced the joy of salvation than she longed to lead others into the same state of blessedness. She joined the *Newgate Prison Committee*, and

was accustomed to visit convict ships, working indefatigably, with Elizabeth Fry and others, for the good of the fallen and condemned.

But whilst seeking by many means, and in the power of the Spirit, to bring the perishing to Christ, she was watchful of her own spiritual state, lived much in communion with God and His word, and longed to be perfectly conformed in will and walk to the mind of the Lord. She felt that only by the power of an indwelling Christ, and of the grace of the Spirit could she effectually fulfil the work to which she had given herself. Her daily cry was therefore for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and the purity which comes from the application of the blood of Christ.

She was married, in 1827, to Mr. Bevan, a rising medical practitioner, who was in full sympathy with her in all her religious feelings, and a help to her in the prosecution of her plans of usefulness.

When a family gathered around her, not a little of her time was devoted to the religious

instruction and training of her children. She still, however, carried on various forms of usefulness among the poor and afflicted in the district she had chosen to cultivate for her Lord.

Those who will be useful in the service of Christ will always find opportunities for being so. Yet how many there are, bearing His name, by whom no specific work for Him is performed! But would this be the case if they were in any measure under the constraining power of His love? You cannot have the mind of Christ and do nothing for Him. Let the heart be occupied by Him, and the mouth will speak for Him. If a branch on Him, as the true vine, you will bring forth fruit. Would that such truths lay heavily upon the heart of all professing Christians! How different would be the action and influence of the church upon the world! The things predicted and promised would be seen, and the ends of the earth see the salvation of the Lord.

In 1847, Mrs. Bevan was left a widow, and

while yet the great sorrow was fresh she was called to bear the burden of further bereavements in the loss of one child after another. Shortly after this she left London and settled in Darlington, where two of her sons were residing. For twelve years she pursued here a life of great activity and usefulness. A long illness laid her at last aside. Within three weeks of that illness she wrote to a friend under religious discouragement, and made use of these words with regard to herself :

“I have known what it is to believe in Jesus as the Saviour of men, and yet to doubt if He would be *my* Saviour ; but, thanks to His forbearing goodness, I have been shown *that even I have* an interest in His most precious blood, which can wash away my innumerable transgressions. And so what right have we to dwell on our past sins if our Lord takes them away, and our heavenly Father has granted us forgiveness for His sake ? It is the accuser, the cruel enemy, who would keep us in the mire of despondency. In our Saviour is *light*, and

life, and *hope*. Let us not spend any of our little remaining strength in unavailing regret for the irrecoverable past. Let us be satisfied, and thankful, nay joyful for a grain of living faith, to the effect that we shall at the end of our days stand as sinners saved by grace, brands plucked from the burning, monuments of Divine mercy."

For ten years she was kept in a state of helplessness and pain by paralysis. But the Lord was specially with her in her trying affliction, to keep her in patience, in the fulness of the assurance of hope, and the possession of His own bequeathed peace. As time bore her forward she felt it better and better further on, whilst her joy was to know that it would not be long before she looked on Him whom she loved, and have every power in strength and freedom for His service. She closed a life of great usefulness, and years of pain, sweetly and brightly, on the 8th of December, 1874, and joined the society of those who had "come out of great tribulation and washed their robes and made

them white in the blood of the Lamb." Her troubled day closed in serenity, and amid the beauty of a golden sunset.

V.

HUGH STOWELL OF BALLAUGH.

IT is no uncommon thing to see men who are fitted, by talents and acquirements to occupy large and important spheres of usefulness, passing their days in obscure positions, and in ministering to the help of only a few.

Such was the case with Hugh Stowell of Ballaugh, in the Isle of Man. One wonders, in reading his history, that he was content to pass his life in such a place. Yet his time was far from being misspent. He successfully cultivated the field he was appointed to husband. Concentrating his energies, he made them a power for good to those among whom he laboured.

He owed his early religious training to a pious mother ; and how many have done so ! Permanent impressions for good have been

got by multitudes at a mother's knee ; lessons that have been learnt there have never been forgotten. The church owes an unspeakable debt of gratitude to the instructions and prayers of mothers. Think of how much came of such instructions and prayers, as given and offered by Monica, the elder Mrs. Wesley, the mother of Doddridge, and Mrs. Mary Winslow. None have more encouragement to work for Christ than religious mothers, for, as a rule, such work is productive of the largest and most blessed results.

Hugh Stowell was for years, in his boyhood, the constant attendant of his afflicted mother. He daily read to her the Word from which she drew her chief consolations. By what he thus read and heard of his mother's explanations of Scripture, his mind got gradually interested in the truth, and, yielding at last to its influence, he gave himself to God. The surrender was as complete as it was sincere. This was shown by the character he evinced, and the dedication he made of himself to the work of the Christian ministry.

Exercising that ministry in the narrow sphere referred to, nothing of an eventful or exciting nature took place in connection with it. As a man of great humility, and who thought little of his own capabilities and worth, he went about his duties in the quietest way possible, yet all the while walking closely with God, and seeking by many means the good of those among whom he lived.

Only four days' illness preceded his death. Catching a cold at a temperance meeting, inflammation followed, and in spite of every appliance speedily fulfilled its commission.

He said to his youngest daughter on the Saturday evening that he wished her to sit by his bedside and talk with him about heaven, where he might soon be.

"You do not think there is danger?" she exclaimed. "Danger!" he replied, "do not use the word, my dear; there can be no danger to the Christian."

His humility of spirit showed itself to his assembled children by a touching reference

he made to a deceased daughter. "Dear Amelia said when she was dying, 'I am saved like the thief upon the cross'; and so I, so says your father, my children." Memorable words surely from the mouth of one who for half a century had led a holy and useful life.

Death did not come upon him by surprise. He had lived in the remembrance of it, and been led to anticipate it with perfect calmness, and even with joy, as the entrance to a life of entire purity and bliss.

Nor would he have had it come to him otherwise than it did. He believed, in accordance with his oft-repeated prayer, that every circumstance connected with it was of his Father's appointment, and bade "hail" to its approach. "But what a sunset his end was! how bright and cloudless and enviable! yet it was in no way," as his biographer remarks, "tinged with enthusiasm. It was the declaration of his medical attendant that the absence of excitement in his deathbed was as striking as the fulness of his joy.

“Within a few minutes of his departure he waved his hand and exclaimed, ‘More than conqueror! more than conqueror!’ then after a pause, stretching forth both arms, his countenance beaming with more than earthly brightness, he added, ‘a world of glory breaks upon my view; I see angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim; **I** see all our departed relatives and friends that have died in the Lord; I see God the Father sitting on the throne; **I** see God the Son standing at His right hand; **I** see the spirits of just men made perfect!’ A momentary pause, and he expired without a sigh or a groan, and joined the society of those on whom he had been gazing with such wonder and delight.” “He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.” Oh how often God has gloriously honoured those in death who have daily honoured Him in life!

VI.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

THERE are those whom God specially honours in the conversion of souls and the instruction of unbelievers. Whitefield was so honoured, and so are Spurgeon and Earle.

Then as it is with men, so it is with books. What numbers have been led to Christ by "The Dairyman's Daughter," "The Anxious Inquirer," "Come to Jesus," and "The Sinner's Friend"!

But God has made use not only of men and of books in the accomplishment of the purposes of His mercy, but of single hymns and verses of Scripture. How often have such verses as "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life," and "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," been made the means of salvation of men! Multitudes are in heaven who were first spiritually awakened from the death of sin by these passages, and then led by them to trust and be saved.

Then numbers have been saved by the exquisite and well known hymn :

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

The gifted authoress was born on the 18th of March, 1789. Her parents were eminently pious, and she was reared amidst the happiest religious influences. Yet it was not till she was more than thirty years of age that she knew herself a fully forgiven and accepted sinner, saw in Jesus a sufficiency for all her need, and enjoyed the peace which passeth all understanding.

Her talents and accomplishments made her a welcome guest in circles where she met with some of the most brilliant writers of the

day, but persons who not only made no profession of religion but often avowed an aversion and hostility to it. The society of such was all the more dangerous to her that it possessed for her the utmost fascination. She was increasingly drawn, by the conversation and influence of those with whom she was now in frequent intercourse, from all spiritual subjects. But God's purposes of mercy with regard to her were not to be frustrated. Seeing the peril to which she was exposed, He withdrew her from it by laying her on a bed of sickness. Here she learned to judge differently of herself from what she had ever done, became conscious of the evil of her heart, and, awakened to a sense of her sinful and lost condition, longed to know whether there was any ground on which she might hope for forgiveness and salvation.

Whilst in this condition the late Dr. Malan of Geneva paid a visit to her father, and was honoured of God to show to her the way of life, inspire her with hope, and lead her to the Saviour. From this time she felt and

lived as a believer. The word of God became her study, as Dr. Malan had recommended.

“The result fully proved the wisdom of this advice. The blessed truths of the Bible laid hold on her irresistibly. She found there a more satisfying and elevating exercise for her thoughts than in the highest efforts of human genius. The graphic power of the historical and biographical narratives, the dissection of character, the full development of Divine providence in all, created an interest in her mind that she had never equally experienced from the ordinary histories of mankind. Then the drapery too, the brilliant imagery, the word painting, the rich orientalism of the poetry, and the colouring of the whole, so rich, and yet ever so true to nature, surpassed in her estimation all human compositions. But, above all, she found the words of this holy Book speak with such power to her own soul, so accurately dissect her inmost thoughts, reveal to her so clearly the dealings of God with herself, so fully set before her her own in-

terest in the free grace of the blessed Saviour, that from that time forth to the end of life it was her principal study, her most delightful companion, and by day and by night her most unceasing meditation. She could say, as few others could, 'the law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver, sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.' And thus it was that she was prepared for that office which in later life devolved upon her for more than twenty-five years, the editing of the 'Christian Remembrancer Pocket-Book ;' the daily texts for which were for so long a time chosen by herself, and carefully arranged to illustrate the particular series of spiritual subjects which in each year she thought fit to select.

"From this time her poetical talents became consecrated to religion ; and though she had in earlier years composed humorous poems, which were much admired by competent judges, she willingly renounced the *éclat* which this style of writing secured, and

counting those things but loss which once were gain, devoted all the efforts of her pen henceforward to one object, the glory of God and the benefit of others."

Her health, which had ever been delicate, became increasingly so as years grew upon her. The months of winter were usually spent by her in her room; but when the warm and genial weather of summer returned she so far revived as to admit of her travelling, paying visits to friends, and taking a somewhat active interest in works of usefulness. But whether confined to her chamber or travelling, much of her time was spent in the study of the Divine word, and in writing what, by the Spirit of God, was fitted to instruct and stimulate believers and direct sinners to the Saviour.

The state of mind she cultivated was thus expressed in a letter, addressed to a brother and sister in 1843, during an illness which she thought would prove fatal, but which she survived: the letter was not discovered till 1871, after she had entered glory.

• • • “When this paper meets your eyes our sweet relationship will have closed for ever ; but will our union be broken, our connection dissolved, because my poor suffering body is laid in the grave, and my spirit has returned to God who gave it ? Oh, my beloved companions and counsellors, it will only be exchanged for a better and more intimate and perfect union, for an eternal relationship ; and I shall be fitter for your love, and better adapted for your society, when you read these lines which I water with my tears, than I have ever been while imprisoned in a body of sin and death, and mourning unceasingly over all my countless faults and inconsistencies.

“I humbly hope, nay I hope it is not presumptuous to say that I rejoicingly *believe*, I shall then be ‘without spot, before the throne of God and of the Lamb,’ and ‘the days of my mourning will be ended.’ Therefore, my precious brother, my own beloved sister, ‘weep not for me.’ Think of me as for ever safe, for ever pardoned,

for ever holy, for ever happy through the blood of the everlasting covenant and the unspeakable mercy of Him who 'hath loved me with an everlasting love.' From that love I am persuaded nothing will ever separate me ; nothing I may still have to endure in life, nothing I may be called to pass through in death. I have fled for refuge to the hope set before the vilest of sinners ! In my earliest childhood I distinctly remember feeling the drawing of my heavenly Father to His beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ ; and in my often wayward youth His Spirit never ceased to strive with me, convincing me of sin and making me miserable under the sense of it."

The close of a life that had been spent, as Charlotte Elliott had spent hers for forty years and more, was certain to agree therewith. And it did so. The Saviour with whom she had walked so closely and constantly, during the period mentioned, was with her in blessed manifestations and helps during her last days. " During the last two

years of her life, and especially during the last few months," says her sister in her biography of her, "there was much increase of weakness and suffering ; but, amidst all, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ was hourly magnified in her. Those at her side noted most thankfully her sweet peace, her bright hope, her gentle, humble, fearless drawing near to the gates of death ; her deep love of Scripture and rich enjoyment of its precious truths ; her earnest resistance to all error ; her bringing all to the standard of that Divine word ; her abiding love to the name and the person of Jesus ; her full trust, most humbly, in His atoning merits and intercession ; her yearning after the hour when He would come to take her to Himself ; and yet her patience under prolonged suffering, and her simple desire that God would glorify Himself in her, living or dying, doing or suffering His holy will. All is but as a present, living, most blessed history to those who survive, an earlier fragment of that which will be fully developed in eternity

The principle of all was simple reliance on the word and the work of Christ. He had *done all for her*. He had *promised all to her*."

In a private paper written for her sister Eleanor, at the commencement of her eighty-first year, she says :

"I feel that so great an age as mine requires three things : great faith, great patience, and great peace. Come what may during the year upon which we have entered, I firmly believe that goodness and mercy, like two guardian angels, will follow us during every day, in every hour, in every varying circumstance through which we may have to pass, in every time of trouble sustaining and comforting us ; the angel of His presence keeping ever by our side, and whispering, 'Fear not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.' We may have to part for a short season with each other ; but He has promised never, never, to leave us, never, never, to forsake us."

"When parting with another beloved sister, a few weeks before her death, she said :

‘Our next meeting will be at the marriage supper of the Lamb.’

“When the verse, ‘Let not your heart be troubled,’ was repeated to her, she quietly said, ‘But my heart is *not* troubled’; adding, ‘my mind is full of the Bible.’ And that word was her support when speech had failed her, and she was passing through the dark valley.

“The last manifestation of consciousness was on the morning of her death, when, on her sister repeating to her their text for the day, ‘thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off,’ she clasped her hands together; and as she raised her eyes to heaven, a beam came over her countenance, which showed that she was already realizing the glorious vision she was soon to behold. On the evening of that day, September 22nd, at ten o’clock, without any apparent suffering or the slightest struggle, she fell asleep in Jesus so peacefully that it was difficult to fix the moment when the gentle breathing ceased.”

The sunset was in all respects peaceful and beautiful. A more befitting deathbed to a life so passed can scarcely be imagined. She lived with the Saviour, and she died with Him. She had often been conscious of His presence, but never more so than when the things of earth were receding from her view and she was about to see Him as He is. Never was she calmer, at the moment of taking any step, than when about to take her last, nor ever more longed to have a desire gratified than to see Him she was about to behold.

CHAPTER VIII.

In Abodes of Wealth.

“RIVER of God, I greet thee,
Now not afar but near ;
My soul to thy still waters
Hastes in its thirstings here.
Holy river,
Let me ever
Drink of only thee.”

I.

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

II.

LADY COLQUHOUN.

III.

SIR FRANCIS CROSSLEY.

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

THE religious state of England, a hundred and fifty years ago, was truly deplorable. Spiritual darkness and death spread over the land. Formality in worship was the prevailing rule, scepticism in regard to the truth of God, and corruption in morals. Here and there, and among all classes, were those who feared the Lord, bewailed the condition of things around them, and lifted their voice in testimony against the evils that abounded. Their number however was too small to make any felt and lasting impression upon the character of their age.

But what now was deplored by these was not regarded with indifference by God ; His heart was still set on England for good ; His purposes of mercy with regard to her were anything but exhausted. He therefore again

interposed on her behalf, and by the Wesleys and Whitefield, whom He raised up and specially qualified for their work, roused men far and wide from their lethargy, and recalled them to their allegiance to His throne. A marvellous religious revival was the result.

In the promotion of that revival the Countess of Huntingdon took an active part.

A daughter of the noble house of Shirley, she was born on the 24th of August, 1707. As a child she was more than usually thoughtful. When only nine years old she was greatly impressed by the funeral of one of her own age. Nor were the feelings thus excited of a temporary character; they led to a habit of prayer which continued with her through life.

When twenty-one she became the wife of the Earl of Huntingdon, who was a man of exemplary character and conscientious in his observance of religious duties. She received from him, therefore, every encouragement in the way she preferred to pursue. From the

station in life occupied, the Countess was exposed to associations and engagements which were anything but a help to a religious walk. "But her mind was too much alive," as has been said, "to the higher claims of the soul and of eternity to permit her to become the votary of frivolous pleasures." She gave herself, therefore, to what she believed would perfect her in virtue and goodness. "She made the poor on her husband's estates her special care, and ministered largely and liberally to their wants. She was a constant attendant on public worship, scrupulously exact in the performance of external rites of religion, and diligent in her private religious reading."

Ah, but religiousness is not spirituality. Multitudes act as Lady Huntingdon did, who have no Spirit of God or faith in the Lord Jesus. They have the form of godliness, but are without its power. They say Lord, Lord, but do not the things which He commands. They hear as God's people hear, and sit where they sit, but follow another

than the way which has been prescribed for them. No, "all are not Israel who are of Israel." How, dear reader, let me ask, does the matter stand with you? You bear the name of Christ, but are you His in reality? Is it for His sake, and not for your own, that you contribute to religious objects and engage in Christian service? Is it with Him, in His living, accompanying presence, that you far more occupy your thoughts than with mere external rites and ceremonies? "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His." You are His, only as you exercise a living and constant trust in Him, walk in His steps, and aim at the objects for which He lived and died.

The time at length arrived for the Countess of Huntingdon to pass from the shadows and forms of religion to the realities of faith, and oneness with the Son of God.

In a conversation with her sister-in-law, Lady Margaret Hastings, who had been led by one of the revival preachers of the times to make a full acceptance of Christ, she was

brought to see that she had not the hope of her relative, and was a stranger to her assurance and peace. This led to searchings of heart and much unhappiness. She sought by former means to find what she was desirous of possessing, but utterly failed to do so.

“A dangerous illness having, soon after, brought her to the brink of the grave, the fear of death fell terribly upon her, and her conscience was greatly distressed. She now perceived that she had beguiled herself with prospects of a visionary nature ; was entirely blinded to her own real character ; had long placed her happiness in mere chimeras, and grounded her vain hopes upon imaginary foundations. It was to no purpose that she reminded herself of the morality of her conduct ; in vain did she recollect the many encomiums that had been passed upon her early piety and virtue. Her best righteousness now appeared to be but ‘filthy rags,’ which, so far from justifying her before God, increased her condemnation. The remorse which before

attended conscience on account of sin respected only the outward actions of her life ; but now she saw her 'heart was deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' that 'all have sinned and come short of the glory of God,' and that 'the thoughts of man's heart are only evil continually.' When upon the point of perishing, in her own apprehension, the words of Lady Margaret returned strongly to her recollection, and she felt an earnest desire, renouncing every other hope, to cast herself wholly upon Christ for life and salvation. From her bed she lifted up her heart to the Saviour with this prayer, and immediately all her distress and fears were removed, and she was filled with peace and joy in believing.

"Now the day began to dawn. Jesus the Sun of righteousness arose, and burst in meridian splendour on her benighted soul. The scales fell from her eyes, and opened a passage for the light of life which sprang in, and death and darkness fled before it. Viewing herself as a brand plucked from the burning, she

could not but stand astonished at the mighty power of that grace which saved her from eternal destruction just when she stood upon its brink, and raised her from the gates of hell to the confines of heaven; and the depths from which she was raised made the heights which she had reached only the more amazing. The ‘sorrow of the world, which worketh death,’ was now exchanged for that ‘godly sorrow which worketh repentance to salvation’; and ‘joy unspeakable and full of glory’ succeeded that bitterness which comes of the conviction of sin. She enjoyed already a delightful foretaste of heaven.

“Rising from this bed of most blessed affliction, Lady Huntingdon resolved henceforward to consecrate herself as a living sacrifice to God, holy and acceptable, which she deemed her most ‘reasonable service.’ She had formerly been zealous for good works, she determined now to become more so. But from what different motives! Then, as she confessed, she sought to work out a righteousness for herself, endeavouring by prayer, and fasts,

and almsgivings, to commend herself to the favour of the Most High,—a hard-working hireling. But now that she trusts in the merits of another for her justification in the sight of God, she is constrained by love to labour abundantly more than ever she was before by fear. At length duty and pleasure are one, and this noble worker for the Lord's cause feels, in comparing her past with her present experience, how vain and poor is the happiness aught else can give, compared with the joy of the Christian who glories in 'the cross of Christ.'"

From the time that Lady Huntingdon reached the possession of full salvation and consciousness of rest in Christ, she gave herself to the spread of Christian truth and the work of winning souls to the Saviour. She had services conducted by the Wesleys, and clergymen and ministers of a like spirit, in her drawing-room, for the gentry whom she could induce to attend, and in her kitchen for her poorer neighbours. Losing her husband in 1746, and, only three years after his

death, two sons from small-pox, she was for awhile bent by these heavy and successive bereavements, and incapable of carrying on her various modes of usefulness.

Restored to her accustomed health and spirits, she appointed Mr. Whitefield, in 1748, to be her chaplain, and sought to induce many in high life about whose salvation she felt anxious to attend his ministry. "Among these were found, from time to time, the giddy leaders of fashion, and the gay votaries of pleasure, compelled for an hour at least to remember that they were both mortal and immortal. There too, time after time, in this group of worshippers, might be seen the infidel Bolingbroke, and the heartless, worldly Chesterfield, now and then apparently awed or softened by those words of eternal truth which were sounded in their ears. True, in most cases these serious impressions were evanescent, passing away with the hour that gave them birth; but not so with all. There were some who heard with profit, and brought forth fruit meet for repentance. In this circle,

as elsewhere, the gospel vindicated its power, leading as rejoicing captives in its blessed chains a few of those for whom the world had forged its strongest fetters. Even in the domestic circles of Chesterfield and Bolingbroke its trophies were found, thus bringing the kingdom of heaven very near to these hardened men."

Having consecrated her *property* to the service of God, as well as her person, she employed it in the establishment and maintenance of a college for the education of young men for the Christian ministry, the erection of places of worship, which by and by were found scattered over the land, and the support of itinerant preachers of the gospel.

The long and useful life of Lady Huntingdon drew at length to a close. In November 1790, when eighty-three years of age, she broke a bloodvessel, which greatly alarmed those about her, but in no way disturbed the serenity of her own spirit. She was ready for the presence and heaven of the

Master she had so long and faithfully served, and welcomed the hour that was to give her the privilege of seeing Him as He is. That hour had not yet arrived. Although very feeble, she was cheerful and happy, and continued to take an active part in the direction of the affairs which she had made the business of her life. The hour daily, and long looked for, at length appeared, and on the 17th of June, 1791, she bade adieu to earth and passed to the realms of light. "The death scene," says one of her biographers, "was such as might have been expected from the life. Activity for God was the great characteristic of Lady Huntingdon's outward course, joy in Him the prominent feature of her inner experience; and both ruling passions, which became a deathbed well, held their sway over her to the end. Just at this time she was much interested in some plans of missionary work amongst the heathen, and part of her last day was spent in giving directions about this business. She knew her hour was come, and looked forward

with perfect peace and unclouded joy to the solemn transition she was about to make. 'My work is done,' were nearly her last words, 'I have nothing to do but to go to my Father.' Yet it was on no self-complacent review of her past life that this peace was founded. 'How little could anything of mine,' she said, 'give a moment's rest to a departing soul! so much sin and self mixing with the best; and always so short of what we owe!' 'I confess,' she remarked to a friend, 'I have no hope but that which inspired the dying malefactor at the side of my Lord, and I must be saved in the same way, as freely, as fully, or not at all.' 'Madam, I cordially join you,' her friend answered, 'and feel with you that, though our lives may be devoted to the work of Jesus, and our death the consequence of the service, it is not to these sacrifices we should look for comfort in a dying hour.' She replied 'No, verily'; and enlarging on the idea of the mixture of infirmity and corruption which tarnish all our best-meant services, she added

‘ that a sinner could only rest satisfactorily on the one foundation, and would find nothing in the best works of his best day that he could dare produce before God for its own sake, sufficiently blessed and secure if he could but cry ‘God be merciful to me a sinner!’ and let me be found accepted in the Beloved and complete in Him.”

II.

LADY COLQUHOUN.

THE responsibilities of believers are in proportion to the power and opportunity they have of serving Christ. Where leisure and education are enjoyed there is a weight of responsibility which does not exist where there are only limited information and little spare time. Men who are therefore their own masters, and have enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, are under obligations to engage in Christian service which men of an opposite position are not. It is encouraging and gratifying to see many of those on whom these heavier obligations rest seeking to discharge them to the honour of Jesus and the salvation of the perishing.

Lady Colquhoun, the daughter of Mr., afterwards Sir John, Sinclair, was born in

London on the 17th of April, 1781. During her infancy her parents resided at Westminster and Whitehall.

Losing her mother when only four years of age, she became the care of her paternal grandmother, at Thurso Castle, in the north of Scotland. She was soon removed to Edinburgh for purposes of education. At the end of three years she was sent to a school at Stoke Newington, which offered considerable advantages. Finishing the course of study for which she was placed there, she returned to Edinburgh, and attended the ministry of Dr. Buchanan in the Canongate. Although she had been under religious influences from childhood, it was not till now that she yielded herself to Christ, and publicly avowed herself His disciple. She ever remembered with gratitude the ministry that God had blessed to her salvation.

She was married in her nineteenth year to the eldest son of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, baronet. In five years' time her husband succeeded to his father's estates and

title, and her residence was henceforth Rossthdu Castle, on the banks of Loch Lomond.

For a considerable time, subsequently to her marriage, Lady Colquhoun deeply felt the want of Christian society. Yet this want was no real loss to her; it was overruled by God for a fuller qualification and consecration to His service. "It gave a more personal character," says her biographer, "to her piety. Instead of deriving all her impressions and impulses from ardent and endearing friends, her religion increasingly became communion with the Saviour. Besides, it left more leisure for that employment into which she had thrown all her soul, the instruction and training of her children. And whilst it prepared her for hailing with peculiar delight the congenial intercourse at length so abundantly vouchsafed to her, it drew her meanwhile with especial tenderness towards such humble disciples as the parish then contained, those 'poor' whom the Lord had promised we should always have."

She became a widow in February 1836.

Her husband had been a sufferer for fourteen years, and she had long been prepared for the event of his death. Liberated from the sick chamber where she had passed so long a time in watchings and religious ministrations, her leisure was now principally occupied with studying the word of God, preparations for her Sunday class of young people, doing good to the poor, and writing for the press.

Her own health began at length to fail. An attack of dysentery, seizing her in a low state of health, finally carried her off. From the commencement of the attack she had only one impression as to the issue. About a week after that she said to one of her household, "Mrs. L., I am convinced that this illness is to end in death, and I have just one hope, only one; and that is in the finished work of Jesus." On her attendant expressing a hope that she might recover, she answered, "Oh, no! and for me to live would be Christ, but to die will be gain, unspeakable gain"; and then, after a short prayer, she musingly added, "and shall I see Him as He is, so

soon? And shall I join the redeemed around the throne? Overwhelming thought!" The next day, (and it was the only one on which she complained,) she spoke as if she were under a cloud, and requested that these words might be read to her: "Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and He that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel Thy Saviour." (Isaiah xliii. 1-3.)

After this she seemed to be no more disturbed, often saying, "What a blessing it is that the enemy is kept away!" From her lips were constantly dropping such words as "The righteous has hope in his death." "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "I cannot praise Him as I would; but I shall yet

praise Him in perfection, yes, through all eternity."

Two lovely features of Christian character were very observable in her during this illness; *a sweet acquiescence in the will of God, and a constant mindfulness of others.* Her sufferings were often very great, but she bore them without a murmur. On one occasion, when the pain was violent, and in eagerness for speedy relief many palliatives were tried in quick succession, she said to one of the servants, "I fear you will think me impatient"; and the servant, who was only thinking of her mistress' sufferings, could give no answer but by bursting into tears. Another time when her daughter was expressing the hope that she might yet be spared to them, her answer was, "And would you wish to keep me here? You don't know what I suffer." Recollecting how the words might be understood, and alarmed at the idea of their conveying an impression of repining, with a look of anguish she exclaimed, "Oh, do I complain? I did not mean to complain. I retract the words."

Her weakness became at length so great that she could only bear to have texts repeated to her; from her favourite hymns and much loved authors she turned away. "The word of God was now everything to her. Such texts as Isaiah xxxii. 2, John xiv. 27 and xvii. 24, Romans viii. 32-39, were cordials which her spirit drank in, when it cared for nothing else."

Falling at last into what appeared a sleep, her willing spirit took its flight without a struggle, a groan, or a sigh, to those glorious realms for which she had so ardently longed. This was in the sixty-sixth year of her age, and ten years after the death of her husband. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." His joy is to receive them into His kingdom; welcome them to the places He has prepared for them; and enfold them in the warm embrace of His eternal love. Great is the joy of believers themselves then, but not to be compared with His who so loved them as to give Himself for them. He rejoiceth over their repentance,

but unspeakably more so over their glorification, when they stand before Him invested with His likeness, and share with Him His blessedness and glory. He gives them to "walk with Him in white," to "sit with Him on His throne," and to drink with Him of the same rivers of pleasure. Hence His reception of them to where He is; "Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

III.

SIR FRANCIS CROSSLEY.

THERE are few names that are remembered with deeper affection, and by larger numbers in every class of society, than that of Sir Francis Crossley. And the thing is not to be wondered at, when account is taken of the character he bore, the princely benevolence he exercised, and the extent to which he lived for the good of others.

He was born in the neighbourhood of Halifax, on the 26th of October, 1817, and of parents to whom he was indebted for many of the excellences for which he was marked. Both were pious, and took every pains with the religious instruction of their children, so that Sir Francis was reared under influences every way helpful to the development of the higher form of character he showed, and the growth and establishment

of his religious principles. Yet it was not till he was thirty-seven years of age that he made a public avowal of his discipleship to the Lord Jesus, by uniting himself to His people and taking the communion. But from that time till his death he showed the deepest interest in everything "relating to the prosperity of the church of which he had become a member. He gave most liberally to the support of all its institutions ; but, more than this, his face was frequently seen and his voice heard at its prayer meetings ; and the fervour and simple faith which breathed through his petitions will be long remembered."

Enterprising and intelligent like their father, who had risen by his industry, sagacity, and probity from the position of a common weaver to be head of the carpet manufactory at Dean Clough, Halifax, the sons, by the energy they imported into the business, and the improvement they succeeded in making in it, rendered it by-and-by the largest and most prosperous of the kind in the country. But as Sir Francis

increased in wealth he increased in liberality and devotedness to every good cause.

In 1852, he entered Parliament, that he might use the influence he possessed on a still wider scale, and help, in his measure, to promote the prosperity of the nation.

“But it was not principally as an enterprising and successful man of business, nor in his political capacity, that Sir Francis Crossley was so widely esteemed and beloved; it was,” writes one, “as we have already stated, because of his large-hearted, princely generosity. What then, it may be asked, was the secret of that benevolence which won for him, whilst he lived, such esteem and love, and for which, now that he is gone, his memory is so widely blessed? It is to be found, we are persuaded, in the mighty and constraining power of the love of Christ. That raised his generosity from an impulse to a principle, and with him it *was* a principle. An esteemed friend of his told the writer of these pages, some years ago, that when the tide of his prosperity was

beginning to rise, he set apart a fixed proportion of his income for benevolent objects, and that afterwards, as it rose higher, the proportion was not diminished (as we fear has too often happened in such cases), but enlarged.

“Sir Francis Crossley’s first great gift to the town of Halifax, and to the cause of God, consisted in the erection of a group of twenty-one almshouses, intended for the reception of poor Christian people, unable to work, and otherwise destitute of the means of sufficient support. The houses are light, spacious, and exceedingly comfortable, each containing a living room, with a cellar on the ground floor and a bedroom above, and each having a separate entrance from a terrace along the front, which is raised a few feet above the road. Over the second floor window of the central tower is carved a text of Scripture from 1 Chron. xxix. 14, ‘Of Thine own have we given Thee.’ The almshouses were erected by their founder ‘in testimony of his gratitude to Almighty

God, and with the view of benefiting those of his fellow-townsmen who may be in need of assistance.' ”

His next great gift to his fellow-townsmen was the People's Park, consisting of twelve acres of land, beautifully and skilfully laid out, and for which he paid altogether more than £36,000.

The origin of this noble donation was told by himself at the opening of the park, in these words :

“On the 10th of September, 1855, travelling in America, I left Quebec early in the morning for the White Mountains of the United States. I remember passing through some of the most glorious scenery on that day which I ever saw in my life. I remember that when we arrived at the hotel at White Mountains, the ladies sat down to a cup of tea, but I preferred to take a walk alone. It was a beautiful spot. The sun was just then reclining his head behind Mount Washington, with all the glorious drapery of an American sunset, which we

know nothing of in this country. I felt that I should like to be walking with my God on the earth. I said, 'What shall I render to my Lord for all His benefits to me?' I was led further to repeat that question which Paul asked under other circumstances: 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' The answer came immediately. It was this: 'It is true thou canst not bring the many thousands thou hast left in thy native country to see this beautiful scenery; but thou canst take this to them; it is possible so to arrange art and nature that they shall be within the walk of every working man in Halifax; that he shall go take his stroll there after he has done his hard day's toil, and be able to get home again without being tired.' Well, that seemed to be a glorious thought! I retired home. My prayer that night was that in the morning I might be satisfied when I awoke that if it was only mere thought that was fluttering across my brain it might be gone; but that if there was reality about

it, there might be no doubt about it, and I might carry it into execution. I slept soundly that night, and when I awoke my impression was confirmed. On the 10th of September, when I went to the White Mountains, I had no more idea of making a park than any one here of building a city. On the day I returned I felt as convinced to carry it out as I was of my own existence, and never from that day to this have I hesitated for a moment. Whenever difficulties arose, I knew they might be overcome, and would be overcome. It is a happy day for me that I am permitted to see that result."

Here the generous donations of Sir Francis did not end. He subsequently gave £20,000 to the London Missionary Society, accompanying it with this characteristic and invaluable letter :

"In making this donation to a Society which has enjoyed for so many years such marked demonstrations of the Divine blessing, I desire to acknowledge myself as a

steward for whatever wealth it has pleased God to vouchsafe to me. And the conviction has grown with my years that there is no enjoyment which riches can procure that is to be compared for a moment with that which springs from their consecration to the advancement of the well being, for both time and eternity, of one's fellow men. I can say without affectation that I feel most deeply humbled by the sense of all the mercies which have crowned my life ; and it is my earnest prayer that the blessing of the Great Head of the church may rest on this gift for the furtherance of His glory. It has been my wish that the gift should be embarrassed by no such condition as that a certain sum must be raised in other quarters in order to render it available ; for I have felt long, and feel now more than ever, that my duty to my Saviour and to those for whom He died is not to be regulated by the conduct of others, and that 'each one of us must give account of himself unto God.'"

Other gifts of £10,000 each towards different objects followed, and in every instance in a way and with words that greatly enhanced the donations.

But the pleasure which these generous benefactions gave was not all on the side of those who received, but was even surpassed in the experience of him who contributed. Sir Francis realized the truth of the words that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." He was a happy Christian, and therefore it was that he ministered so bountifully to the happiness of others. The joy of salvation was a thing of which he had full and constant experience, and that from the entireness with which he appropriated Christ, the intimacy of walk he maintained with Him, and the preference he gave to the things that are unseen and eternal.

The joy of the Lord was his strength, and in that strength he performed the exploits which his biography records.

And so, dear reader, you must keep on the same line, for your life to be a thing of glad-

ness to yourself and of blessing to others Only *shining* Christians can be the light of the world. Only those who are filled up to the fulness of God can minister to the present and future good of others. You must be in living and conscious union with Christ, to draw others to His feet, to share with you what you there enjoy.

For some three or four years before his death the health of Sir Francis began to fail. Every means was employed to prolong his useful life, but the action of the heart continued to grow feebler, until, on the 5th of January, 1872, it ceased to beat, and he entered into the joy of his Lord.

The approach of death in no way disturbed him. He knew in whom he believed, and had peace. The future on which he looked out was without a cloud, and as he neared it he longed to depart and see Him of whose presence and sustaining power he was so conscious. No shadow dimmed the brightness of the sunset.

It was thus that the Rev. Dr. Mellor, his

pastor, testified to his piety and worth in the address he delivered at the funeral of the lamented baronet :

“I know more of him than any one else, both from the words in which he has spoken to me and the letters he has addressed to me ; and from such knowledge can testify that one with a more childlike and undoubting faith in his Saviour never passed away from earth to heaven. He rested, with a confidence that was never shaken, on the atonement of Christ. He walked with God as a son with his father, and from the day of his conversion his chief anxiety was to know what was the will of God, that he might do it. When once he was convinced that that will was revealed to him, no considerations whatever could restrain him from a corresponding action. He was thenceforth as immovable as a mountain, or as the star that glistens near the pole. He might hesitate for a season as to what was the course he should pursue ; but when once his judgment was formed and his resolution taken, he set

his face like a flint, and no power on earth could divert him. He bore his long and terrible affliction with a brave heart, supporting it without a murmur, and yet resisting it with all the might of that will which was so predominant a feature in his character. Not that he feared to die. He feared nothing less. Upwards of two years ago, during a brief but threatening attack, he said to a friend who was then on a visit to his seat at Somerleyton, 'I have no dread of dying ; *all that* Christ has taken from me. And so far as I know myself, when my Saviour calls for me, I shall die as calmly as I pass out of this room into the next.' And the same week he wrote to me in reply to a letter of my own, and said, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep what I have committed to Him against that day.' He has gone, and he has left a blank everywhere. . . . But if he has left a blank he has also left a heritage better than wealth. He has bequeathed to this town a name which even slander cannot

sully, and which envy is compelled to honour. I refer not now to monuments of that name in stone, the Almshouses and the Orphanage, which will proclaim to generations yet unborn the fact that amid the keen and withering selfishness of the world there have been some men who could feel the sorrows of others as if they were their own. Nor do I refer to the Park, which was a noble endeavour to produce and perpetuate, under inhospitable skies and amid more destructive elements than they, the sweeter scenes which nature loves to create in other and more favourable spots. I refer to his name in itself ; for the noblest bequest which a man can make in this world is a name without reproach, a name of truth, of honour, of charity, of benevolence, of godliness ; and this is the name which is this day bequeathed, not to Halifax only, but to England and the world."

CHAPTER IX.

In Homes of Poverty.

"ALL is well with me for ever,
I do not fear to go;
My tide is but beginning
Its bright eternal flow.

"I am leaving only shadows,
For the true and fair and good;
I must not, cannot linger,
I would not, though I could."

I.

THOMAS NOAKE.

II.

THE SPANISH BOY.

III.

THE FACTORY WORKER.

I.

THOMAS NOAKE.

THE poorest homes are often scenes of spiritual triumph and joy. The Lord Jesus enters as readily the abodes of poverty as the mansions of wealth, and ministers as bountifully to the inmates of the one as to those of the other. Frequently therefore the lowliest are found rich in faith, and beds of rags are fields of victory in dying hours.

Such was the deathbed of Thomas Noake, whose home was a cellar in one of the poorest streets in Kentish Town. While still a lad he was smitten and carried off by consumption. Being the child of a pious father he was the subject of many prayers, and especially when it was manifest that the hand of death was upon him. The interest that had hitherto been felt in his salvation was now greatly intensified ; and the father

had the satisfaction of seeing, as the result, the desire of his heart with regard to his boy gratified. Thomas became more and more thoughtful, gave increasing heed to the instructions that were given to him, and, turning to Christ by prayer and the perusal of the New Testament, had the joy of seeing light arising in the darkness and so revealing to him Jesus as to make Him his admiration and all his desire.

It was now a privilege to sit by his bedside and hear him speak of Christ in His loveliness, kindness, and help. The Saviour was from this time everything to him, as a friend, companion, and joy. It was marvellous to what broad and elevated views of Jesus, in His person and work, the boy attained. It was evident that he was specially taught by the Holy Ghost, that the Spirit very fully accomplished His mission for him by "taking of the things of Christ and showing them unto him."

His bed of rags was placed near the window, that he might see not only, as he used

to say, the fair blue sky, but the beautiful home of Jesus. Often and often was my attention drawn to the glow that rose upon his countenance when gazing upward, and speaking of what he would know and enjoy when his eyes beheld the King.

Thus did this saved and happy youth spend the last weeks of his life on earth, fill his poor home with the presence and joy of Jesus, and then, like the setting sun of a calm summer's evening, pass beyond the horizon of earth and appear among the shining and singing ones of glory. "Then were they glad when they saw the Lord."

II.

THE SPANISH BOY.

I N describing to me, by letter, five years ago the work of the Lord in Madrid, in connection with his mission, Dr. Knapp gave among others the following illustrative case of the power and grace of Christ.

“I must tell you of a poor lad who has lain upon his bed ill, more or less, for eight years. As soon as we heard of the case, children were sent from the Sunday School to sing, and pious young men to read and pray with him, nearly every day. Some time after I went myself to see him. I found him in the garret of the house, in a room (the only one they possessed) about twelve feet square, in which were two beds, a box, a chair, and a Spanish kitchen. Here the child had suffered eight long years. He was very thin and pale in the face and arms, and the end was clearly

not far off. But oh what a happy boy! He loved his Saviour, for he received Him at once as soon as the friends came to tell him the good news. (You must know that Spain is not like France and other countries, where there has been more or less liberty of conscience for many years. Here freedom entered with a *bound*, and before indifference or infidelity could creep in; I speak of the poorer classes. Hence the remarkable scenes of sudden conversion exhibited here. Some, being just renewed, have not knowledge or experience of the Bible enough to comprehend it; but their *movements* betray the new creation.) I read passages applicable to his case, and then we sang a sweet hymn, in which he tried hard to join, in a broken voice that lifted itself at times out of the feeble clay, then ceased as nature prevailed. After prayer I asked him a few questions:

“‘Do you suffer much, dear?’”

“‘Oh, yes, sir, terrible pain. The other day I tried to get on my knees in the bed; but I could not. Then I put my hands together so

(clasping them over his head), and besought Jesus to take away this cruel pain. I am so weary of it, and it all went away, and whenever it returns I pray and it goes off.'

" 'Do you think you really believe in Jesus as your *only* Saviour?'

" 'Oh, yes, I sing and believe; I know 'tis Jesus loves my soul.'

" 'Have you patience to bear all your afflictions? You know I have told you how He always tries His people; He will have a tested people.'

" 'I hope so; I do it now for Jesus' sake; it is all I can do for Him. I wish I could do more, but I cannot, and He must know it.'

" 'We were all bathed in tears, particularly when he told me he had been reading about Lazarus, and asked me if I could not heal him by prayer. I was obliged to answer him, and did as follows:

" 'You recollect, dear, that Jesus, before He raised Lazarus, made the people open the tomb?'

" 'Yes,' said he, 'take ye away the stone.'

“‘Well, why did not *He* do it all?’

“‘I do not know, I suppose He might.’

“‘Yes, He could have removed the stone by a word; yet it is not God’s way. He makes us do what we can, to test our faith. In His day good people were mostly very poor, and there was much unbelief as to who He was, so He had to put forth a peculiar kind of power called miracle-working to restore faith. But now good people are very generally wealthy in the Protestant countries, and He has appointed stewards on whom He calls to help on His great work all over the world. If they are faithful, they give, when called on by Him; and thus many here in Madrid and other places are aided and told all about Jesus, who cures spiritually now. So you see miracle-working was a peculiar necessity of those times. God in these days has set up something to take its place, though it seems to me very like the other, for all that God does is a marvel.’

“He grew worse soon after, and one day said to me again: ‘May be Jesus will hear

your prayers and raise me up. I cling to life so. I wanted father to carry me in his arms to the San Cayetano chapel to hear the children sing *O Salvador, tierno Jesus!* ('Happy Day') and Don Pedro preach. But it is too far, he says.'

"The children *did* sing 'Happy Day' to him in the Campo Santo, but he heard it in heaven. Shortly before he died he lost all power of utterance; but conscious that his end was near, he beckoned to his mother to open the window of the garret. Then by signs he gathered his parents and brothers around him, and raising his emaciated arm pointed eagerly to the blue sky, brilliant then with the rays of the full orb'd moon. With a gesture betraying impatience to speak, he seemed to tell them in the words of a favourite hymn, *Voy allà* :

"'I'll be there, I'll be there;

Palms of victory, crowns of glory, I shall wear,
In that beautiful world on high.'

"Thus died the little Spanish Christian, one of many fruits of your noble generosity.

Does it pay? Sixty little children followed his remains to the grave, and Don Pedro preached a short sermon there."

III.

THE FACTORY WORKER.

BETSY had been for some time a child of God before laid aside by the illness which ended in death. Loved and upheld by Jesus, she shrank not from entering the valley of the shadow of death when it opened before her. She knew that all power was His in whom she trusted, and that nothing could hurt or imperil her in the bosom of His love, and she anticipated the days and nights of suffering that she was told were before her, without disquietude or fear.

“On one occasion her father said to her, ‘Betsy, you have been very ill.’ ‘Yes, father,’ she replied, ‘but Jesus has just been showing me a little more of His love. I have been almost face to face with Him ; I thought I was dying, but the nearer to death the nearer to life, and Jesus made me feel so.

They tell us that from a deep pit the stars can be seen at noon. Jesus has been leading me down into the depths, that I might get a clearer view of heaven, or rather of Himself, for He is heaven.' At another time, in answer to a question by her mother, she said : 'I am very feeble, but I am reposing on a very strong arm. I am always happiest when I am suffering most, when I am feeblest ; 'tis then I feel the Saviour's hand ; when I sink lowest, 'tis then I touch the Saviour's bosom.' One evening just after family worship she said to her father : 'I have had such a vision of the Saviour, it was so clear that it seemed more of sense than of the imagination. I thought that I saw Jesus, and Mary sitting at His feet. Mary rose up to let me take her place. I did so. Jesus laid His hand upon my head, and looked down on me with a smile, such a smile ; real or unreal, it has pierced my soul. Father, I think that Christ's smile will be to heaven what the sun is to the world, it will flood it with light. It beats upon me even now ; how happy I feel !' A

short while before her death, her mother pressed her to allow the lamp to burn during the night, as it would not be so gloomy for her. She said : ‘ No, no, mother, put it out ; I have a far brighter lamp than that. Christ is the light of my soul.’ ”

So she continued to the end, and fell asleep in Jesus, amid the light of His manifested presence and the bursting glories of heaven. Her poor little room was lighted up in her departing hour with the glow of a sweet and beautiful sunset. No, there is no darkness that the Sun of Righteousness cannot dispel, and no scene that He cannot flood with a Divine light. Often, as I have said, the death chambers of the humblest are the chambers of the King's presence. The factory girl's case supplies another illustration of this. Yes, dear reader, your home may be obscure and poor, away in some alley, and graced neither by sunshine nor flowers ; but make the Son of God your Saviour and Friend, and He will transform it into a palace, and make it, in the hour of your departure to join the saints

made perfect, what He made the factory worker's and the Spanish boy's. Expect Him to do so, and He will not disappoint you. Believe that He is with you, and He will manifest Himself to you. Trust Him to make your last hours a time of a full and blessed realization of His presence, and of the power that worketh in you, and He will fulfil the promises you plead and on which you depend. Death is no king of terrors in the light of the Saviour's presence, or to those armed with a strong faith and animated with a hope blooming with immortality.

CHAPTER X.

On fields of Battle.

In faith I hid myself in Thee,
I shall not perish in the strife ;
I share Thy war, Thy victory,
And death is swallowed up in life.
Thy strife, O Christ, with death, of yore,
Hath conquered, and I fear no more."

I.

DAN THE TRUMPETER.

II.

THE SOLDIER BRIDEGROOM.

III.

THE YOUNG CAPTAIN.

ON FIELDS OF BATTLE.

NOT only in quiet chambers, and amid the alleviations and services which love and medical aid can render, "but under the prolonged horrors and tortures of dying on fields of carnage and blood, faith in Christ has been found strong enough to raise the agonized sufferer into the heavenly atmosphere of confidence and praise, transforming the dreadful scene into the outer court of heaven."

In illustration of this, I select the following cases :

I.

DAN THE TRUMPETER.

"JUST before the temporary peace in the spring of 1814, by the capture and banishment of Napoleon Buonaparte to Elba, the battle of Toulouse, in the Pyrenees, was fought between the English and French.

“At midnight, after the battle, a party were passing over the bloody field, to discover, if possible, amongst the heaps of dying or dead, a missing companion, a poor trumpeter. He was a lone man in the world, without any relations to care for him, but the real friend and adviser of all who knew him, and much beloved in his corps for his kindness of heart. After a long search this party discovered a dead horse, and a man lying wounded close to the carcase, leaning on it, his legs broken, his clothes saturated with blood, and the livid hue of death on his pale and suffering face.

“‘Poor Dan!’ one of the party exclaimed. ‘Our poor trumpeter, is it come to this?’ And unbidden tears rolled down the cheeks of these friends, for they saw at a glance all was over with poor Dan; he had not many minutes to live. He uttered no groan, though he was quite sensible, nor said one word of complaint, though he had been lying there evidently many hours in intense suffering.

“They wished to move him to some shel-

ter, but the dying man forbade them. 'Move me not, move me not,' he said; 'God bless you all. Put your trust in Him; He will raise you up friends, but none that will love you more than I do.'

"Suddenly the dying man seemed to start; those around him, hearing no cause for this, thought it was the convulsion of death. They drew nearer to soothe his last moments, supported his head, and put him in as easy a posture as the place and circumstances would permit; but he gently resisted their intentions, and seemed to forget his maimed, helpless, sinking state.

"A sudden joy and glow lighted up his dying features, and he made a feeble attempt to lift himself up and clasp his hands, exclaiming in an ecstasy of delight, 'Hark! what shout is that I hear? It is a shout of universal triumph. Do let me know what it is: it is in the town. Hark! I hear something different from anything I ever heard yet! It sounds like the blessed angels' voice proclaiming peace.'

“The dying soldier was not deceived ; for at that moment, as his happy spirit was going to his Maker, peace was proclaimed from the walls of Toulouse : from the camp and battle-field the sound was ‘Peace ! Peace !’ And at that moment a soldier was passing near the spot where lay the dying man, proclaiming the joyful news. His life was waning fast ; but his military ear had caught the sound of that which the soldier now in hasty accents said : ‘Napoleon has fallen ; the war is at an end, and peace is proclaimed.’ ‘God be praised ! God bless you all !’ said the dying man, when he had heard all in breathless silence. Calm, very calm, was his face ; his intellect seemed to be clearer than it had ever been, and his voice for a few moments stronger, as he raised his eyes to the clear starlit sky.

“Pressing the hands of his friends, he said : ‘God’s will be done ! Thank God, my dear friends, who has permitted me to hear those sounds, which I hope will prove a happiness to His people, as they do a comfort to my

soul. Dig my grave on this very spot, wrap me in my cloak, and put my trumpet by my side. Take my purse, and divide its contents equally amongst yourselves. I have no relations on earth, and you have been more to me than friends. Now, mind what I say. Love one another. God bless you all ! Pray with me for pardon for all my sins. Now lift me up a little, and let me breathe out my soul to the God of battles and peace, who gave me breath, and to whom I return it ; humbly hoping that He will restore it to a perfect body in eternal peace in the last day. Dear friends, farewell ! My hope is in Him who hath conquered death by the sacrifice of Himself.' These were his last words ; a few deep sighs, and he gently fell asleep on that battle-field, his dead horse for his pillow, the spangled vault of heaven for his canopy. No earthly comforts surrounded him here, but he was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom."

II.

THE SOLDIER BRIDEGROOM.

AMONG the soldiers ordered off to New Zealand, on the breaking out of war there a few years ago, was one who had been married only a few days. The leaving his young wife at so early a date of their wedded life was felt by him to be no ordinary trial ; but soldier-like he accepted the orders given, and commending her to the care of Divine providence set out on his hazardous enterprise.

Months afterwards, an English ship arrived in one of the ports of that remote island, and just as the news was being circulated that a battle had been fought with heavy loss, both on the side of the English and of the natives.

On board that vessel was the young wife, who, unable to bear her loneliness any longer, had left country and home to join her husband. The first announcement made to her was that her husband was among the slain.

"But her heart," writes Miss Marsh, who tells the story, "refused to believe in the terrible possibility. 'I prayed and wept, day and night, before God,' she said, 'that I might see my husband's face once more in life; and I know my God would not have brought me here unless He had meant to grant me my heart's desire.'"

"In the strength of love, faith and hope upholding her, she faced the awful sights of the battle-field, to find that her confidence in God was not too great! Her brave husband was found, and found still living. Where the conflict had been thickest he had fallen, mortally wounded in the throat and mouth. He could speak no word, nor utter a cry, to tell that he was alive; so, when the wounded had been sought for, and carried to the hospital, he had been left hidden amongst the heap of the slain.

"Tenderly they bore him to the nearest shelter, and his life lingered for three priceless days.

"In answer to his devoted wife's last

question, 'Is it well with you, my beloved?' when his dying hands could scarcely guide the pencil, he faintly traced the words,—'Peace, peace, perfect peace, deep as a river,' and quietly entered into his heavenly rest."

III.

THE YOUNG CAPTAIN.

"DURING the great war in America a terrible battle had raged all day, and at its close the ground was strewn with thousands of the dead and the dying.

"A young captain in one of the Western regiments of the Northern army had fallen, desperately wounded, in front of the lines.

"The dreadful thirst which the wounded suffer made his agony almost unendurable; but, as the darkness deepened over that field of horrors, a heavy fall of rain brought him some hope of temporary relief; for he

thought if he could scoop a hollow in the soft clay beside him, it would soon fill with water, and that he could for a few moments at all events slake his burning thirst with it, scanty and muddy though the supply would be.

“The weary and painful task ended, the wounded officer found, to his misery, that he had no power to convey the draught to his lips.

“The intensity of the disappointment brought to his remembrance the cry, wrung by the torture of the cross from the lips of his dying Lord, ‘I thirst’; and, as he prayed for patience to His pitying Saviour, calmness filled his heart, and prayer was changed into praise for the wonders of redeeming love. While he thought on these things, the overflow of his gratitude poured itself forth in singing.

“In tones faint at the first, but with every note rising in power above the moaning of the wounded around him, rang out the words of faith:

“ ‘Now I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.’ ”

“As the heavenly melody resounded through the darkness, voice after voice echoed and still re-echoed its thrilling tones from every side of that scene of suffering. When the timely succour of the Christian Commission arrived, they were greeted by the death-song of countless men, who were more than conquerors through Him that loved them.”—“*Crossing the River.*”

There are circumstances under which we should prefer not to die, but none in which Christ cannot come to us, fill us with His own peace, and open to us a heaven all-attractive and desirable. Ah, anywhere He can make the dying bed of His saints feel “soft as downy pillows are.” Yes, whether amid ministering friends or alone, at home or in a strange land, in their own chamber or on a battle-field, He can so reveal Himself

to them, and endow them with grace and peace, as to make their departure blessed to themselves and glorious to others. I give merely samples. Many have died amid scenes of carnage and bloodshed as those described did. Hearing only the voice of Jesus, and seeing only an inviting heaven, they have passed as from chambers of peacefulness and love's ministrations to the unstained lands and never disturbed harmonies of the celestial world. Only have the Lord of life and the Conqueror of death with you, and it matters little where you lie down to die.

CHAPTER XI.

Fiery Sunsets.

“ I KNOW He hath welcomed my soul,
And opened His heaven to me ;
That while endless ages shall roll
I blessèd and near Him shall be ;
So then, when I’m dying,
My heart shall be crying,
That Jesus the sinner receives.”

I.

POLYCARP.

II.

PATRICK HAMILTON.

III.

BOHEMIAN MARTYRS.

IV.

MALAGASY SUFFERERS.

I.

POLYCARP.

THE earliest Christian persecutions were as often the result of popular outbreaks as of imperial decrees. Charged with being the causes of public evils, the disciples of Christ were furiously set upon by excited and ignorant mobs, dragged before magistrates for condemnation, or beaten to death by the way.

It was before such an outburst of feeling that the venerable Polycarp and many of his fellow believers fell, A.D. 167.

Polycarp was the son of parents who from their very humble circumstances could do little for him in the way of education and of preparing him for life. He was born about thirty years after the death of our Lord, when Nero occupied the throne of the world, was lighting up his royal gardens with the burn-

ing bodies of the worshippers of Christ, and St. Paul had just been "delivered from the mouth of the lion."

Old Greek histories of saints and martyrs relate that he began life as a slave. He was fortunate enough to become the property of a Christian lady of the name of Calisto. Like Abraham she commanded her children and her household after her, "to keep the way of the Lord, and to do justice and judgment." Polycarp became a favourite with her, was treated with consideration, and carefully taught the knowledge of God and of His Christ. Nor were the pains she took with his religious instruction lost. He proved as apt a scholar as she was efficient as a teacher. She had the joy of seeing her prayers for her bond-servant answered, the instructions she gave him crowned with blessing, and an avowal made by him of faith in Jesus, and a full consecration made of himself to the Saviour's service.

You never know to what the services you undertake for Christ and the good of others

may lead, what fruitfulness may reward them, and how far-reaching may be their results. Calisto gives herself to the Christian instruction of her slave boy, and before many years are past he is the companion of apostles, the bishop of the church of which she is a communicant, and one of the first of the Christian fathers. A like result, dear reader, may come of your religious efforts. The youth that you seek to win to Christ may continue and multiply your influence a thousand fold, scatter on broadest fields the seed of the kingdom, and lead multitudes to the Saviour. Christian work is never in vain; and yours may be thus fruitful. Then continue and extend it, for who knows but that your reward may equal that of Calisto of old!

Polycarp was no sooner possessed of the joy of salvation than he sought to get others to share with him his gladness. And his labours in this direction were crowned with success; many were drawn by him from idolatry, and brought within the kingdom of the gospel.

It was not long after his conversion and entrance upon Christian work that he became personally acquainted with the apostle John, and had the privilege of receiving from him much instruction and encouragement. It is not improbable that St. John, in his visit to Smyrna, was the guest of Calisto, and in that way Polycarp became known to him. At all events Polycarp long enjoyed the friendship of the beloved disciple, and learned much from him respecting the Lord.

The more that Polycarp advanced in character and usefulness, the higher he rose in the estimation of his Christian and generous benefactress. The result of this was, that at her death she left him her large property, which placed Polycarp in a position of independence, and furnished him with the means of doing good on an extensive scale.

On the death of Bucolas, the then bishop of Smyrna, Polycarp was chosen as his successor, and for a long period of years discharged with faithfulness and zeal the duties of the important pastorate. But his

labours were not confined to Smyrna. "The care of all the churches, once borne by St. Paul, and then by St. John, was, on the death of Ignatius, bestowed upon Polycarp; and he wrote letters to them, as need served, of which only one is extant;—namely, one written soon after his fellow disciple Ignatius had taken his last leave of him, and had been at Philippi, but before the full account of his death had arrived."

The persecution in which he suffered martyrdom at length broke out. No more violent and destructive one had prevailed. It spared neither sex nor age, and aimed at nothing less than the extermination of Christianity in Smyrna and the cities around. As the most prominent teacher of the Christian faith, and the possessor of the largest religious influence in the city, the life of Polycarp was especially sought for. His friends knowing this persuaded him to seek safety in flight. Yielding to the entreaty of those around him, he repaired to a little village in the country; "but the foreboding that his crown was almost

won was strong upon him, and he dreamt that he saw his bed in flames. Shortly after, two children from the village were seized. One allowed himself to be beaten to death rather than betray his bishop. The other, under torture, revealed his hiding-place; and Herodes, a Smyrniote magistrate, whose office it was to arrest criminals, sent out a party of horsemen to surround the house." He gave himself up to them, only saying "The will of the Lord be done," and desired that provisions should be set before them; and while they regaled themselves he prayed for two hours. It was the "great Sabbath," no doubt our Easter eve, when in the morning they mounted him on an ass, and set forth for the city in the coolness of the sunrise. On the way Herodes, in a chariot with his father, met them, and took the prisoner up with them; where they began to argue with him upon the inexpediency of throwing away his life. "What is the harm," they said, "of calling Cæsar Lord, or even of sacrificing, when life is to be saved?" Refusing to do what they required,

they thrust him violently from the carriage, and injured him in one of his legs. He was led to the city, and before the tribunal of the proconsul or chief magistrate. Everything in the way of argument and threatening that could be thought of was employed to get him to recant, offer sacrifice to the gods, and denounce Christ. But all was to no purpose. He stood as a rock in the presence of his judges, and contemplated unawed the death by fire to which he was at last sentenced. Grand was the appearance which the aged saint presented at that moment, and sublime the spirit, as well as triumphant the tone, in which, in answer to the request to denounce his Lord and be saved, he said : " Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He never has done me wrong ; why then should I denounce my King and Saviour ? " The answer was : " Then I will have thee to the wild beasts ; and if thou despisest them, thou shalt be burnt with fire. "

Condemned to be burnt, " Polycarp, when the pile was ready, loosed his girdle, and bent

to remove his sandals, an office that his disciples were wont in their love to perform for him. When the executioner would have fastened him to the stake with nails, he said, 'It is needless; leave me alone; He who gives me strength to endure the flames, will enable me to stand firm on the pile.' They contented themselves with tying his hands behind his back." He then gave expression to his faith and joy in these words of adoration and prayer.

"Oh, Lord God Almighty, Father of Thy beloved Son Jesus Christ, through whom we have received the knowledge of Thyself; Thou God of angels, and of the whole creation of the human race and of the just who live in Thy presence: I praise Thee that Thou hast judged me worthy of this day and hour, to take a place in the number of Thy martyrs, and to drink of Christ's cup, for the resurrection to eternal life. Among them may I be admitted this day, as a rich and acceptable sacrifice. Wherefore I praise

Thee for all Thy mercies, I bless Thee, I glorify Thee with the eternal and celestial Jesus Christ, Thy beloved Son ; to whom, with Thee and the Holy Spirit, be glory now and ever."

"The fire was kindled : strange to say, it curved as an arch, or a sail filled with wind, around the victim, leaving him unhurt. To the view of the loving, sorrowing flock, he seemed as a treasure of gold tried in the furnace. Odours as of frankincense rose from his mortal bier, very probably from aromatic woods used in warming the baths. An executioner was sent to despatch him. His side was pierced, and the blood which flowed extinguished the tardy flames."

So died Polycarp ; and what else was his death than a triumph ! But what support and peace he must have possessed, to enable him to maintain calmness and express joy in such circumstances as then surrounded him ! Ah ! but Christ can make the way of fire to glory as a path of roses, and the hottest flames to be to His people as cool and

grateful breezes. Nothing can hurt that He withholds; nor any path feel thorny and rough to His saints which He means to be smooth and painless. "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee."

II.

PATRICK HAMILTON.

THE protomartyr of the Scottish Reformation may appropriately follow in this series of sketches the venerable Bishop of Smyrna. Patrick Hamilton presents contrasts as well as resemblances to Polycarp. Like the early martyr he bore a noble testimony to the truth of the gospel, and against the corruptions of his age. He also grandly illustrated, by the spirit he evinced and the support and consolation he enjoyed amid the fire, the sufficiency of Christ to sustain and comfort under any circumstances, and to make consuming flames to be as chariots of gold to His servants.

But whilst like Polycarp in the manner of his death, and the rich enjoyment of the Saviour's presence and approval which he enjoyed at the stake, he was in other respects

most unlike him. He was high-born, of kingly descent, and only *twenty-four years of age* when placed on his pile of martyrdom.

Born in 1504, he was early destined by his parents for the priesthood. His education was conducted from the first with the view of preparing him for the church. He went to Paris, and became a student of the university there, which at the time was the most celebrated of European seats of learning.

Whilst there he became a close student of the Greek New Testament, and thus became acquainted at an early age with the pure word of God. "In 1519, the strong hand of Luther knocked at the gates of the university, and the sound reverberated through all its studious halls and cloisters." In that year many copies of the Leipsic disputation between Luther and Eck were brought to Paris. From the action which the doctors of the Sorbonne took in regard to the reformers' doctrines, Hamilton was led to examine them, and was thus er-

lightened as to the corruptions which prevailed and the need there was for a reform.

At the end of six years, passed on the Continent, and for the most part in Paris, Patrick Hamilton returned to Scotland, became a member of the university of St. Andrew's, and gave himself to the study of theology.

Evangelical truth becoming more and more distinct to his apprehension, and exciting deeper interest in his heart, he was unable to refrain from expressing his sympathy with it. As he was not yet prepared to make an open avowal of it, and brave danger on its account, he withdrew to the continent to make a fuller examination of the Lutheran doctrines that were gaining such prominence, and spreading even in Scotland, and to do this in the society, and with the help, of the very teachers of them. A few months sufficed to establish him in the truth of the doctrines which the ecclesiastics everywhere were so loud and resolute in condemning. He returned to Scotland, and

at once assumed the position of teacher and advocate of what he regarded and felt to be the truth of God. The news of the course he was pursuing was soon conveyed to his ecclesiastical superiors, who lost no time in citing him before them.

“Archbishop Beaton who was residing at Dunfermline, on the north side of the Frith of Forth, when Hamilton began his labours on the south, was alarmed by the rumours which reached him. And well he might. A Lutheran missionary, with royal blood in his veins, and all the power of the Hamiltons at his back, was a more formidable heretic in Scotland than Luther himself would have been. The moment was critical. Caution was as necessary as vigour. The rival Douglasses and Hamiltons had recently laid aside their feuds. And care must be taken that the Earl of Angus, the head of the Douglasses and the virtual ruler of the kingdom, if he will not openly sanction the persecution of the young Hamilton, shall at least not openly oppose and avenge it.

“In these circumstances the primate and his counsellors affected great moderation. They did not attempt to seize the reformer where he had the sheriff of a county and the captain of one of the king’s castles to stand stoutly for his defence, but invited him to a conference at St. Andrew’s on such points of the church’s condition and administration as might appear to stand in need of some reformation. The young preacher was not deceived; he saw their drift clearly, and yet did not hesitate to go. To decline the proposed conference would only provoke an injunction of a more peremptory kind. And he would probably gain more time and opportunity for declaring the truth in the most influential quarter by accepting the treacherous invitation than by declining it. He ‘counted not his life dear unto himself.’ And his family were obliged to content themselves with the arrangement that at least he should not proceed alone, but that a party of his kinsmen and friends, including probably Sir James Hamilton himself, should

accompany him, as a protection from the malice of his enemies."

Finding that they could neither convict him of error, nor refute the arguments he employed in his defence, and afraid of his being rescued from their grasp by some popular movement in his favour, or by the intervention of his powerful kinsmen, his enemies were determined to lose not a moment in securing his condemnation and execution. What was resolved on was soon accomplished. Hamilton was pronounced a heretic and an enemy of the church and state, and handed over to the civil authorities to be dealt with as such.

Within a few hours from the moment his doom was pronounced the stake was ready for the young and noble martyr; and he was ready for it. Unmoved he went to it. His step was as that of an heir to take possession of his estates, or as a king to his throne. The Lord was with him, and the pile was to him no object of terror. He mounted it as if it had been steps to a throne, which

it yet was, asking for strength for himself and for forgiveness for his enemies; he waited, the calmest of the crowd present, for the lighting of the fire. For a while the flames refused to fulfil their mission. His sufferings were accordingly protracted, the execution lasting for nearly six hours. "Yet during the whole of that time," says one who was witness of the scene, "the martyr never gave one sign of impatience or anger, nor ever called to Heaven for vengeance upon his persecutors; so great was his faith, so strong his confidence in God."

His last audible words were: "How long, Lord, shall darkness overwhelm this kingdom? How long wilt Thou suffer this tyranny of men? Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

Thus tragically but gloriously died this young and noble martyr on the 29th of February, 1528, and did more by his dying testimony for the cause for which he suffered than he would have done, had he lived, by preaching the gospel for many years. His

blood became indeed the seed of the church in Scotland. He went through fire to "a wealthy place," and showed by the way in which he suffered and witnessed what Christ has the power of doing for His servants. He can make inward joy to counterbalance the keenest bodily endurances, and has often done so. Only trust Him in fulness, and there is nothing of which you need to be afraid.

III.

BOHEMIAN MARTYRS.

FERDINAND II. ascended the throne of Austria with the determination to exterminate every trace of protestantism from his dominions. The decree had specially reference to Bohemia, where the Evangelicals were numerous, and where they had long and nobly fought for their religious rights as well as civil liberties. Having recently been defeated by the overpowering numbers that had been brought against them, many of their leaders were in the hands of their conquerors, and in prison. The upholders of Romanism, knowing what effect the recantation of such would have upon those they represented, and how far it would secure the return to the Catholic Church of those who had left her pale, and were denouncing her as superstitious in doctrine and antichristian in spirit, they

laboured hard to make it a fact. But finding all their arguments and persuasions of no avail, they resolved on compassing their death, and in a form that would strike terror into the heart of every Protestant in the land, and render the triumph of the Catholic faith the more easy over those opposed to it.

On the 19th of June, 1621, twenty-seven of the imprisoned ones, the majority of whom were as noble by birth as they were by character and faith, were condemned to death by beheading. But this had no more effect in severing them from the doctrines which were dearer to them than life, than the arguments which had previously been employed.

Little time was given to them for preparation for their fate, and little was required. They knew in whom they believed, and seeing in death only an entrance into glory, they were at any moment ready to endure it. The nearer it drew to them the more they welcomed it.

“The night before their execution was accordingly passed by them,” says E. J. Whately, to whom I am indebted for what follows of this story, “in prayer, singing hymns, and pious conversation and mutual exhortation. They sang, amongst others, the eighty-sixth Psalm; and when they had come to the last verse, ‘Show me some token for good,’ John Kutnaw threw himself on his knees, exclaiming ‘Yea, show us a token for good, O God! that we, Thine unworthy servants, may be strengthened by Thy grace, and our enemies put to shame.’ And he added, as if speaking in the name of the Lord, in an outburst of enthusiastic confidence: ‘Trust in Him, He *will* hear our prayer, and show us a sign to-morrow to strengthen us, and to prove that we suffer in His name.’ Pastor Verbenius added: ‘By this sign you shall know it; that death, so bitter to the wicked, shall be sweet to you.’

“When the morning dawned they washed and put on fresh apparel, as if preparing for

a wedding. Kutnaw and some others remained for a time in earnest prayer that God would, if He saw fit, grant them a sign of His favour and their innocence, before the people.

“The sun rose; and, to the astonishment of all (for there had been no rain for the last two days), a brilliant rainbow appeared; its arch spanned the whole sky. It attracted the attention of all the assembled people; and it can scarcely be wondered at that the prisoners, as they gazed on it from their window, looked on it as a sign of promise, recalling the covenant to Noah, and the bow round the throne of God in the Apocalypse. They fell on their knees and praised God aloud.

“But, as the bright colours faded away, the cannon from the tower thundered forth the signal at which the prisoners were to be led forth to die. . . . The condemned went forth calmly and firmly, one by one. Each, as his name was called, passed out with the serene and cheerful countenance

of one bidden to a festival, after taking leave of his companions, generally with some such words as these : ‘ Dear friends, farewell ! God give you the comfort, patience, and strength of His Holy Spirit, that you may be able to bear witness to the truth you have already upheld with heart, hand, and lips, in a glorious death ! I go first, and shall see the glory of my Lord Jesus Christ ! Follow me, and we shall all look together on the face of our Father in heaven ! Our sorrows are past, and a joyful eternity awaits us ! ’

“ The others replied : ‘ God bless your going out, and lead you happily through the dark valley into the heavenly country ! The Lord Jesus send His holy angels to meet you ! Go forward, dear brother, into the Father’s house. We follow. We shall soon meet in heavenly glory ; we know in whom we have trusted. ’

“ And most abundantly was the help vouchsafed, on which they trusted. None of them lost for a moment the sense of their

Lord's presence; and their earnest and heavenly words drew tears even from their judges. The people who saw them die broke into lamentation and weeping, which was only drowned by the sound of trumpets and drums. As each passed on to his death, the pastors who accompanied them returned to announce it to those who remained, who praised God for His help and prayed that they might in like manner be sustained.

"The first who went forth was Count Andreas Schlick, a man more than fifty years old, and one of the most distinguished nobles of Bohemia in rank, talents, accomplishments, and valour; and his piety and calmness of demeanour were not less remarkable than his other gifts.

"When he heard the sentence that his body should be dismembered and exposed after death, he quietly replied, 'The loss of a funeral is an easy one to bear.'

"On the scaffold he was harassed with entreaties from a Jesuit priest that he would

recant. 'You have yet time to repent, my lord,' he repeated.

"'Leave me in peace,' replied the count.

"As he stood on the scaffold he looked up at the sun shining in the full blaze of a bright June morning. 'Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,' he exclaimed, 'grant that I may pass through the darkness of death to Thine everlasting light.'

"He walked up and down in meditation for some minutes, his face so radiant with solemn joy that the bystanders were moved to tears at the sight. He then knelt down and prayed, and received the death blow. His head and right hand were placed on the bridge tower, and the scaffold prepared for a new comer.

"The Baron von Budowa followed, a man advanced in life, but full of animation and vigour, and richly gifted in talents and acquirements. . . . 'I am ready to seal my cause with my blood. Here I stand. My God, do with me as Thou wilt.'

"On hearing a report that he had died of

grief, he exclaimed smiling : 'I die of grief! Scarcely ever had I such cause for joy as now. Here is my pleasure-garden' ; and he held up his Bible. 'Never did such sweet nectar and ambrosia flow from it as now. No ; I live, and I hope the day will never come when it can be said that Budowa died of grief.'

"Three days before his sentence he related the following dream to his servant. He thought he was wandering in a garden, thinking anxiously on the business in hand, when a person approached him and handed him a book. He opened it and saw that the leaves were of snow-white silk, and on one was inscribed the fifth verse of the thirty-seventh Psalm, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord ; trust also in Him ; and He shall bring it to pass.' As he pondered on these words, another came to him and clothed him in a white garment. 'So,' said the old man when he awoke, 'I go hence clothed with the robe of righteousness, that I may see the face of God, in whom I have trusted.'

"The Jesuits harassed him much upon his trial. 'We would show you, my lord,' said one, 'the way to heaven.'

"'The way to heaven?' said Budowa; 'I know it already, through the mercy of my God.'

"'You are deceived,' rejoined others. 'My hope,' resumed the baron, 'is grounded on certain truth; for I know no way but through Him of whom it is said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."' "

"Later, his enemies reproached him with presumption for his full assurance of safety; and a Jesuit professed to quote Scripture to the effect that man could not know whether he was the subject of grace or wrath. The baron referred to the apostle's words, 'Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.' The Jesuit objected that St. Paul said this of himself only. Budowa replied by quoting the end of the verse, 'Not to me only, but unto *all* them also that love His appearing.'

"This silenced the objector; and Budowa

asked him in what part of Scripture the words he had quoted against assurance could be found. The Jesuit was not sure; he believed they were in the epistle to Timothy. 'And you would teach me the way of salvation, and cannot show me these words in the Bible?' said the baron. 'Go, and trouble me no further.'

"'An honour awaits thee, my grey head,' he said on the scaffold; 'to be a witness for the truth, and to wear the martyr's crown.' He then prayed for the church, his country, and his enemies, and commending his soul to God received the blow of the executioner. . . .

"Otto von Loss was a man of acute mind and high resolve. When pastor Rosacius returned from the scaffold to him in the prison, Otto rose to meet him in a kind of rapture, exclaiming, 'How I rejoice to meet you, man of God, that I may tell you what has happened to me! I was sitting on this seat, sorrowing over the not taking the Lord's Supper when you administered it to my fellow

sufferers. In this state of feeling I fell asleep for a moment, and my Saviour appeared to me, saying, "My grace is sufficient for thee ; with My blood I will strengthen thee" ; and He let a drop of His blood fall on my heart. At the touch I awoke, and now I feel myself wonderfully strengthened and refreshed in my soul.'

"He then broke forth into an ecstasy of prayer and thanksgiving. 'I thank Thee, O my Saviour !' he exclaimed, 'that Thou hast given me such consolation, and hast counted me worthy to feel this assurance of Thy grace. . . . Ah ! I feel now that I die with joy ; death has no terrors for me.'

"On the scaffold he appeared absorbed in prayer, then suddenly raising his eyes he exclaimed, 'I see the heavens opened !' and pointed to the sky, where even others thought they saw an unusual brightness of glory, as of an angelic host in battle array. Commending his soul to the Saviour, he joyfully received the death blow."

As these died, so did the others who were

in the same condemnation. They all marched to the scaffold as kings to their thrones ; the joy of the Lord was their strength, and they rose from the blood-stained planks on which they successively fell beneath the executioner's axe, as victors to their crown. Their martyrdom was a triumph, and showed what death, under any form, can be made by Christ to those who fully trust in Him. And yet the fear of death may be to the reader a daily bondage. Think more of the glory than of the way that leads to it, of Christ than of the messenger He employs to escort you into His presence, and you will cease to suffer from the burden you now carry.

IV.

MALAGASY SUFFERERS.

THE fiercest and deadliest of the persecutions of the Christians in Madagascar took place in 1849. "On the 19th of February of that year two houses, belonging to Prince Ramonja, which had been used as places of Christian worship, were demolished, and their materials carried off as spoils."

This was the beginning of an outbreak which led to the most disastrous results, and which the abettors of idolatry meant to make the occasion of exterminating Christianity from the island. A public meeting was accordingly called, and the queen's sanction obtained for the execution of the purpose. A certain time was granted to the Christians to renounce the religion they had embraced and return to that of their fathers; but that failing to do this, they were to be appre-

hended and subjected to the heaviest forms of punishment. The decree failed to shake the faith of the believers. They were kept by the power of Christ from dishonouring Him, and bringing upon themselves what would have been worse to bear than death.

“At Vornizongo,” says Mr. Ellis, “when the judge urged the people to take the oath which recognised the idols, and to implore the prescribed curses on themselves if they violated it, Rabodomanga stood forth and said, ‘I do not pray to wood and stones, nor to the mountains; unto God alone do I pray, for He is great, He cannot have associates.’ One of the officers said: ‘You wretch! will you not pray to the spirits of the ancestors and to the idols?’ The heroic Christian woman answered: ‘I do not pray to these; it is God alone whom I worship.’

Such was in substance the answer of all who were examined. Unable to persuade, or get them to take the oath required of them, the judges pronounced their punishment. Many were condemned to labour in chains for

life, others sold into slavery, more than sixteen hundred were heavily fined, officers of rank were degraded, and eighteen, including four nobles, were given over for execution.

And how were these sentences received? Did they frighten any upon whom they were passed into a surrender? Never did those who were so condemned hold the truth with a firmer grasp than when they passed from the tribunal to suffer. They counted it a privilege to suffer for the name of the Lord Jesus. Those who were condemned to die began to sing :

“ There is a beauteous land,
Making most blessed.”

As it was contrary to Malagasy law for nobles to die the death of common men, the four who were among those ordered off for execution were condemned to be burnt alive. As they were carried along, tied by cords to poles, to where the fire was prepared for them, they commenced singing the hymn beginning with the words :

“ Going home are we to God.”

The last verse, which might have been written for that hour, as Mr. Ellis says, is :

“ When we shall die
And depart from this earth,
Then increase our joy ;
Take us to heaven,
Then rejoice
Shall we for evermore.”

“ Enemies and friends would alike understand the feeling and the significance of this hymn. It was the expression of the assurance of their hope, full of immortality ; and it was a triumphant answer to the slander of one of the most implacable of their persecutors, who had declared that when they sung this and similar hymns they were singing lies, for they were as much afraid of death as others.”

Thus they sung until they reached the spot where one large pile of firewood was built up, and they were then fastened to stakes a little above the wood. When the pile was kindled, and the flames were rising, they prayed and praised the Lord. Among the utterances then heard by those around them were these :

“Lord Jesus, receive our spirits. Lay not this sin to their charge.” And, as if visions of the future triumphs of the Lord were given to their departing spirits, one was heard to exclaim : “ His name, His praise, shall endure for ever.”

“ While thus enduring and praying, a large and triple rainbow, the sign of God’s promise and faithfulness, was stretched across the heavens, one end seeming to rest upon the spot whence the martyrs’ spirits were departing. Some of the spectators, to whom the phenomenon appeared supernatural, fled in terror ; but one who faithfully remained to the end records of the Christians : ‘ they prayed as long as they had any life. Then they died ; but softly, gently : indeed, gentle was the going forth of their life, and astonished were all the people around that beheld the burning of them there.’ ”

As died the nobles, so did the others, who were hurled from the edge of a precipitous rock and dashed to pieces.

They were faithful unto death, and had

their reward. The Saviour, for whom they sacrificed life and all else they possessed on earth, was specially with them in their last moments, filled them with a fuller joy and peace than they had ever known, and took from them all fear of suffering and death. They therefore went to their martyrs' doom with the song of triumph and praise on their lips, as brides to their marriage, or the heirs of kingdoms to their thrones.

But that was not all. They did more, by the way in which they suffered and died, for the cause of Christianity in Madagascar than they had done by all their witness-bearing for it in life. They thereby confirmed the faith of many, and led not a few of the enemies of the gospel to feel that the religion for which men and women could so die could not be the system of doctrine and practice which they had been accustomed to believe. "The blood of the martyrs thus became the seed of the church."

CHAPTER XII.

Distant Sunsets.

▪ CAN we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation ! O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

I.

DR. CAREY.

II.

THE APOSTLE TO THE BURMESE.

III.

HENRY WATSON FOX.

IV.

RICHARD MUNN.

V.

THE FRENCH GOVERNESS.

I.

DR. CAREY.

MODERN Christian missions had their rise at an earlier date than the landing of William Carey on India's soil in 1793. They were born at Herrnhut in 1731, and of *the seven years' prayer meeting* which the Moravian brethren held by relays, in their Christian sanctuary there, for the outpouring of the Spirit of God upon mankind, and the ingathering of the nations within the pale of the church of Christ.

In that year Count Zinzendorf, attended by a suite suitable to his rank, went to Copenhagen to be present at the coronation of Christian VI., king of Denmark. Whilst there he met with a Christian negro, who had been brought from Jamaica to be a servant in a gentleman's family, and who, through the instructions of Christian persons, had learnt

the story of God's love, made Christ his trust, and was happy in the knowledge of sins forgiven and of sonship in the Divine family. He begged hard of the Count and his Christian attendants to think of the slaves of his island home, and send to them Christian teachers to put them in possession of what he himself now enjoyed, and which made him happy.

Thus was the spirit of Christian missions awakened in the heart of the Count and his followers. But the spirit could not be confined to their own breasts. It diffused itself among their fellow-members of the congregation at Herrnhut, and in the following year two young men laid themselves on the altar of surrender to God, and sailed for Jamaica. Others followed their example, and went in after-years to other fields of missionary labour in different parts of the world.

Yet no nobler man ever gave himself to the service of the heathen than William Carey, or accomplished a greater service for the evangelization of millions of souls.

He was born at Paulerspury, in Northamptonshire, in August, 1761. "His father was the parish clerk and schoolmaster of his native village, and from him he derived whatever education as a boy he received. He soon showed great fondness for reading, and devoured whatever books he could lay his hands upon."

When fifteen years of age he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and found in a fellow-apprentice one who was the means of leading him to religious thoughtfulness. Having found salvation and rest in Christ, he identified himself with a Baptist church, and soon began to preach in surrounding villages that gospel which he had learnt to value, and felt to be the power of God for purification and peace of mind.

Entering the Christian ministry, he became the pastor of a small Baptist church at Hackleton, in his native county. Suffering greatly from poverty and ill health here, he removed to the village of Moulton, and opened a school, as the people forming his

congregation were too poor to render him sufficient support. The school not succeeding, he resumed his shoemaking, in the hope of earning a sufficient livelihood. "But his hands had lost somewhat of their cunning, and he was often in great straits."

"But in the midst of these discouraging circumstances, when pressed down by poverty, and often for weeks together not tasting meat, his heart devised large plans of benevolent action." A perusal of Cook's voyages awakened in his mind feelings of pity for the perishing heathen, and a longing to carry to them the gospel. The truth of its being the duty of the church to make known the riches of God's grace to men of all lands laid deep hold upon his heart, whilst to preach and urge it became a perfect passion with him. But few would listen to him on such a subject. His brother ministers regarded him as a well-meaning enthusiast, and refused to be drawn by him into any such action as that of sending the gospel to pagan lands. But he was not to

be diverted from his object. He felt that what he saw so clearly and impressively to be the duty of the church was from God, and was not to be turned from it by any discouragement or opposition put in the way of its fulfilment.

Ideas which are the birth of the Spirit's brooding in the heart are not easily extinguished or suppressed. Possessing the character of Him from whom they come, they are marked for an immortal life and power, and grow and mature. And how often are such ideas planted in the minds of the lowly and obscure! God takes the weak things among men to confound the mighty, and things that are despised to bring to nought things that are. Hence the men whom He chose to be His prophets in the olden times, the fishermen and mechanics who were elected by Christ to be His apostles, many of the noble army of martyrs, and not a few of the greatest preachers of the gospel in every age. Only let men be filled with the Spirit of God, and in whatever

condition in life they are found they will do exploits in Christian service, and fulfil the highest purposes of life.

After many disappointments, and much delay, Mr. Carey had the joy of seeing his long cherished desire realized, and his face towards India to preach the gospel to its idolatrous inhabitants.

But missionary work in India in 1793, was very different from what it is in 1877. It was then a new work. The very first step in the cultivation of the great field of Christian labour had to be taken. The darkness of heathenism, in all its primeval denseness, spread over the land. "No direct attempt had been made to evangelize the native population. There were no missionaries wise by age and long experience to consult with ; no principles of action established by the tests of long years of toil and trial, by which the new labourer might be guided in his work. The attempt itself was regarded by many grave and reverend persons as a doubtful experiment. There

were no helps then as there are now to the acquisition of the language ; and Carey often found that when he had, as he thought, been preaching the gospel with great simplicity, he might as well, as far as the people were concerned, have been preaching in an unknown tongue. There were no Bibles, or tracts, or Christian books in the language ; and more than this, the language itself, though rich and copious, had no words to express many of the most important scriptural ideas, so that there was great danger of being misunderstood, as well as not understood at all, in any attempt to convey those ideas to a promiscuous assembly. In translation these difficulties were questions of time and labour, and Carey surmounted them. In preaching it was only long practice which could give facility of utterance in the tongue familiar to the common people. Added to all this, the government of that day not only looked coldly upon all efforts to christianize the Hindoos, but opposed and prevented such efforts to the utmost of its power.

“Long and weary were the months and years of toil through which this noble man had to labour and to wait. In those who at first seemed hopeful he met with repeated disappointments. In 1796, he writes: ‘I know not what to say about the mission. I feel as a farmer about his crop: sometimes I think the seed is springing, and thus I hope; a little time blasts all, and my hopes are gone like a cloud. Yet still I hope in God, and will go forth in His strength, and will make mention of His righteousness, even of His only. I preach every day to the natives, and twice on the Lord’s-day constantly, besides other itinerant labours; but my soul is often much dejected to see no fruit.’ Four years later he again speaks of the discouraging aspect of affairs. ‘No one,’ he says, ‘has appeared to be awakened this year, or even to have been stirred in the least degree.’”

The want of success with the natives was not his only discouragement. He had little sympathy and help from the churches he represented, and was often reduced to great

straits. To relieve the society which had sent him out, and to obtain for himself sufficient support, he took the superintendence of an indigo factory. In connection with such situation he carried on however his studies and translations of the Scriptures, and also the work of preaching the gospel. Relieved at last from all secular responsibilities, he devoted himself wholly to his missionary work, had the satisfaction of giving to multitudes of India's peoples the word of God in their own language, forming a church, and establishing schools for the education of the young, and the preparation of converts for the work of the Christian ministry.

Age at last told upon his energies, and compelled him to desist from many of the duties he had fulfilled with hopefulness and delight. It was no small gratification to him, in the evening of life, to see the work fairly begun on which his heart had been so long set, and which he had laboured so hard to promote,—the work of winning India to Christ. That work may be yet far from

accomplishment ; but the Christian population of *three hundred thousand souls* spread over the land, the presence of six hundred European and American missionaries in the country, with their thousands of native assistants, and the widely extended ramifications of Christianity among the people warrant the assurance that India will yet be Christ's in the fullest and most absolute sense of the words.

The last months of Dr. Carey's life were passed by him in quietude. He had never been without a sense of the Saviour's presence and an assurance of His friendship ; and these he had in increased measure during the last days of his life. Jesus was his constant companion, gladdening him with His presence, and lighting up with sunshine his spirit and prospects. No cloud darkened his sky, nor was any disturbing influence suffered to affect him. The nearer he got to the moment for seeing Jesus as He is, the deeper was his joy and the more earnest his longing to be with Him. It was felt by those around

him to be a privilege to be by his side, hear his testimony, and share his joy. The scene which his death chamber presented was sweetly calm, and quite a border land. "He rested," says his biographer, "on Christ, and on Him alone. A steady, grand faith in Him, like that which had dignified his whole life, sustained him in his last hours, brought to him all comfort, and made him more than a conqueror. But after such a life of consecration and activity in Christian service as he had lived it was to be expected that his end would be peace, and his death chamber present a scene of serene trustfulness and joy. And the expectation was not disappointed; for on the 9th of June, 1834, and in the seventy-third year of his age, he peacefully passed to his Saviour and his reward."

II.

THE APOSTLE TO THE BURMESE.

GOD often brings men to Himself by the strangest means, in places where they never thought of religious feelings possessing them, and at a time when their minds were occupied with subjects the opposite of truth and eternity. He has led men to reflection and the adoption of a Christian course by the reproofs of others more wicked than themselves, the sudden death of companions in evil, and a restlessness and alarm for which no cause could be assigned.

It was by one of these strange ways that Adoniram Judson was arrested in his career of infidelity, and led back to the faith he had renounced.

Making a tour on horseback through New England, he halted one evening at the door of a country inn, and asked whether he could

be accommodated for the night. The landlord replied that he could, and conducted him to his chamber, expressing regret at the same time that he had no other room at liberty, as it was next to that of a young man who was to all appearance in a dying state. Judson assured the landlord that that would in no way disturb him, although he pitied the sufferer. The night was, however, passed by him in a restless way, and very differently from what he expected. Hour after hour he heard sounds and groans from the sufferer's room ; but it was not so much these that kept him awake as the words of the owner of the house, that the stranger was in a dying state, and was he prepared ?

“Alone, and in the dead of the night he felt ashamed at the question, for it proved the shallowness of his philosophy. What would his late companions say to his weakness; especially the clear-minded, intellectual, witty E——, the leader of Providence College, whom he had made his friend, and who had drawn him into the cold region of infidelity in

which he now was, and which yet he gloried to occupy? What would *he* say to such consummate boyishness?

“But still his thoughts *would* revert to the sick man. Was he a Christian, calm and strong in the hope of a glorious immortality? or was he shuddering upon the brink of a dark, unknown future? Perhaps he was a freethinker, educated by Christian parents, and prayed over by a Christian mother.

“At last morning came, and he went in search of the landlord to inquire for his fellow lodger. ‘He is dead,’ was the reply. ‘Dead!’ ‘Yes; he is gone, poor fellow. The doctor said he probably would not survive the night.’ ‘Do you know who he was?’ ‘Oh, yes! he was a young man from Providence College, a very fine fellow; his name was E——.’ Nothing but that slender partition had separated the two friends. The inquiry of the morning might have been put on the preceding evening. But all was now over. After hours had passed, he knew not how, he attempted to pursue his journey;

but one single thought occupied his mind, and the words, 'Dead! Lost! Lost!' rang in his ears. He knew the religion of the Bible to be true; he felt its truth, and he was in despair. In this state of mind he resolved to abandon his scheme of travelling, and at once turned his horse's head towards home.

"That night was memorable in the life of Adoniram Judson. He was then about eighteen years of age, having been born on August 9th, 1788, at Malden, in Massachusetts; where his father, who bore the same name, was a minister of Christ. The very instrument which had pushed him to the brink of ruin had at this crisis been used to recover him. Thousands have been shocked by the sudden death of companions, and alarmed by the insufficiency of their own principles, who have remained proud and unconquered; and that for a time was the case with Judson. But in the course of steady contemplation of the Son of God as the propitiation for our sins, his heart was

subdued to penitence, and strengthened by faith and hope. Ambition ceased to impel him ; gratitude took its place. The applause of the world lost its power, and the service of God acquired a new dignity which threw everything else into the shade." The love of Christ was henceforth the impelling power of his life.

Judson returned to college to exert another influence on those around him from what he had done, and to pursue his studies with different aims.

Shortly after this a sermon on Christian missions to the heathen fell into his hands, and kindled in his soul the desire to carry the gospel to some pagan land. The feeling became by-and-by a settled resolve "to live and die for the heathen."

Many months did not elapse after this before he was on his way, with his newly married wife, to India. But the door for the admission of Christian missionaries to that land was not open in 1811, as it is in 1877. Judson had accordingly not been in Calcutta

ten days before he received an order to return by the first ship to America. He begged to be permitted to proceed to some other part of the East ; but the authorities would give no heed to his petitions, and insisted on immediate obedience to their command. But the purpose of God with regard to Mr. Judson was not to be thwarted. After much perplexity and suffering the devoted missionary got on board a vessel bound for Burmah, and was landed at Rangoon. But here he found himself, with his wife, homeless and friendless, in an unknown land, and surrounded by the devotees, monasteries, and shrines of an idolatry many centuries old, and all powerful in its sway over the mind of the Burmese. But faith rises above circumstances. Judson felt that the Master whose servant he was, who had landed him on shores he never dreamt of visiting, and to whom the nations of the earth belonged, was able to sustain him, open up to him ways of usefulness, and give him courage and grace to claim the land for his Lord.

Instead of lamenting his fate and giving himself up to despair, Judson addressed himself to the acquisition of the language of the people. When he was able to speak it, he began to mingle with those around him, and to preach to them the gospel of God's grace and love. He had the joy of soon seeing the heart of one and then another opened to give heed to the messages he delivered.

Seeing the work of evangelization fairly begun in Rangoon, he resolved to carry the light of Divine truth into the darkness of the interior. He made for the capital. War with England was declared very shortly after this, and all foreigners being ordered to be arrested and imprisoned, this fate befell Judson as well as others. Like them he was not only shut up in the filthiest and most wretched prisons in which it was ever any one's lot to be immured, but loaded with chains and subjected to the cruelest treatment, and this for six months. Yet his faith did not fail him. He still trusted in God, believed that some grand and blessed

purpose was to be answered by the strange and inexplicable dispensation to which he was subjected, and the peace which passeth all understanding kept his heart and mind. God prepares His servants in valleys for the heights to be occupied by them. He empties them before He fills them with His fulness and strengthens them with His might. The men whom He most honours are at one time or another of their life great sufferers.

Although the effects of his sufferings were felt for some time, yet he was no sooner at liberty to pursue his loved work than he gave himself to it with renewed earnestness and zeal. Bereavement once and again desolated his home, and fever prostrated him; interruptions longer or shorter broke in upon his mission; but his eye never turned from the double object on which he had fixed it, of giving to the people of Burmah in their own language the whole of the word of God, and of preaching the gospel to the largest numbers of them to be reached, and in the power of the Holy Ghost sent down

from heaven. And these objects he saw realized.

At the close of 1849 he took a violent cold, which refused to be removed and led to his decease.

Very delightful was the state of mind in which he was kept during the weeks his last illness continued. "There was something," says Mrs. Judson in a letter to her sister-in-law, "exceedingly beautiful in the decline of your brother's life, more beautiful than I can describe, though the impressions will remain with me as a sacred legacy, until I go to meet him, where suns shall never set and life shall never end. He had been, from my first acquaintance with him, an uncommonly spiritual Christian, exhibiting his richest graces in the unguarded intercourse of private life; but during his last year it seemed as though the light of the world on which he was entering had been sent to brighten his upward pathway. Every subject on which we conversed, every book we read, every incident that occurred, whether trivial

or important, had a tendency to suggest some peculiarly spiritual train of thought, till it seemed to me that, more than ever before, 'Christ was all his theme.'

"The probability of death began to be freely spoken of, but he expressed his belief that his work was not yet done. 'I feel,' said he, 'as if I were only just beginning to be prepared for usefulness. It is not because I shrink from death that I wish to live, neither is it because the ties that bind me here, though some of them are very sweet, bear any comparison with the drawings I at times feel towards heaven ; but a few years would not be missed from my eternity of bliss, and I can well afford to spare them, both for your sake and for the sake of the poor Burmans. I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world ; yet when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from his school. Perhaps I feel something like the young bride when she contemplates resigning the present associations of her childhood for a yet dearer home ;

though only a very little like hers, for *there is no doubt resting on my future.* 'Then death would not take you by surprise,' I remarked, 'if it should come even before you get on board ship?' 'Oh, no,' he said, 'death will never take me by surprise; do not be afraid of that, I feel *so strong in Christ*. He has not led me so tenderly thus far, to forsake me at the very gate of heaven. No, no; I am willing to live a few years longer, if it should be so ordered; and if otherwise, I am willing and glad to die now. I leave myself entirely in the hands of God, to be disposed of according to His holy will.'

"Several short excursions were resorted to for his recovery; but all having failed, a passage was engaged for him in the *Aristide Marie*, a French barque bound to the Isle of France. 'It was very hard,' said Mrs. Judson in a letter to their children in America, 'to think of such a thing in his reduced state, particularly as *I could not go with him*; but after we had wept and prayed over it one day and night, we concluded it was our duty

to use the only means which God had left us, however painful.' Mr. Ranney, the superintendent of the press, a man of much wisdom and sympathy, accompanied him; and as two or three days elapsed before the vessel could get quite clear of the river, Mrs. Judson snatched several opportunities of repeating her farewell.

"For not more than six days had the ship pursued her voyage, and scarcely had the mariners lost sight of the blue mountains of Burmah, when the chastened spirit of the sufferer reached the glory of all lands.

"They lowered him," continues his biographer, "to his ocean grave, and there they left him in his unquiet sepulchre; but it matters little, for we know that while the unconscious clay is 'drifting on the shifting currents fo the restless main,' nothing can disturb the hallowed rest of the immortal spirit. Neither could he have a more fitting monument than the blue waves which visit every coast; for his warm sympathies went forth to the ends of the earth, and included the whole family of man."

III.

HENRY WATSON FOX.

THE subject of this paper was born in 1817, at Westow, a small village in the neighbourhood of South Shields. When thirteen years of age he was placed at the school at Rugby, then under the successful mastership of Dr. Arnold.

It was there that he was first led to think seriously of his spiritual state, and to decide for Christ, by means of a schoolfellow of the name of Buckingham. Buckingham's interest in his highest good was at first anything but appreciated and welcomed. So far from that being the case, Fox looked upon the concern which his friend manifested about his spiritual condition as an unnecessary and unwarrantable interference, and sufficient to end a friendship which had for some time subsisted between them.

Still the words spoken by Buckingham were not forgotten, nor could the impressions which were produced by them be effaced. They finally culminated in decision and salvation. Buckingham had by the time of this left Rugby, but Fox wrote to him, telling him of the change he had experienced, and thanking him for the counsels which had had so much to do with bringing it about.

“My word,” says God, “shall not return unto Me void.” Let not, dear reader, the absence of the result you would see accruing from your Christian efforts dishearten and paralyse. You will reap if you faint not. The seed that is sown in faith and prayer will yet germinate and bring forth fruit. Such labour God never allows to be in vain. Years may elapse before you see the desire of your heart gratified, and the souls that you have sought to win to Christ enfolded in His embrace and reflecting His likeness. It was not till *twenty years* had rolled round that Mrs. P—— saw the son for whom, during the whole of that time, she had prayed and

laboured yielding himself to Christ and consecrating himself to His service. *Fifteen years* elapsed before the first missionaries to the peoples of the South Sea islands saw a single convert to reward their toil and animate their hope ; and the Moravian missionaries who first landed in Greenland laboured *five* years before they saw an Esquimoe's heart surrendered to Jesus. Yet in neither case was the labour spent in vain ; nor will it be with you.

And then learn from the story before us towards whom your first religious concern and effort ought to be directed, to those nearest to you, to whom you have the readiest access, and whom you know to be unsaved. The command which Christ laid upon His apostles, when giving them direction as to the fulfilment of their commission was, *to "begin at Jerusalem."* We are to work from the near to the distant. Our starting point on a career of Christian service must be home. It is neither charity nor Christianity to seek for the salvation of men at the ends of the

earth and neglect that of those under our own roof or at our very door.

From Rugby Fox went to Oxford, but there lost the glow of the love which for years he had cultivated at school. The first two years he spent at the university was a period of declension. "As the third commenced his former impressions revived, and with them the wish which had been produced by reading the life of Henry Martyn, of becoming a missionary to the heathen." The wish was at length realized. Graduating in December, 1839, he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society, and being accepted, was appointed to labour among the Teloogoo people in Southern India. Marrying Miss Elizabeth James, of Wolverhampton, he sailed for the field of his future labours in March, 1841. Settling in the chief town of the Teloogoo district, he zealously gave himself to his special work.

"But ere long his constitution, so vigorous in England, surrendered to the inroads of an Indian climate. Nervous debility and

utter prostration of strength came on, which disabled him for his work."

A short residence on the Neilgherry hills sufficed to restore him, and he resumed his duties with all his wonted devotion and zeal. But now his wife's health gave way, and so seriously that an immediate return to England was ordered by her medical advisers. She had but gone on board at Madras when she expired. The bereavement was a heavy blow to Mr. Fox. No alternative was left him but sailing for home with his three motherless children. A few months, in his native air and among friends, sufficing to revive his spirit and re-establish his health, he sailed a second time for the East to labour for the salvation of the Teeloo people. His health failing again at the end of two years, he was assured that his constitution was not suited to an Indian climate, and that if years of usefulness were to be seen by him it was imperative to return to England. This he did, but the hopes that were cherished by himself and others as to

the length of service to be enjoyed by him were doomed to disappointment. Recovery was to a considerable extent realized, and work for the Master in connection with the furtherance of Christian missions among the nations of India undertaken and fulfilled. But it was for a short time only that he was permitted thus to labour. The complaint from which he had again and again suffered in India returned with increased violence, and reduced him to a state of weakness from which there was no rallying. But of this he did not complain. He would have been thankful for his children's sake, and for India's sake, to have been spared a little longer; but it filled him with joy to know that the time was at hand when he would see Him whom he loved and be with Him in His glory.

"His whole heart," says his biographer, "seemed fixed now upon the joys to which he was going; the prospect looked to him inexpressibly bright. The day which announced to him the news of the impossibility

of surviving very long was one of peculiar delight to him."

"When I went into his room," says his sister, "the next morning, he said to me, 'I am very weak, can scarcely speak; but, oh! happy, happy, happy!' He now thought his time must be short, and desired to see his children. They got on the bed and kissed him. He said, 'That is your last kiss; God bless you! If you wish to see papa again you must come to heaven, where you will find him, and dear mamma, and little Johnny. Now good-bye.'

"As his work on earth was done, 'his soul was in haste to be gone.' Every symptom that spoke of the near approach of death was precious to him, and raised a smile of joy. . . . On my reminding him, as a cordial to his bodily suffering and weariness, 'that he would soon see his dear wife,' he replied, 'To see Him that was pierced for us, that is the thing.' Another time, speaking to him of the many dear ones he would find in heaven, he said after a pause,

‘But we shall there be so *taken up with Christ*, we shall have little thought for other things.’ ” Nothing so rejoiced and sustained him in his last days as that,—the thought of seeing Jesus, of being with Christ, of enjoying Him, in fulness, who was all his salvation and all his desire. No, it was not so much the thought of enjoying rest, of again actively serving his Lord, and of having the fellowship of the blest, as the certainty of seeing Jesus as He is, and being like Him, that gave heaven the attractions to him it possessed. Christ was thousands of times more to him than all else, and it was this preciousness of Christ to him that made him so long to be with Him. Accordingly his last words were: “Jesus—Jesus must be first in the heart.” And when it was added by one beside him, “He is the first in yours;” “Yes, He is,” was his reply, and then breathed his soul into the hands of Him who was so dear to him and loved by him—not however on India’s soil, as he had hoped, but in England.

Jesus leaves none without His presence and consolation on deathbeds who have faithfully followed and served Him in the day of life. Then, beloved reader, so follow and serve Him; and at eventide it will be light with you also. Blessed, with you likewise, will be dying in the Lord. You will pass as in a chariot to your mansion and crown.

IV.

RICHARD MUNN,

BORN at the beginning of the century, and a native of Herefordshire, showed from boyhood an eager desire for knowledge and a passionate longing for the ministry of the gospel. His parents not being in circumstances to give him a university education, he united himself to the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, and became a minister of that denomination.

As his preferences were for the national church he sought ordination at the hands of first one and then another of her bishops, with the view of being employed as a missionary to the heathen. After refusals and many delays, he had at last the satisfaction of seeing his wishes fulfilled. He was ordained by the Bishop of London, and appointed a missionary to the West Indies.

He had but entered upon his work in Jamaica when he was smitten down by a fatal attack of yellow fever. In an hour, and at the very outset of what he had hoped would be a protracted and useful career, he saw his hopes all dashed to the ground. Yet no murmur escaped from his lips. God kept him in peace in the strange and unexpected circumstances in which He placed him. When he saw the last hope of recovery fade from his sight the devoted missionary expressed the most cheerful submission to the Divine will, and surrendered without a sigh the long and fondly cherished object of his life. It had been his pre-eminent wish, and his passionate and oft uttered prayer, that he might be permitted to labour in distant lands for the salvation of heathen men. The boon had been granted, and was withdrawn. So it was the will of God that it should be, and he bowed with submission to the arrangement. He would himself have preferred another experience and lot, but was at the same time assured that the way by

which infinite wisdom and love led him was the best for him ; and he accepted it with thankfulness.

Only accept, dear reader, with the same feeling, with which Mr. Munn did, the position which Providence appoints, and you will be supported and comforted in it. Only be willing to be what God requires, to go where He commands, and to surrender what He claims, and you will not fail in the enjoyment of the peace which passeth all understanding. The moment you substitute God's will for your own, and fill the sphere of your thoughts and desires with Him instead of with your own plans and wishes, a Divine serenity will possess your soul, and the joy of the Lord be your strength.

Amongst the many things for which Mr. Munn was thankful in his last hours was the circumstance of his wife being prevented, by unforeseen hindrances, from accompanying him, and being left so suddenly and painfully a stranger in a strange land. This was a pang which both his wife and himself

were preserved from by God's overruling providence; and once and again, and with sincerest heartiness, he made grateful acknowledgment of the special mercy.

Having given directions about his effects, put on record the messages he wished conveyed to loved ones, and taken a full and grateful survey of all God's goodness to him, he calmly and courageously marked the approaching footsteps of the last foe, and exulted over the lessening of the distance between him and a seen Saviour. "It was a brilliant sunset which his dying condition constituted, a sunset bright with sunshine, the sunshine of hopes which dispelled the gloom of the dark valley." Jesus being present, all darkness fled, and the triumph was complete.

V.

THE FRENCH GOVERNESS.

THE cure for popery is the word of God. It has no power where the Bible is an open and daily read book. Few accordingly remain in Romanism when they have become students of the Holy Scriptures, or if they do, it is as other than devotees of the Church of Rome. They may continue Catholic in name, and somewhat in practice, but are Protestant in creed and confidence.

So it was with Mademoiselle Jallot, who was born in the north of France about the year 1820, and whilst yet a Romanist became a sincere and happy Christian. But this was brought about by her perusal of a copy of the word of God, given to her by a friend, and not by any instructions got from the priests of the church in which she had been reared. What the Bible be-

came to her, through diligent and prayerful perusal, is shown by what she wrote to the friend from whom she received the precious gift.

“I possess, as a token of your affection, what I prefer above all I ever had, above all I have, or ever can have. I would, if it were necessary, willingly sacrifice whatever I am most proud of possessing, yes everything without exception, for this precious treasure, which I have so much and so long sought for. None but God knows the value I attach to my dear Bible. I read it every morning and evening, and make numerous discoveries in it. . . . With regard to my soul, you will be happy indeed if you share the joy of my heart. I wish I were with you even for one day, that I might tell you what delights me so much. Ever since I have been assured that my portion will be in heaven, all my trouble has ceased; and the myriads of thoughts which, from the time I was capable of reasoning, have so often

agitated me from the fear that limited or eternal torment awaited me, are now totally annihilated by the 47th verse of the 6th chapter of St. John, the 25th and 26th verses of the 11th chapter, and the 18th verse of the 4th chapter of the First Epistle of St. John, etc., etc. I now only fear to offend God ; but far from regarding Him as a severe and terrifying judge, before whom I shall be obliged to appear, I regard Him as my friend, who will not allow me to be separated from Him. I love Him so much that I would wish to think of Him alone, and would sacrifice anything so that I might possess Him after death. Pray always for me, and entreat our Heavenly Father to enable me to persevere unto the end, and that we may one day be united in glory."

As she grew in the knowledge of the word of God, she became more and more awake to the errors of the Romish church, and felt less and less sympathy with it. Her study of the Scriptures, and preferences and faith, be-

coming known, she was refused the privilege, as she had deemed it, of confession, and was excommunicated. Becoming a governess in a Protestant family, she received from its members every sympathy and help in the circumstances in which she was placed. She felt it no easy thing to separate herself entirely from a church in which she had been reared, and incur the displeasure and denunciation of many whom she loved. But feeling it to be her duty, from a growing knowledge of the Scriptures, and the instructions she received from others, she took the step and identified herself with a Protestant church. She became profoundly happy through closer communion with the Lord Jesus, and a deeper study of the Divine word, and testified to many far and near as to what the gospel was to her, and a living faith in the one all-sufficient and ever-present Saviour. To bear such testimony was her delight, and she longed for the opportunity of doing so on the widest practicable scale.

In 1840, she was taken with a serious ill-

ness, and brought to the very gates of death. Apparently what was in her heart, as to the life of usefulness she wished to lead, was not to be realized. But she was enabled to resign herself to the will of God, and to accept the cup, whether for life or death, which had been put into her hands. As she lay waiting the issue of the illness, she made a solemn vow that if it pleased God to spare her a little longer, restored health and strength should be consecrated to His service in a heathen land. "The prayer was heard, and the vow accepted. She was brought back from the gates of the grave, and so soon as her strength permitted she resolved to pay the vows which her lips had uttered and her mouth had spoken when she was in trouble."

She applied for service under the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, and was accepted. On the 21st of July, 1841, she set sail for India, and after a prosperous voyage arrived at Bombay. Eager to begin her work, she at once set about acquiring a knowledge of the language of the

people among whom she was to labour. When able to engage in her special mission, she threw herself into it with all the ardour and earnestness of one whom the love of Christ constrained, and love for souls was a very passion.

She, however, but entered upon her work when summoned to her everlasting rest. In the act of taking up the missionary cross she was called away to receive the missionary crown ; a Pisgah view of the land that she would have taken for Christ was all that she was permitted to enjoy. Seized with cholera, she was soon utterly prostrated, and succumbed to the disease. But there was no murmuring at this sudden stoppage of a career she had hoped for years to pursue. On the contrary her resignation was entire ; a Divine peace possessed her. Unable to say much, from pain and extreme weakness, she indicated by signs and smiles, when unable to express herself in words, how full was the cup of her bliss, how much she enjoyed the supporting presence of her Lord, and how inviting and

bright was the prospect that opened to her. Her departure was a bright and beautiful sunset, a privilege to witness, and a thing never to be forgotten by those who were around her bed at the time.

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